THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A.D. 1729 by Benj. Franklin

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5c. THE COPY

Bertram Atkey—Thomas Beer—Perceval Gibbon—Richard Connell—Hugh Wiley
Edwin Balmer and William MacHarg—Hugh MacNair Kahler—Ben Ames Williams

for the long winter months ahead

stock your pantry now with these delicious foods

Now is the *best* time to buy.

Cold weather is almost here and your grocer's stock is complete. By placing your order now, you are sure of receiving just the varieties you like best.

In addition, you usually cut the cost of your goods. You save the grocer money by ordering early and at one time. As a result, he can offer quantity prices for immediate delivery.

This is particularly true now—with National Canned Foods Week scheduled for November 9th to 21st.

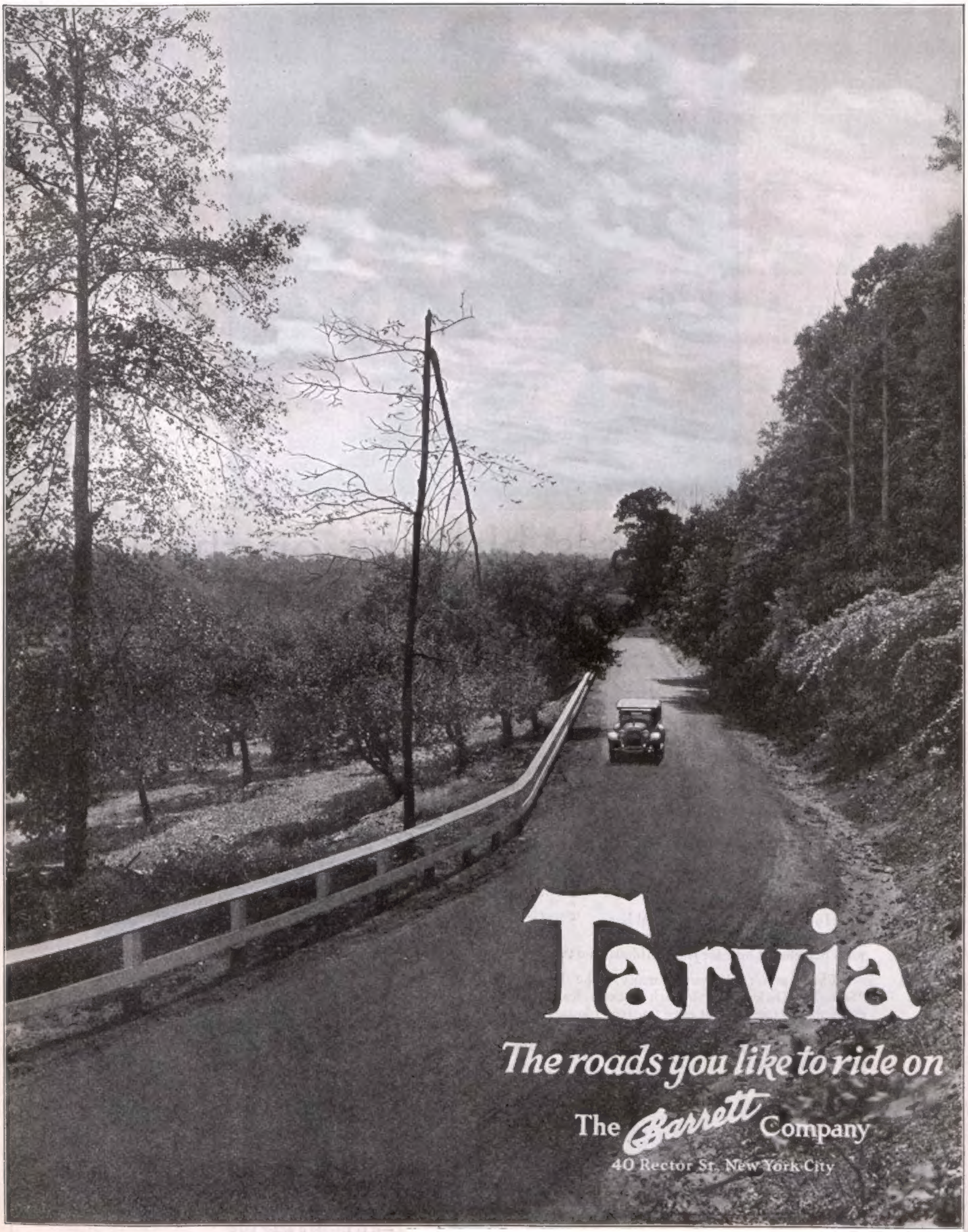
Check the list below—then see your grocer. But be sure you specify DEL MONTE. Then you know exactly what you're getting—the same uniform high quality in every variety—the same assurance of satisfaction, no matter where you buy.

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE CHECK THIS LIST—THEN ORDER FROM YOUR GROCER

apricots	pineapple *(sliced)*	blackberries	asparagus	spinach
cherries	pineapple *(crushed)*	loganberries	asparagus tips	tomatoes
peaches *(halves)*	pineapple-diced	raspberries	pork and beans	tomato sauce
peaches *(melba halves)*	dri-pak prunes	strawberries	corn	catsup
sliced peaches	prepared prunes	dried fruits	pimientos	chili sauce
pears	fruits for salad	raisins	pumpkin	pickles
preserves	plums		peas	salmon

Just be sure you say DEL MONTE

National CANNED FOODS WEEK *Nov. 9th to 21st*


Tarvia
The roads you like to ride on
The Barrett Company
40 Rector St. New York City

ACTUAL VISITS TO P & G HOMES *No.* 1

14 little blouses blowing on the line

WHEN we saw those blouses, and counted them, and surveyed the rest of the beautiful, fresh-looking clothes snapping in the crisp breeze, we simply had to stop in for a talk with their owner.

Mrs. Marshall* proved to be one of those cordial, friendly people you just can't help liking. Her house was friendly, too—with bright chintzes, glistening white woodwork, and welcoming, comfortable chairs.

"How do you do it?" we asked her when we found she'd done that whole wash herself. "There are *fourteen* blouses on that line!"

"There aren't always so many," she laughed. "Somehow Dick and Bobby each needed a clean blouse every day last week. But even fourteen blouses aren't so much work as they once were, since I've used P and G Naphtha Soap. I suppose that pleases you!" she added.

Hints from Mrs. Marshall

"Before putting the clothes to soak, I always have lukewarm water in the tub. I never put the clothes in first and then run in hot and cold water. Hot water, striking the clothes, sets the dirt. Also, the first few drops are often rusty and make stubborn stains. With P and G I soak my clothes only during breakfast, not over night. This loosens even the most ground-in dirt without rubbing."

"Indeed it does," we replied. "How do you notice the difference?"

"By comparison. Like most women, I've tried a good many soaps, but P and G simply outdoes them all. It gets the clothes clean so quickly, without ever fading their colors. I never have to rub hard any more, or boil every week. And I not only use it in the laundry but everywhere else in the house from kitchen to bathroom."

Of course, Mrs. Marshall is only one of the millions of women who think this way about P and G, and that is why P and G is the largest-selling laundry soap in America. You see, it does everything better! And it makes no difference whether the water is hard or soft, cold or hot, P and G always gives beautiful, quick, safe results. Don't you think it ought to be doing *your* work, too?

*Of course, this isn't her real name.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

THE LARGEST-SELLING LAUNDRY SOAP IN AMERICA

There is no mystery about the supremacy of P and G—it is simply a better soap.

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DIMITY GAY, GRANDPA'S LITTLE MAID

By Bertram Atkey

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

MR. GAINSBOROUGH GAY concluded his reading of the letter which had held his rapt attention for the five minutes remaining to him before he hurtled himself forth from his home on his daily dash for the morning train to business, emitted a low hissing sound resembling a long-drawn sigh of gratification, favored his silently expectant wife with a portentous and significant stare, and glanced around at his four charming daughters, three of whom, Torfrida, Maulfry and Bethoe, were watching him with big beautiful eyes that were hardly less expectant than their mother's.

The fourth and youngest of the girls, little Dimity, sitting next to her mamma, with something vaguely suggestive of a little bird that has ventured a few bold inches away from the shelter of the downy maternal wing, did not stare expectantly at her daddy. She merely glanced up at him once, as it were, to flash a fleeting but kindly smile from a pair of big blue eyes and rose-petal lips, and then went on eating her soft-boiled egg like a good and uninquisitive child.

Daddy's eyes lingered a little on Dimity—not without reason, for little Dimity eating a soft-boiled egg was one of the prettiest breakfast-table sights in the world. She was neat at soft-boiled eggs—neat and nice, and her spoon work was of a very high order indeed. Ordinarily a wise man, seeking to discover new charms and fresh allurements in his idol of the moment, would not select for his purpose the moment when she is fortifying herself against the labors of the day with soft-boiled egg, for the best and most virtuous of ladies is as prone slightly to enyellow her pretty lips as the egg itself is liable to squish disconcertingly all over itself, its cup and the fair fingers of its charming possessor. But somehow these minor mishaps rarely occurred to demure Miss Dimity. One could have watched her eat half a dozen eggs and yet adore her as much at the fifth as at the first—an achievement, on both sides, of no sparse merit. Mr. Gay, aware of the speeding moments, spoke seriously.

"My father has written to say that he would like to have one or two of the girls pay him a visit at Salington Hall," he announced.

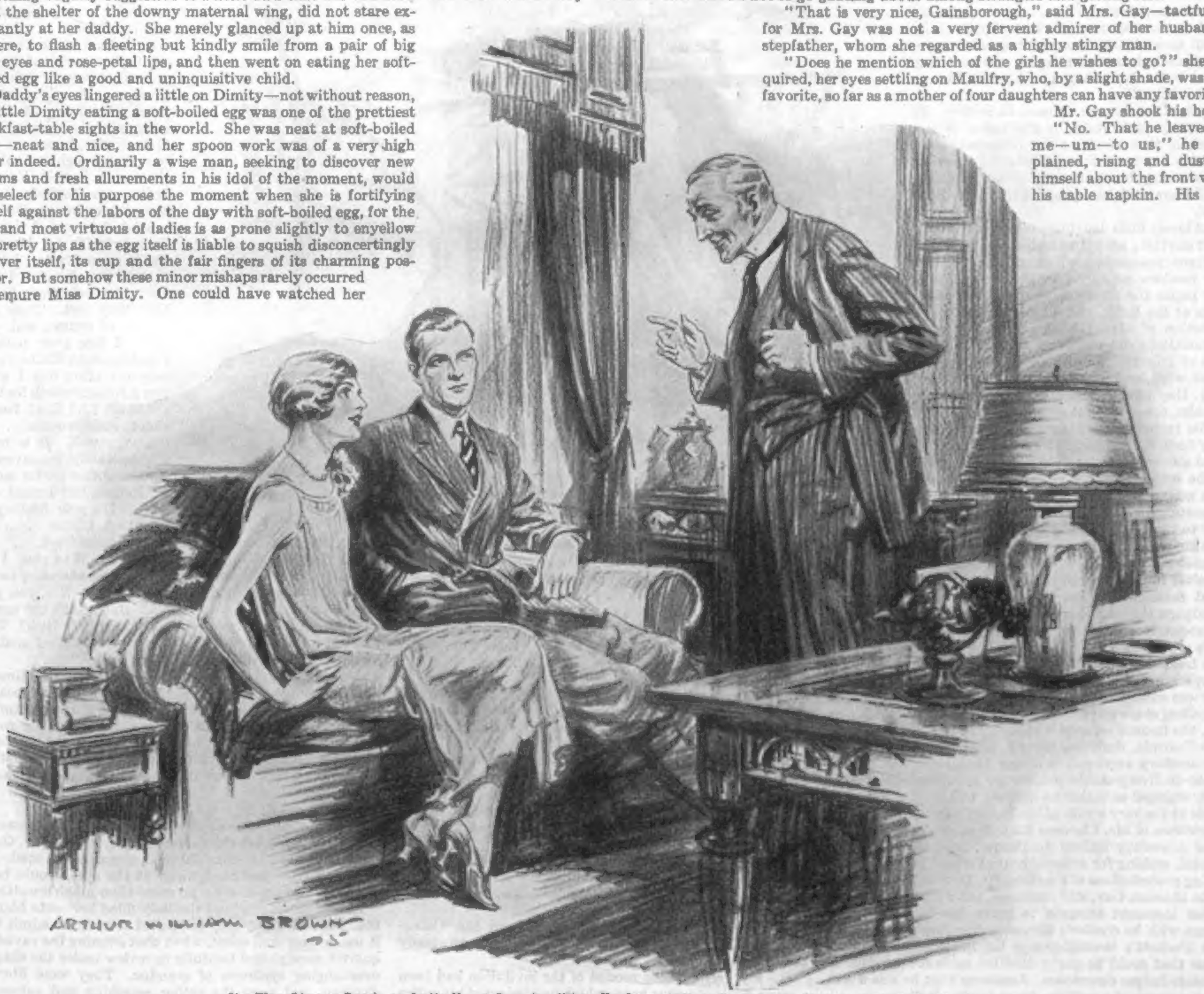
There was a small sensation around the sunny breakfast table, for grandpapa—old Avery Hackett—was rumored to possess a fortune so large that its capacity was only rivaled by the old man's famous talent for taking care of it and encouraging it to stop at home with him and not to go gadding about among strangers and getting lost.

"That is very nice, Gainsborough," said Mrs. Gay—tactfully, for Mrs. Gay was not a very fervent admirer of her husband's stepfather, whom she regarded as a highly stingy man.

"Does he mention which of the girls he wishes to go?" she inquired, her eyes settling on Maulfry, who, by a slight shade, was her favorite, so far as a mother of four daughters can have any favorites.

Mr. Gay shook his head.

"No. That he leaves to me—um—to us," he explained, rising and dusting himself about the front with his table napkin. His eye



She Was Always Ready to Smile Up at Grandpa When He Came Jidling Up Like the Wolf to Red Riding Hood

flitted to Dimity and back. "It is a question we must discuss carefully, Elaine. I shall return early from business today and we shall decide in time to catch this evening's mail. It is a matter of the first importance—and, understand me, you girls, there must be no quarreling or squabbling about who goes and who remains at home. I have no doubt that my father wishes to put his house in order, as—er—all men must do soon or late, and this visit may have, ultimately, very gratifying results. So, remember, no nonsense."

He moved out to the hall, followed by his flock. Torfrida obliged him with his well-brushed hat, Maulfry passed him his coat, Bethoe produced his stick, Dimity gave him his gloves and mother started him with a coffee-coated kiss.

Then they all sighed a sort of little sigh—except Dimity, who concealed a tiny yawn behind two finger tips—and went back to have some more coffee and a little conversation about Grandpapa Hackett and his sudden interest in his stepson's family.

"I expect it will be Dimity that daddy will select to go," said Torfrida, without much bitterness.

"And grandpapa will be fascinated and leave her all his money," romanced Maulfry.

"Never mind, Dimity is a darling, and she will help us when we are all in the poorhouse, as daddy says," Bethoe reminded them all. Dimity, close to mamma, as usual, smiled without any marked display of interest.

"You can have it all if you like," she said carelessly. "I'm sure I don't want to go to that gloomy old hall, and I don't want all that gloomy old money."

"Don't be silly, Dimity. Your daddy would be shocked if he could hear you," chided mamma, startled at this reckless disregard of the glittering prospects gleaming before her youngest child.

Dimity's eyes opened wide as she surveyed her anxious parent.

"But, mummy dear, it's true. I think it is foolish to worry so about money, and waste lovely sunny hours counting it and investing it and bothering about it. I never bother about it a bit."

That, of course, was no news to mother. It was clearly understood by the ladies of the household that Dimity never bothered about anything any more than a butterfly, enjoying its few sunny hours, bothers about anything but flowers and honey and little Mrs. Butterfly.

But lovely little daughters that never bother about anything are apt to be the kind of rather palpitant possessions which ultimately give their mothers neuralgia in their nerves and their papas the tic douloureux in their overdrafts at the bank, and already it was a pet conviction of Mrs. Gainsborough Gay that she positively did not know what would become of Dimity. Dimity, of course, did not bother what became of her.

Mr. Gay having taken the letter to town with him, the scope of the conversation following his rather flurried departure was necessarily limited. So limited, indeed, that Dimity decided she would sooner go down to the town and buy some more silks for the embroidery her daddy loved to watch her doing when neither he nor she had anything better to do. Which, fortunately for both, was but infrequently. So she tripped away to the silk shop, and probably would have reached it quite successfully if the establishment of Messrs. Soda & Fountain, the place where they made the wonderful chocolate fudge, had not hindered her.

But mamma and sisters were made of sterner stuff. Grandpapa Hackett—stepgrandpapa, to be nigglingly precise about it, for old Avery had married Gainsborough Gay's mother late in life—was far from being a personage to be treated in any offhand call-later manner. You could not upstage a man like Grandpa Hackett—not if you knew what was wise. For Mr. Avery Hackett was chairman and controlling share owner of that boon to mankind known as Sfitz, the famous mineral water.

To Torfrida, dark and stately, interested in the rather poor amatory acceleration of one Mr. Henry Sadler, the well-to-do livery-stable proprietor, to whom she was as nearly engaged as makes no matter; to Maulfry, a perfect blonde at the very zenith of the blonde's orbit, and the sole proprietress of Mr. Clarence Rackstraw, by profession the son of a wealthy father; to Bethoe, languid, lovely and Oriental, seeking for something that would transform the adoring protestations of a certain Mr. Devenish into deeds; and to Mamma Gay, still charming, but a little devitalized by her incessant struggle to make her family's needs balance with its creator's alleged sparse surpluses, Grandpapa Hackett's invitation was far indeed from being a matter that could be gayly dimitied aside for a couple of chocolate fudges downtown. Assuming that he was worth only a quarter of a million, for example—well——

It was all very well for Dimity, a mere baby, to float down to Soda & Fountain's and, in lonely beauty, cool herself with a frosted chocolate before an admiring, furtive-eyed audience of the more Oxford-trousered youth of the town; but more serious matters were toward for Torfrida, Maulfry, Bethoe and mamma.

"If only your father had given us some hint as to which of his children he wished to visit grandpapa—and why—it would have been so much simpler for us," regretted Mrs. Gay.

"But why do you add 'why,' mother darling?" inquired Torfrida.

Mother raised her eyebrows. Torfrida was not usually so opaque to the obvious.

"Because to one who knows your grandfather as I know him, it is perfectly clear that he has some excellent reason for inviting one—or possibly two—of you to visit him," she explained.

"But, mother dearest, he must be growing old, and perhaps he just wishes to know us—some of us—a little better. After all, he may be lonely," suggested Maulfry optimistically.

So for an Hour Dimity and Archie, Sitting in a Gradually Emptying Clubhouse, Become Acquainted

Mrs. Gay shook a reluctant head.

"No, darling. He is worth two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, and—as your father would make haste to say—a man worth two hundred and fifty thousand pounds is never lonely."

She sighed. Bethoe tried.

"But even money cannot cure everything. Perhaps grandpapa has the gout and wants somebody to comfort him," she put forward, with a touch of lemon juice in it.

"A man with the gout cannot be comforted, my dear," explained mamma, and added that they would doubtless have to wait until Mr. Gay came home from business before they could hope to solve the mystery.

Dimity, at lunch, threw out a suggestion about it, but nobody bothered much about Dimity's idea—least of all the little lady herself.

"Oh, I expect dear grandpa only wants something," thought Dimity aloud. "Grandpas are always wanting something or other, I should think." And she went on eating her milk pudding like a good child.

But a rather frantic telephone call from Mr. Gainsborough Gay immediately after lunch did much to steady their speculations.

His first feeling upon receipt of the invitation had been a warm wave of vague hope, which had irrigated his entire system, mellowing, softening and magicking away all the little morning irritations which so often seem to meet most men over forty-five on the landing outside the bedroom door. But long before he reached his office that dim pleasant sensation of warm hopefulness and kindly feeling toward old Mr. Hackett had fermented and, as it were, stewed itself up into a keen, five-clawed anxiety.

One cannot be a successful book publisher in these days unless one has the power to cast one's mind into the future. Mr. Gay was well accustomed thus to cast his mind; and as the business end of his mind had a harpoon finish to it, usually there was, when he drew it in again, something on the end of it well worth the trouble of taking off and salting down.

And when, as now, he sat in his office piercing with a sharp eye the veils of the immediate future, Mr. Gay was so horrified at the innumerable dangers of delay which took spectral shape before his straining mental vision that long before midday the suspense had become practically unendurable. So he reached for the telephone and called up grandpa at the Sfitz works.

It was the result of that bit of telephonic enterprise which Mr. Gay retelephoned to his wife, much in this vein:

"Now, Elaine, listen carefully, please. Did you get that, Elaine? Good! I have been chatting with my father over the telephone and he has decided to motor down to Ernemouth and spend the night with us. That clear, Elaine? . . . No, don't speak—listen. . . . It will depend upon the girls themselves which of them is invited to return with their grandpa. He will select the most charming of them, naturally—perhaps two. Now, Elaine, I am most anxious that the girls should do themselves justice. You had better give Torfrida an aspirin tablet in case she gets a headache—and, I think, a little bromide for Maulfry; she is so excitable. I leave that to you, Elaine. I wish them to look their best—their very best. Their best frocks, of course, and —— Eh? I beg your pardon? Good heavens, Elaine, it was only the other day I wrote you a colossal check for their clothing! Eh? Um? Impossible! Four months! . . . Oh, very well. It is really a desperately inconvenient time to bother me for money for clothes, but I must contrive. Do your best—your very best, Elaine. . . . I think Dimity might have a little muslin frock. . . . Oh, is that so? Um—well, well, I leave it to you. I can only say that muslin was regarded as most charming for the young in the best circles in my day. . . . Yes, yes, your very best then. . . . Yourself? But what's the matter with that blue silk you look so lovely in? Huh? Time flies so! Oh, very well—certainly—humph! I shall be down by the four o'clock train. Good-by."

And Mr. Gay, having had his own way, at an estimated cost of a couple of days' profits for refrilling and refrocking, sulkily replaced the receiver, sent for an author out of the waiting room, shouted at him a little about the rotten writing in his last book, had him removed, and lighting a cigar, leaned back in his chair to coquette with speculations concerning which of his family would be grandpa's choice.

II

TO SAY that mamma, given carte blanche in the matter of repluming her chicks and herself, caught Mr. Gay a piston punch in his financial solar plexus which made him gasp and crow and shed water at the eyes, would be to overstate the position by no more than a hairbreadth.

But so effectively had the lady filled her carte blanche that even Mr. Gay was compelled secretly to admit that it was money well spent, when that evening the ravishing quartet were passed tactfully in review under the shaggy, overhanging eyebrows of grandpa. They were literally dazzling, and even the rather searching and extremely

flinty eyes of old Mr. Hackett softened as they cooed before him.

"So this is Torfrida. God bless my soul, child, you've grown into a woman since I saw you last!" he said, quite genuinely surprised.

"Oh, grandpapa!"

"And this is Molly? Eh? Maulfry, is it? Well, Maulfry, your hair is just the same pretty gold color as it was when I saw you swinging in the garden twelve—no, fourteen years ago."

He worked his eyebrows about, well pleased with Maulfry.

"This young lady is—eh? Bethoe, yes, yes. Mother's girl—got your eyes, Elaine, certainly. Why, this is the one who was just a baby when I last visited you!"

He looked inquiringly around. Mr. Gay shot a petulant side glance at his wife which demanded more clearly than speech just what she meant by allowing Dimity to be late.

But the good Gainsborough need not have worried. Dimity may have seemed late, no doubt because she did not care to bother much about anything, but as a general rule she was usually to be found when wanted—that is, when she wanted to be found.

She came in, rather shyly, as grandpa spoke. She was wearing a simple little frock, and although she had the slim straight figure of symmetrical seventeen, her big eyes were those of about seven—wide, wondering, innocent. She was demurely aiming herself at mamma, but daddy came forward.

"And this little soul was in her cradle—practically speaking—when you last spent a few days' holiday with us," said Mr. Gay. "This is Dimity, the baby."

Grandpa's bony but still sinewy and prehensile hand closed over the slim fingers and ——

"Dear me!" said grandpa, studying the dainty little scrap looking up at him. "Dear me, so this is the baby—this little maid—Dimity, is it? Well, you're a very nice little maid, Dimity, and I hope you'll always be a good girl and—and mind what your mamma says. God bless my soul, she looks like a little bit of a bud picked off a rose-bush!"

Clearly, old Mr. Hackett was not quite tuned up to modern flapper pitch. Either his set was far from being tuned to her wave length or something was shorting pretty severely on their circuit. Not that old Avery guessed it for an instant. All he saw was a niceish-looking little thing, with big eyes, that seemed, on the whole, to want to go and be safely with its mamma. But evidently she knew how to behave herself, for she responded to his complimentary observation with the serene equanimity of sheer childish innocence.

"Thank you, dear grandpa, I am so glad you like me. I have been so anxious. I like you ever so much too. Mamma has often told me about you and it is so nice."

"Dear me," repeated old Avery, patting her hand. "I quite agree with you, Dimity, my dear. One of these days you will have to come with some of your big sisters and spend a few days with me at Salington Hall."

Dimity thanked him very prettily and retired in good order on mother, grandpa watching her as she went. His keen old eyes flickered to the dainty little high-heeled satin shoes as they fluttered across the drawing-room carpet. It has been explained elsewhere that Dimity was gifted in her feet—that she had a way with her heels. Grandpa's gaze grew a little absent as he watched those satin butterflies flit motherward, as though for a moment his mind had flickered back about forty-five years to someone or something that once had loomed large on his mental horizon until eclipsed by the stern necessity to concentrate upon the provision of Sfitz for the multitude.

But the paternally benevolent smile which had been irradiating the countenance of Mr. Gainsborough Gay lost a little of its candlepower as the process of introduction between grandpa and daddy's good girl completed itself, for it had made itself perfectly evident to the quick-witted if somewhat overdominant mind of Mr. Gay that the impression his favorite had made upon Mr. Hackett was not by any means the sort of impression he had fondly hoped for.

The old man had liked her, had been charmed by her; but only in the way a man is momentarily charmed by a kitten playing with a thimble. That was evident from the form of his invitation to Salington Hall. She could go—with one of her big sisters—but, quite clearly, that was because grandpa was of opinion that she would hardly be likely to get in anybody's way or be any trouble or expense about the house. He would be prepared to come upon her here and there, looking pretty, like a small speck of sunshine on the carpet or a small bird on a twig, doing no harm, amusing herself, and ready to pipe sweetly "Yes, grandpa dear," in reply to his inquiry as to whether she was being a good girl.

Mr. Gainsborough Gay sighed—silently—and wondered which of the three girls had qualified.

He was not enlightened until some two hours later, when he and grandpa were alone over a glass or so of port—port for Gainsborough, that is. Old Avery disdained wine of any description. As far as he was concerned, it was in vain that the vivacious Frenchman sunburned himself and his employes in the vineyards of Gaul, that the rather less vivacious German perspired among the grapes on the hillocky banks of the Rhine; that the gentle Portuguese diligently mushed up the mixture that in due course becomes port; or that the London cellar scientist gave himself housemaid's elbow incessantly handling the bottles, retorts, carboys and tanks which figure so prominently in the manufacture of synthetic wine.

Mr. Hackett was both an abstemious man and—as he was ever ready to claim upon the slightest provocation—a loyal man. By Sfitz he had been fizzed up to his present eminence and by Sfitz he purposed to abide. All other beverages, except a cup of coffee at breakfast, he despised. In strict fact, he actually absorbed very little of his saline product, but he liked to have it always at hand. He hated to be far away from a supply of it whether it was nine in the morning or nine at night. He liked to carry a glass of it about with him in his hand—by long practice he had become extraordinarily skillful in the art of balancing it and avoiding a splash—and when sitting peacefully at rest after a hard day at the works, he liked to nurse a glass of it as he talked or reflected. So while Gainsborough Gay conversed from behind a glass of port, Mr. Hackett talked from the back of a cut-glass double noggin of Sfitz.

"I am very much taken with your family, my boy," said old Avery. "They are a very noteworthy lot of girls, particularly the three big ones. I would like to have some of them stay with me on a visit."

Mr. Gay nodded.

"Quite, quite, and they are as good as they are beautiful. Which of them would you like to visit you?"

"Well, that's a difficulty. I am no judge of girls, Gainsborough. I have been a busy man all my life and the

(Continued on Page 161)

Except for the Sudden Pallor of Great Emotion, a Little Gasping Sound as of One Who Fights for More Air, Archie Seemed Quite Cool

BET-YOU-A-MILLION GATES

By O. A. OWEN

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Gates, His Wife, Son Charles and Daughter-in-Law, on Shipboard
In Oval—Mrs. John W. Gates

IN CHICAGO and out of a job in 1892, I heard that the Consolidated Steel and Wire Company in the Rookery Building needed a stenographer. I applied, gave my qualifications and asked for eighteen dollars a week.

"You seem to fill the bill," the man with whom I was dealing told me, "but Mr. Gates likes to look over all new employes. He will settle the salary."

Gates popped out of an office, sized me up in one glance, and asked, "How much do you want?"

"Eighteen a week," I said.

"Yes, seventy-five a month; all right, go to work," he agreed, and popped back before my slower mind could grasp the fact that he had beaten me out of three dollars a month.

That was John W. Gates—Bet-You-a-Million Gates—who would risk $1000 on one of two raindrops coursing down a windowpane. The next year I became Gates' private secretary and continued in his employ most of the time until his death in 1911.

There was nothing typical about Gates; he was a rampant individualist, yet in him and his story is to be seen something of the steel kings, oil kings, sugar kings, packer kings and other barons of big business whose phenomenal accumulations and combinations of wealth and its sources startled and alarmed the nation in the past generation.

P. & A. PHOTO.

He was born on an Illinois farm in 1855, a country boy in a frontier American community, his father just sufficiently well-to-do to send the son through high school and not to require any of his earnings later on. One of the boy's first ventures was a feed store. It failed. But at twenty-one young Gates married the belle of St. Charles, Illinois—Dellora Baker, whose father lent the new son-in-law $1750. This money was all that Gates ever had in the way of help. At fifty he was worth $100,000,000, made by himself.

In 1874, barbed wire was invented at De Kalb, Illinois, a near-by town, by Joseph F. Glidden and Phineas W. Vaughan. Until then there had been no cheap and durable fencing for the millions of new acres yearly being claimed by the land-hungry hordes. Barbed wire answered the bill. It was horse-high, bull-strong and pig-tight, did not pile up snow in the winter and weeds in the summer; it was cheap and it lasted well.

Gates, who had a hardware store, sensed the possibilities in this homely article, put his money, his heart and his head into it, went on the road into the Southwest and rammed it down the throats of the ranchers. At thirty he might have retired in comfort for the balance of his life had that been his nature.

Passing Out the Subscription Lists

OF THE $100,000,000 he had thirty years later, the bulk of it, possibly two-thirds, he made by promotions, in my belief. The other third could be credited to direct manufacturing profits. His large-scale promotions fell in the later years of his life, when through manufacturing profits he had accumulated the capital and the business reputation necessary to operations of such scope. Then, with the support of such men as John J. Mitchell, then and now head of the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank, he swept forward. There is a certain daring about Mitchell, as anyone who sees the man or who looks on his portrait may surmise, that set him apart from the conventional cold-blooded banker type, and it formed a bond of union between the two.

A fundamental problem with the promoter is the demonstrating of his own faith in the scheme for which he seeks money. Gates met this very simply. He put his own money in. One of his first moves in launching an enterprise was to pass around a simple subscription list, headed by a few words tersely defining the object and nature of the project and containing, in spite of its brevity, a clause that pledged the signer pretty firmly to come across with whatever he had put after his name. At the very top, opposite his own bold signature, was a heavy subscription always, often the largest of all. Gates then obtained the signatures of a number of his intimates for goodly amounts—and he made no intimates except among the rich and powerful.

With seven or eight impressive names and amounts down in black and white, Gates went after the small fry. They signed in a sheeplike way, Gates, with his profound and instinctive understanding of human nature, playing the shepherd to perfection. The little man would follow the lead of the big man with small hesitation, where he never would form an independent judgment of his own if it meant money out. An obscure man of no backing could have appealed to them year in and out with the same project and been thrown out of the office for his pains.

I had this principle explained to me by a solicitor for some advertising scheme requiring the coöperation of several dozen signers before it became operative.

"When I go into a town," he told me, "I lay for the president of the biggest bank to get his name at the top of the list. Often it is a matter of days to get him, but I never make the mistake of starting my list with a piker. Once I get the big man, I can get two or three other big names relatively easy, and after that the public comes a-running."

The little fellows, individually inconsequential, gross large in bulk because of their numbers, and Gates never overlooked the fact that many mickles make a muckle. He did not disdain the smallest subscriber, gathering them all into a final total that was astonishing.

So, likewise, in calculating the expected costs of any enterprise or article, he was a stickler for exactitude. Round numbers never issued from his mouth. If he calculated the manufacturing cost of a projected article, he put down "Labor 2.77 hours at 29 cents an hour," never "Labor two and three-quarters hours at thirty cents an hour." There is two cents' difference between the two—possibly the margin between success and failure in quantity production.

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Mr. Gates at Port Arthur

Scorn for Pikers

IF THE real estate for a mill site were offered to him at $235,119.67—in this instance an actual price quoted—he did not speak of it in the directors' meeting as $235,000. He named it precisely down to the second decimal place. It gave reality and conservatism and conviction to his speech. I think he abhorred round sums because they are eternally in the mouths of piker promoters, and his most scornful contempt was reserved for the piker. Yet he could handle the piker and talk pikerese like his native tongue when it served his purpose. He could speak of something or someone as not worth thirty cents, as if thirty cents were several degrees less than vacuity, and an hour later, in making a commonplace purchase, spend ten minutes haggling that much off the price and seem to regard the time well spent.

I doubt that Gates ever heard the word "psychology," let alone the patter of its medicine men. Its synonym, "human nature," he might have recognized; but in truth his understanding of human motives was so inborn, so instinctive, that I never heard him discuss it as an abstraction.

In a promotion deal it often was necessary that all participants sign some sort of contract. Gates first would discuss and bargain until all hands had agreed to the principal details, until their minds had met, which lawyers say is the main requisite of a contract. Then I would be called in to take down the contract as Gates dictated it. Now in putting such an agreement into actual words many minor details and difficulties

take on a magnified importance, growing out of each man's eagerness to protect and exploit his own interests. These points would spring into the minds of the other side as the dictation progressed and they would interject words and phrases, taking—or trying to take—the dictation out of Gates' mouth.

My rôle at such times was to play the simple, guileless young clerk, a bit embarrassed by contact with such power and wealth, so that though I turned an eye or head toward the interrupter in seeming deference to his views, somehow I did not seem to get just what he said, and it did not appear in the contract. When the typewritten document was brought in later, there was an atmosphere of relief, hurry and jubilation in which details were jovially overlooked. But if in the dictation the objectors were so insistent as to force Gates to stop, he never permitted them to force him onto a sidetrack. He understood that the perfect contract never has been drawn, that not all contingencies can be foreseen and provided for, and that if men are permitted to fall into an ultra-finicky hair-splitting state of mind in the drawing of a contract molehills take on the bulk of mountains. Gates skillfully parried these. He would *look* "piker!" outflank them or bluff his way through.

PHOTO. FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.
Lester Norris

Gates was well-tailored, hearty, jovial and looked like prosperity. He was a man among men, told a good story in a husky voice, was a fearless better and poker player, a crack amateur clay and live pigeon shot, and apparently had traveled everywhere and seen everything. These qualities are impressive when one man is matched against another across a desk. In a crowd, they loom up tremendously. Leadership in a group has a way of swinging toward the man who has the highest normal human qualities rather than to the deepest or wisest, or even the richest. Gates used his moral ascendancy to shrewd effect. The smaller the sum of money sought, the more, I think, does the promoter's personality count. The man who is at home with important money may be as quickly sensible of the promoter's charm, but reason and not emotion will stand guard over his purse. But in raising a sum like $250,000 in amounts of from $1000 to $20,000, a vivid, imposing, tactful personality charms the birds right off the branch.

A Strategist

ONCE we all jumped on a private train and went up to see some iron mines north of Saratoga, New York. Arrived, we were forced to wait an hour in the parlor of the hotel while guides were sent for. Gates lay on a sofa and told reminiscences out of his wide experience. Incidentally, the hero of each story, when one came to think it over, was John W. Gates, and the implication that here was a pretty shrewd fellow. He was so hearty, so wise, so good a fellow that he captivated his simple upstate crowd then and there and got from them just the contract he wished. In it was inserted an unobtrusive clause giving him the right to annul the contract if his attorney subsequently should not indorse the land titles upon which the transfer rested. Later, after Gates had obtained the weeks of delay he really was seeking, he discovered things about the mines that did not suit him, and his lawyers found the technical flaws in the title necessary to calling off the deal without loss to Gates.

The subscription list was only one of Gates' methods. Often the capitalists he sought lived in other cities, and that involved letter writing. He would write his friend E. F. Williams, and say his say in one single-spaced large letter sheet. All the essential details of the new enterprise would be there, and there would be no straining, no ballyhoo in his language. The letter would close with the statement that Gates was putting Williams down for some such sum as $50,000, and ask for an early reply, possibly by wire.

The letter took a favorable answer for granted, yet not offensively or with a Smart Aleck presumption. It was rather a masterly performance, that letter and similar letters that possibly went out at the same time to a dozen or so others. His innate sense taught him to avoid seeming to beg, putting himself in the attitude of a favor seeker, or anticipating Williams' hesitation or refusal; but he was just as careful not to swing to the other extreme of cocksure assumption. And Gates' nerve backed up what his mother wit had taught him.

Underwriting involved other methods, and here suggestion in the full psychological sense was employed. I would be assigned to keeping the subscription list up to date from instant to instant. Gates and his intimates headed the list, of course, for large sums; but there always remained great amounts, possibly millions, untaken. Part of this would be put down boldly in the name of a straw man—anyone. I have had my name standing for weeks as an applicant for as much as $3,000,000 or $4,000,000. This was for the purpose of keeping the unsubscribed margin down to a relatively small figure, implying that it was a case of "Hurry or you'll get left." About the office was heard "Oh, yes, he managed to get $20,000 underwriting," and "I don't know whether we can squeeze you out any more or not."

PHOTO. FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.
John W. Gates in His Prime

Suggestion was used to make the underwriting appear to be the dividing of a melon among a lucky few. A man sued Gates in connection with some previous promotion. It was a flimsy but annoying piece of litigation, and to induce him to withdraw he was allowed to have $100,000 underwriting. That is, he withdrew his action for the privilege of risking $100,000 with Gates.

PHOTO. FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

On the Gates Band Wagon

THE man profited, however. Gates' investors did, for his promotions were legitimate in their conception and were vigorously and intelligently carried through to success.

But I came to realize that a good deal of craft is inherent in promotion. For with all Gates' splendid record as a creator of wealth along corporate and manufacturing lines and the facts and figures he could show, more than half the money he raised was procured, in my judgment, by playing upon human weaknesses and vanities rather than on a rational business basis.

They invested not in the factory, the mill or mine, but in John W. Gates, the big, healthy, handsome, hearty, prosperity-radiating personality. These human qualities, together with the facts that he put in his own money, made no wild promises, always admitted that risk existed in any enterprise, and never begged, pleaded, whined or alibied, sold the investor. Actually they had little bearing on the soundness of the promotion. What really mattered was that the project was the handiwork of a man whose extraordinary business judgment had been demonstrated time and again. There was a small group of investors who had climbed aboard the Gates band wagon very early and ridden through to wealth. Where they had tremblingly invested their original $10,000, they put

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COPYRIGHT BY BROWN BROTHERS, N. Y. C.
Mr. and Mrs. Gates and Party at the Races. Above—Mrs. Dellora Angell Norris, De Kalb, Illinois, the Gates Heiress

LOVE'S BITTER MYSTERY

By Thomas Beer

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

"YOU cad," said Lakme, and struck him on the nose. "You cad!"

He stepped back twice with a faint, soft snort and his white sailor's clothes became a dimness in the high shadow of the scrub oak bush. Directly Mrs. Pruger began to wail from somewhere in the muddle of strolling masqueraders, "Lakme! Daughter darling! Lak-me!" and the girl cowered away from the lantern spinning slowly on a strand of wire above this covert of glossy bushes.

"Daughter darling," her mother musically howled from the lawn, "it's almost time for you to dance, dear!"

Young Helmuth passed a hand over his nose. His black mask was pushed up on his forehead, but it seemed to leak drops of dye that spotted his blouse suddenly, and a black mustache was, as suddenly, created on his naked upper lip. Perhaps blood altered under a green light to black. Yes, that was it; just as her pink dress was purple in the play last winter when the blue light came on its flutter at the end of her scene. A curious chill circled Lakme's neck. She had broken his nose, and he might sue her for damages and mother would be cross. It was a nice, straight nose; he would resent it, all mashed and flattened.

"W-will you marry me?"

Lakme said, "Pardon?" and glared at the tall young man in the white clothes that showed once more as he stepped from the shadow of the brushwood. He wanted to marry her!

"W-won't you marry me, Miss Pruger?"

"My name's really Sanford," said Lakme, crazily twisting her ankles together; "Mr. Pruger's my stepfather—second. Mother's been married three times. You don't really want to marry me?"

"Really," Helmuth told her lugubriously, rubbing his nose with a sleeve. "It's why I kissed you, Miss Stanford."

"Sanford," said Lakme idly. "That's awf'ly nice of you. Yes, that's awf'ly nice. Only it wouldn't do. I was engaged to a man last summer, only mother started sponging on him at once, you see, and I hated him anyhow, and we broke it off. Only, even if I liked a man it wouldn't do. Mother'd sponge on him so! Thank you very much, of course."

She had not been able to stop her voice from rattling all this out in an ugly, dry ticking, as though a clock had gone mad.

Meanwhile her mother bawled in the rich contralto that always pleased strangers: "Lak-me! Daughter darling!" and the sound approached this lump of tall oak brush with its melodious threat.

"I don't care about your mother," said Helmuth; "I l-love you."

"Isn't any such thing as love," the girl chattered. "Just an illusion! I'm pretty and my legs are beautiful when I dance. Very few women have dimples in their knees unless their weight's getting the best of 'em. You don't love me. Sorry about your nose."

Mrs. Pruger's howl arose, close at hand. Lakme turned and ran around the corner of the shingled hall. No, she couldn't dance tonight, even if her contract with The Inn on The Dunes called for special dances. She was a floating bundle of heats and aches, and her throat was somehow freezing between her shaking chin and the immense pain that was her cheat. Her bare feet slipped about in oozy grass and some low vine flicked a trailer among her toes.

"You Cad," Said Lakme, and Struck Him on the Nose. "You Cad!"

"Listen to me," said Helmuth behind her shoulders. "I d-do love you! I d-don't care about your mother! She's impossible, of course, and I want to get you away from her."

"On a cash basis," Lakme coughed, "you could. Honesty's the best policy. Yes, for about ten thousand cash. Only it wouldn't last her long. She gambles. 'Bout a year and she'd be sitting on the front steps asking for more. Good night!"

"I l-love," the young man said, wiping his nose, "you."

"The pause was effective," Lakme chattered. "No! Don't try to kiss me again! Please! It's no good, I tell you! You're nice, and I rather like you, and you swim beautifully, but I couldn't marry you! Wouldn't be humane. I'm nineteen and I know what I'm doing."

He took hold of her arm and held her back from the first step of flight. He was very strong: on the beach his fair, tanless arms showed long ribbons of muscle that never quite stilled themselves.

"When did you start dancing?"

"I was fourteen," she said, "out in California. Mother had me dance at a ghastly hotel in Coronado. My first stepfather taught dancing. And then she married Mr. Pruger—who really isn't a bad sort—and he got me a job in that show last winter. He was dancing in it himself. And you saw me revoluting and thought you loved me. Well, 'turn aside and brood no more upon love's bitter mystery.' You don't give a rap about me."

"I l-love you," the young man mentioned, gripping her arm. "Trust me!"

"Don't stutter so," said Lakme, and shut her teeth.

Somewhere close to her a person dressed as a Chinaman told a vague woman, "Little Lakme's going to leap awhile before supper."

The vague woman drawled, "No afflictions are spared us! This is certainly the dullest masquerade I ever saw."

"Well, what can you expect at places like this?" the Chinaman yawned. "Anyhow, Americans haven't the masquerading temperament. Let's go down and look at the bally old ocean."

"I hate the seaside," said the woman, and strolled off with her Chinaman, a fluttering vagueness still, in a shawl sprinkled with sequins. The moon benevolently made her robe phosphorescent, passing over blue turf down the slope toward the beach.

"I love you," Helmuth said in his heavy barytone.

"My hair's bleached," Lakme told him; "mother thinks it makes me look cunning that way. Wouldn't your highly respectable family love watching it turn black again? And would you mind telling me again where you come from?"

"Poughkeepsie, New York. And my family has nothing to do with this," he snarled again. "Go get dressed! We'll have Kid Smith drive us to Boston or somewhere and get married."

"Who the hell's Kid Smith?"

He shook her arm viciously and ordered, "Don't swear like that! He runs the garage—owns it."

"'Turn aside and brood no more,'" Lakme gabbled, "'upon love's bitter mystery.' What book's that out of? Or is it from Shakspere? Poor man! He spent his life writing quotations."

In a moment she would faint or scream. A dark boy dressed in a single flare of crimson drapery that belted his brown body from chest to thighs strolled past this corner and Helmuth said, "Run along Kid," in a vexed voice.

"Yeh," said the boy softly, and went roaming down the grass, as a fresh waltz broke out from the cleared dining room of the inn.

"I'm tired of having my arm bruised," Lakme whimpered.

"I l-love you," Helmuth said. "Listen, Lakme, I ——"

"How alliterative! 'Listen, Lakme.' No," the girl sobbed, "it's no good! Please, Jimmy! I can't marry you! Mother'd make our lives a burden! She would indeed! F-father was a gentleman. He was a master at Eton. Used to take me in to the opera—Covent Garden. That's really all I remember about him."

"It's not very interesting," said Helmuth. "Let me have the Kid run us in to Boston or somewhere we can get married. I'll make your mother an allowance. Please!"

She remembered a girl in blue, vibrating in the vast cube of a lighted stage. It was an opera that had made her cry all the way home to Eton. The girl died because a sorcerer made her sing.

"It's curious how one forgets the names of plays, operas and things like that. Last night in bed I was trying to think of the stations between Eton and London."

"I love you," said Helmuth, shaking her arm.

"What of it? Love's just an illusion—what a rotten band this is here! an illusion! Pruger's tired of mother already, and they were married New Year's Day. She spends all his money, and talks down to him. His father's a tradesman out in Nevada or Seattle or one of those states."

"I love you," he said, and kissed her shoulder.

Lakme broke from his hand, and ran with reflections of the great silver roses on her tunic flashing along the turf Masqueraders scattered on the oblong lawn of the inn and, remotely, some man yelled, "Looka Lakme leapin'!" as she ran, with the Atlantic Ocean noisy on her right and black cottages morose on the left horizon. The moonlight surged on every hand and whitened the shingle of some building ahead. The band chased her with the rhythm of a waltz and she heard innumerable feet chasing her, too, to bring her back to her mother and make her dance, so that the boys who called her "Leaping Lakme" might have something to laugh at. She gulped tremendously and went darting toward a long shed whose shingles were cream in the beating moonlight.

"Hey, Lakme!"

The man got in her way and spread black arms. She slowed and recognized her stepfather with a kind of relief; the night had gone insane with its spinning moon and its fierce kisses. Nels Pruger was always calm.

"Where you goin', sister?"

"Nowhere. You may as well go and tell mother I shan't dance tonight. I'm fed up—sick of it! And nobody wants to see me dance anyhow, Nels!"

"You ain't so far wrong, sister," Pruger drawled, imperturbably assuming the pose of a handsome advertisement for dinner jackets, his arms crossed on his chest. "No. A person that don't enjoy dancing can't make nobody else enjoy it neither."

"Anybody else, Nels," the girl mumbled.

"Yeh? 'At's so," said the dancing man, unvexed, and looked up at the moon, which colored his fair curls green, and kindly hid the scar under one eye. He was now excessively beautiful, unjaded and slim in his black clothes, with one bright shoe tapping the grass. The waltz, far away, died and revived on puffs of a south wind that whipped Lakme's tunic against her aching knees. Pruger whistled three bars of another tune and then said, "I'm quittin', sister"

"What, Nels?"

"It's like this," her stepfather went on: "Jake Rosebloom's got Boys and Girls down at Atlantic City, ready to open. Ed Delaney—he has three dances in the show goes and busts his leg. Jake wired for me. Got to get down there tomorrow night—last rehearsal. Just borrowed fifty off Kid Smith, here."

"Who's Kid Smith, Nels?"

"The kid that owns the garage. Used to know him in vaud'ville," Pruger explained. "His uncle minds him, these days, and gave him this garage here. He was always mechanical. R'member him helpin' mend a trick automobile out in Frisco once —— Well, that ain't what I was talkin' about"

"So you're going to Atlantic City to dance in a new show," Lakme said after a while, with an iced ball jogging in her throat

"You're going to marry that Helmuth boy, sister?"

"No," she whimpered, "I can't, Nels! It wouldn't be humane! I told him so. I hit him on the nose, and then he asked me to marry him, and there was blood on his lip — Mother would come and live with—on us. I can't do it, Nels. Love's just an illusion anyhow"

The dancing man drawled in his monotonous voice, "My folks have been married thirty-three years, but that's out in Seattle. Don't be a fool, Lakme. This Helmuth fella ain't good lookin', but he's a gentleman and don't gin up. Kid Smith wrote home to his brother in Poughkeepsie that you was here. His brother tells the Helmuth boy, accidentally, and he comes on the run and been here six weeks, now. Take your luck. His folks make bathtubs, and the Kid says they're good people—and you're crazy about him."

The vulgar sentence stiffened her. Lakme put both palms on her throat and watched a forlorn tan cloud quench the moon. Grass dulled and the lamps festooned on the dining hall increased their power in the gloom. Cigarettes of strolling masqueraders were depraved fireflies, and the ocean pounded heavily in time to the waltz. Well, she was crazy about Jimmy Helmuth. Everybody knew it at the inn. It must be a casual topic among four hundred boarders and cottagers. He sat and scowled when she did her dances three nights a week.

"I can't marry him! Who'd look after mother, Nels? You're leaving her, aren't you?"

"I'll send her twenty-five a week," he declared, "and the flat's paid for until the first of January. She can have it. I'll stop on my way to Atlantic City and clean my stuff out. The furniture's hers anyway. Yeh, I'm done with Annabel, sister!"

She should rage at him for her mother's sake, and call him names, but she stood wondering how many stepfathers might follow Pruger. He was giving notice. Ladislas Pranov had merely left the flat one morning. Memorials of his tenancy still appeared. Cigarette holders and the iron rings that he wore for some Russian reason were found wedged in the stuffed chairs

"I'm through," said Pruger sullenly, "and you'd better be, Sister Lakme. Got any money left?"

"About eighty dollars, Nels. Mother doesn't know it."

"It's why you've got it," he said, uselessly informative. "Snakes! I was gettin' two hundred all winter and you were gettin' a hundred a week. Now look at us, dancin' for board and keep in a summer hotel! No, I'm through with Annabel! And you'd better be, Lakme."

The girl said, "Oh, that's impossible, Nels. She's my mother. One can't desert. She has no way of making money, and she only has fifty pounds a year. But I shan't dance again this winter, Nels, because I really can't stand it. I hate it! I haven't that temperament. I don't like being stared at. I'll find something else."

"You'll marry this Helmuth boy and go live in Poughkeepsie, like a lady. Yes, you will, Lakme," the dancing man insisted, "an' I'll tell you why too. I wasn't goin' to do this, but if you won't be sensible, I'll have to. You've got all this loyalty, an' kind of sentiment about your mother bein' your mother. Well, how's she treat you? Does she turn a hand? No! She just absorbs every damn cent you make. Why did that Russian fella quit her?"

"I don't know —— Oh, well, it was money," Lakme sighed; "I know it was. She never told me so, but I know it. It's dreadful! We've been in the States ten years, but she never learns where to shop, or anything. The money just goes through her hands. She's a baby about it!"

Pruger gave a sudden laugh of four hard notes. Paper rattled in the profound shadows of the moist night. All the wind had died with the clouds upon the moon and a mosquito bit Lakme's right knee sharply.

"Here, take this an' read it when you get a chance, sister. And, so long too. I'll be gone when you get up in

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The Band Chased Her With the Rhythm of a Waltz and She Heard Innumerable Feet Chasing Her

SCAPEGOAT

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

Owens Grinned Bitterly at the Thought That He and Bailey Sat Here Side by Side; But Also He Was Relieved That Bailey Had Not Heard Him Muttering

HE SAW Perrine get possession of the puck behind his own cage and swing to the right around the boards to begin another dash down the rink, and he glided a little toward that side, preparing to meet Perrine and stop him. His muscles were tired, and his head was heavy and aching from the long, incessant clamor of the cries echoing across the ice, ringing with a hollow booming sound beneath the vaulted roof, pounding upon his eardrums. He was bruised from head to foot; there was a swollen lump on his right shin and a cut just above the ankle on the same leg, hurriedly caught together with plaster, bleeding in a little oozing stream. Only his courage was unwearied; it drove him as fiercely as in the first heat of the game.

Perrine was coming; his incredibly long, lean legs in their dull red tights swung tirelessly, his skates flashed and dug as he swerved to avoid the first defenders. Owens waited for him, knowing the advantage held by the man who is standing still, intent on forcing Perrine to pass between him and the boards. Time after time during the long game he had stopped Perrine thus; stopped him with a fierce body check which left them both entangled, the puck free for one of his fellows to recover. That was his function—to stop Perrine. Others would look after the puck; he had been coached to pay no heed to it, to take care only to stop Perrine. Only once tonight Perrine had passed him, and then the other man scored. He should not, Owens told himself fiercely, get by again. His unwearied courage drove him to the encounter even while his bruised body cringed before the coming crash of the blow.

Behind him he heard Al Shorter shout a warning. Al, an immense figure in shin guards and mask and great gauntlets, crouching in the mouth of the cage.

"Get him, Evan!" Al boomed.

Al, his roommate, was the only one who ever called him Evan. He was Buck Owens to the college at large; Evan only to Al. In this moment he drew a sudden surge of strength from Al, who was so indomitably strong. And at exactly the right instant his skates dug, he swung and sprang, his movements perfectly timed.

He caught Perrine fairly; caught Perrine against the boards as he had planned. His left hip locked with Perrine's; his body struck Perrine in the side. Perrine's own momentum carried them forward and down; and as they fell, Owens heard, with a curious distinctness, a sharp and disconcerting crack. A curious sound, not at all ominous in itself; yet not like any sound he had ever heard before, so that, even while he freed himself and struggled to his feet, he wondered what it was. He saw that Perrine was slow in rising, looked swiftly for the puck; and then a whistle blew at his ear and the others were coming toward him, gliding smoothly on their skates, their movements slowed and easy;. and the tremendous clamor of sound which filled the rink died to a murmur and was still. Perrine lay on his back on the ice and he breathed in a distressing way; and his heels clattered a little, kicking spasmodically.

Perrine was hurt, and Owens drew back. His heart was sick, but there is an etiquette in such matters. He loved Perrine. For two years now they had been meeting in fierce encounters, on the gridiron, on the ice; flesh to flesh, buffeting, clinging, bruising, thrusting, always in the white heat of desperate endeavor. And sometimes Perrine had the better of it, and sometimes Owens. Owens had a flattened nose Perrine had given him one day with a particularly efficient stiff arm; Perrine would wear all his life the scar from a cut he had received when he missed his tackle and caught Owens' shoe against his cheek. Their meetings had been battles; they spoke to each other—when they spoke at all—in terms truculent and bitter. But Perrine loved him, and he loved Perrine; and Perrine was hurt now, and Owens was sick at heart. Nevertheless, he drew away. It was no part of the game to show, at such moments, sympathy or compunction. Now they were carrying Perrine off the ice, carefully. Owens seemed to hear slow music playing; he knew Perrine was badly hurt and he felt a desperate desire to help, to lift his opponent in his arms, to cry out his sorrow. Al clapped him on the shoulder.

"That's the old game, Evan," he approved. "That's stopping them."

One of the opposing team swung up to Owens with a swirl and a grind of his skates, and his lips were drawn.

"You big yegg," he snarled, "I'll get you for that!"

"I'll be right here," Owens told him coldly. "Come and do it."

"I'm coming," the other promised.

"They'll carry you out on a stretcher," Owens told him.

"They'll have to dig you out of the ice," the other retorted, and he swung away again.

Al gripped Owens by the shoulder.

"That's telling him, Evan," he approved.

But the words of youth must be read with a glossary. What the opponent meant was merely "He's badly hurt, but you can't scare us." And what Owens meant was "I'm terribly sorry, but I've got to play the game." And what Al meant was "It wasn't your fault, Evan. Don't let it worry you."

A moment later the ice rang again beneath their runners. But without Perrine the other team was crippled. As it happened, Owens himself scored the winning goal.

Perrine was badly hurt. A concussion, perhaps a compound fracture. For forty-eight hours he lay in the college hospital, his life in the balance. His team mates went home; but his father and mother came, and Owens saw them once or twice, at the hospital or about the college inn. Also doctors came from the city and labored with Perrine. And Owens, furtively, as though he were ashamed of the weakness, haunted the hospital corridors, appearing secretly and unexpectedly at all hours to ask shy questions, his eyes pleading for a hopeful word.

A good many people saw him there, and some of them talked about it. This was not altogether surprising, for Owens, though he never guessed the fact himself, was in the college world a great man. In the fall the football team had elected him captain, after that crushing defeat in which he had borne himself so splendidly, doing such deeds that his personal triumph had almost compensated for the wreckage of the team. He had had the better of Perrine that day. Perrine, up till then acclaimed as the greatest fullback of the year, had been displaced by Owens on the basis of that day's showing, so that the after-season comment made Owens all-American fullback in Perrine's place. The team elected him captain without dissent. A great man, thus, in the college world, and a man whose movements could not go unremarked.

Dave Glade, the football coach, remarked them; and he talked to Owens one evening about the matter.

"You don't want to let Perrine get on your mind," he suggested. He had made it his business to meet Owens outside the hospital. "It wasn't your fault, Buck."

"It's not worrying me," Owens said harshly

"Don't kid yourself," Glade retorted. "But what I mean is, don't brood over it, Buck. It was an accident."

"I don't want him to die," Owens confessed; and his voice, to his own shame, broke a little. Glade flung an arm across his shoulder.

"He'll come out of it," he predicted. "Wait and see."

The event proved that Glade was right. Perrine returned to consciousness at last, made slow recovery and began to gain. They took him from the hospital to his home—Owens had no chance to see him, for Perrine was still very weak—and the incident began to be forgotten. But it seemed to some people that there was a difference in Owens; that he still had the accident upon his mind. Al Shorter spoke of it to his friend. The words that passed between these two were often oblique, and to the outsider meaningless; but in this matter Al spoke openly.

"It's getting your goat, Evan," he said accusingly.

"You're crazy," Owens retorted. Al shook his head.

"Don't forget you've got a job to do this fall."

"I'm not forgetting anything," Owens assured him.

"Well, you want to forget Perrine," Al insisted. "He's on your mind. Cut it out."

"You tell 'em," the other jeered; and Al said grimly, "If you throw us down next fall I'll knock you dead."

"You and what regiment of Marines?" Owens challenged derisively, and Al grinned.

"All right," he rejoined. "Only you mind what I say."

It is doubtful whether Al had any real misgivings. He did not attach too much importance to the new gentleness apparent in his friend. But there is always someone to notice these matters. A curious speculation began to run through the undergraduate conversation. No one knew where it had started, but it gained some currency. The question was a philosophic one. The strength of Owens had always been his fearlessness, his ruthlessness, his driving power.

"But he half killed Perrine," the word went. "Maybe that'll slow him down next fall. Maybe he'll pull his punches. Maybe he won't play the game so hard."

Those who knew Owens best, Al and some others, fought back against this whisper; but whispers are hard to kill. This one came, inevitably, to the ears of Dave Glade, for it was his business to hear such whispers as this one was, and to deal with them.

Glade was an alumnus of ten years' standing who had been in his day an all-American quarterback, attaining to that position much more by mental than by physical abilities. He conceived the game not as a battle between weight and power and speed, but fundamentally as a struggle between mind and mind, soul and soul. Such men are not bound by conventions or habit. Glade was not so bound.

He had been brought back to college, two years before, on a five-year contract—a contract which he dictated. Upon the matter of salary he did not insist at all, but he demanded absolute authority and noninterference, and he got them. The team, during half a dozen years preceding, had been in the doldrums, neither one thing nor the other. His first year showed little improvement; his second was outwardly as disappointing. The team lost two games; an early season contest in which, still raw, they met a prepared opponent; and the final and climactic game when, encountering the greatest team of the year, they were overwhelmed by half a dozen touchdowns, routed and demoralized.

After that game, Glade had a word or two to say to his men

"I don't mind your getting licked," he had told them. "Everybody gets licked now and then. But here's one thing, and those of you who come back next fall want to remember it: God hates a quitter. After they scored the second touchdown, you weren't a team any longer. Three of you, Owens and Al Shorter and McCay, kept on fighting. The rest of you just went through the motions. Captain McCay is graduating. Owens and Shorter will be here next year, and four others of you regulars. You four men have got to earn your places next fall, and you might as well make up your mind to that now." He added, in a softer tone, "I'm not worried about Owens and Shorter."

He was less confident of Owens when that whisper began to spread, and it stayed in his thoughts during the summer vacation. When, in September, a fortnight before college opened, the regulars reported for practice, Owens was the first to come; and for three days he and Glade were much together, weighing the abilities of the individuals upon whom the team must rely, considering the places yet to be filled The coach watched Owens, speculating, wondering. During the summer that ugly whisper had grown; and Glade, half across the continent, had heard it again and again.

Alumni asked him, "How about Owens? Has he lost his nerve?" So he studied the captain now with an acute eye, and what he saw seemed to reassure him

He said to Owens one day, "We'll be better this year."

"We've got to be," Owens agreed.

"We've got the men," Glade explained. "You and Al to start with, and Jay and Lecker and Burke. I'm not sure about Morris. He quit cold in the last game"

"He was sick," Owens told him. "Upset stomach. He told me afterward."

"And Carroll and Lewstader from the freshman team," Glade pursued. "That leaves only three holes to fill. We can make out."

"Morris is all right," Owens said again.

"We've got a chance to lick that bunch this year," Glade repeated. Owens did not need to be told the team he meant. "They won't be so good without Perrine." And the coach looked sidewise at the young man.

"They'll miss him," Owens agreed.

"Great player," Glade commented. He was reassured by what he saw. "I hear he's coming around all right. But he won't play."

"I wrote to him," Owens confessed.

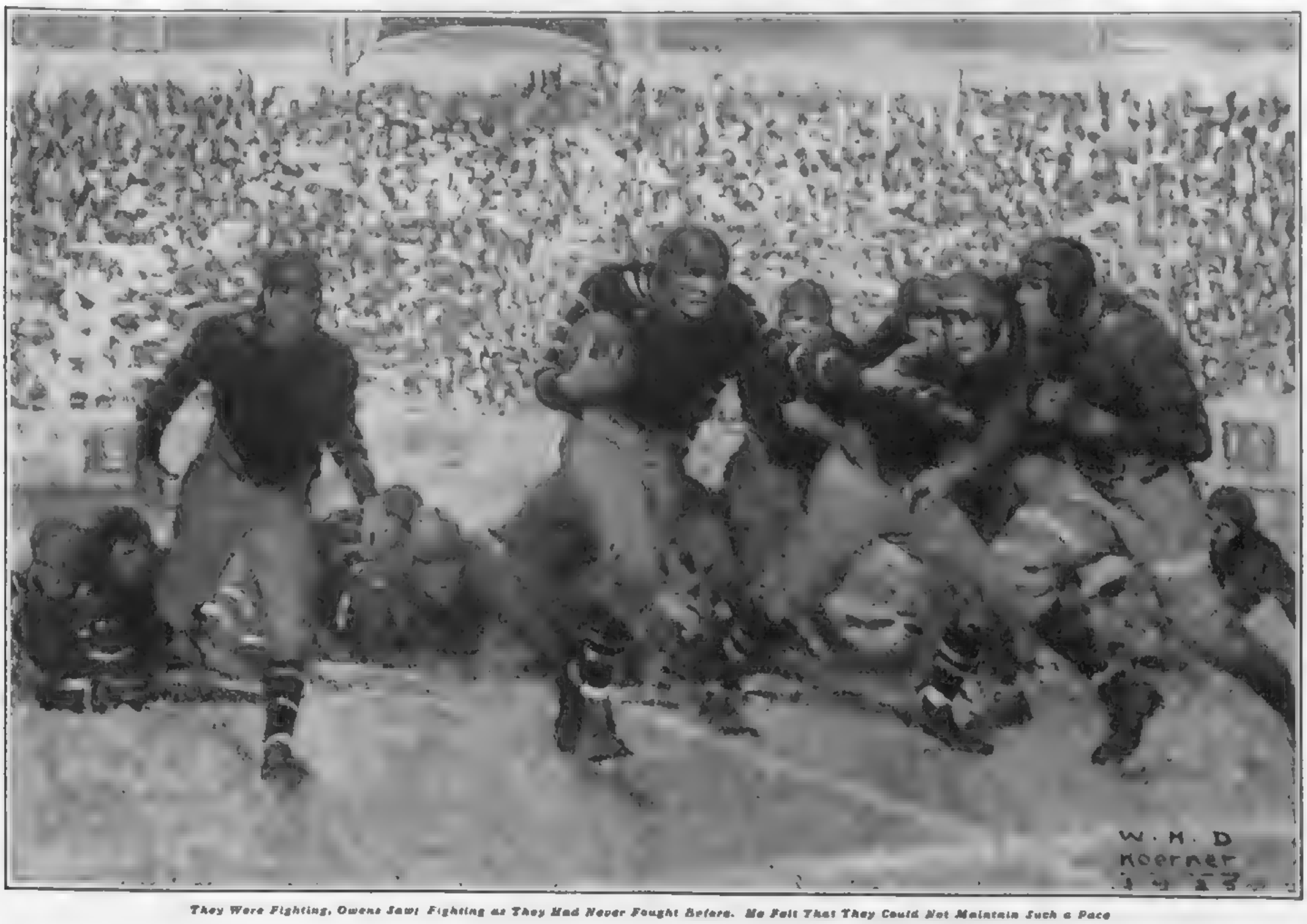
"You did?"

"He's going to be all right," the captain explained. "But he can't play football."

"Well, if we get a fighting team we can lick them," Glade concluded, and they went on to more detailed discussion.

In the first game of the season, an encounter that was little more than a practice scrimmage, the coach again gave all his attention to Owens' play. Owens had never been better. Glade allowed him a scant ten minutes in each half before replacing him with a substitute, but in these minutes Owens tore the opposing line or battered the ends as fiercely as in the past. Yet Glade, during the following

(Continued on Page 66)



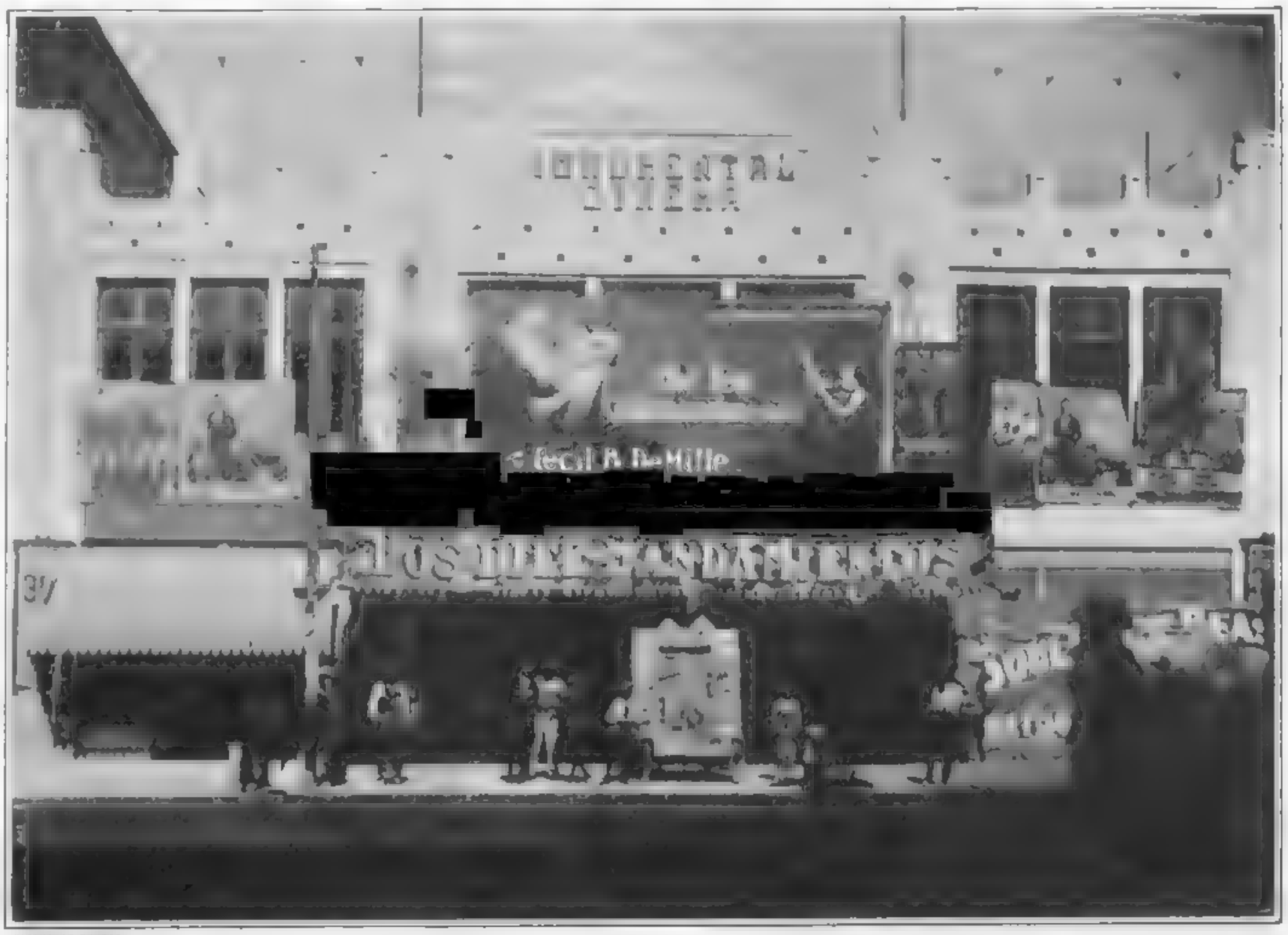
They Were Fighting, Owens Saw! Fighting as They Had Never Fought Before. He Felt That They Could Not Maintain Such a Pace

TRADE FOLLOWS THE FILM

By EDWARD G. LOWRY

THE sun, it now appears, never sets on the British Empire and the American motion picture. It is a droll companionship, and one which is beginning to evoke comment and provoke inquiry in exalted quarters in foreign parts. The world at large has become so accustomed to seeing the British Empire take this daily promenade in the sun alone that it now lifts its eyebrows and regards the scene with what the fictionists of another day used to call mixed emotions

In the British the spectacle calls forth a touch of asperity. The French are puzzled and ask, "Is it an amour?" The Germans have begun to dig in and erect barriers. All of them are in varying degrees alarmed by the portent. They are just a teeny bit afraid of this gay, laughing, amusing hussy who parades the whole wide world with such assurance and to such applause from the diverse races and breeds of men.



An Elaborately Decorated Theater in Mexico City

When this note of apprehension began first to be heard the motion-picture makers here were rather puzzled. They wondered, when they discovered that they and their product could be considered abroad in the light of a peril or a menace. They knew that their whole intent and aim was to please everybody. It is by successful adherence to this rule that they have grown so great. At first they did not understand this viewing with alarm to which they and their output were subjected. But as the stirrings of uneasiness abroad became more manifest and more coherent the truth came out. It is not the quality of the pictures, it is not the movie as an amusement, that has caused the pother and commotion among the foreigners. They are not concerned with the art of the pale heroes, the calcimined comics or the lovely heroines with the mascara in their eyelashes. None of these things in the least matters. What does concern is the discovery, made abroad before it was made here, that the pictures have become a factor in international trade. They are making the United States the best-known and most widely advertised country to the very remotest habitations of man on the globe.

The Prince of Styles

OUR pictures are doing for us what the Prince of Wales so frankly and so capably is doing for the British. International trade is, of course, based on good will. The Prince for some years now has been going about all over the world promoting good will for his countrymen and subjects. Incidentally he has helped trade. Everybody remembers when he was last in New York he set a vogue for blue shirts with soft collars, for a style of hat that blossomed in the shop windows even before he departed, and for gray flannels. Every day what he wore was chronicled in the newspapers, and the youth who set store by styles were quick to copy him. The same thing, it is fair to suppose, happened in the colonies and in South America. The heir apparent did something to introduce and popularize English clothes, shoes, hats, pipes and what not.

Happily, or unhappily—just as you choose—we have no royal family to do that sort of thing for us. But now the word comes from abroad, from many quarters and in increasing volume, that the movie stars and their associates, and the happy and handsome environment in which they are displayed in the films are creating and stimulating a demand for American wares. We now hear that the old saying that trade follows the flag is archaic and out of joint.

Screen Talk

TRADE follows the film is the cry from overseas. It is the discovery of this new factor in international relationships that has caused the flutter. When the movies were simply an amusement and a relaxation and a form of entertainment for the millions, they could be laughed at by the sophisticates as examples of crude American taste, and no harm was done. But once it became clear that the films directly influenced the currents of trade—that from Spain, the Near East, Chile, the Argentine and Brazil were coming demands for American office furniture, shoes, hardware, clothing and types of California bungalows "like those we see in the movies," then the pictures became a menace and a peril to the foreign trader. His pocketbook touched, he became aroused and began to appeal to his government.

The Prince of Wales himself, as a promoter of trade and good will for his people, was among the earliest to declare and disclose the potency of our pictures as a competitor in securing foreign trade. As long ago as 1923 the Prince was saying in a speech before the British National Film League that the importance of the film industry deserved attention. There was the imperial aspect, he urged. Trade followed the film, he said, and films were a real aid both to the development of imperial trade and the work of individual firms. The film helped to bring together nations speaking different languages. It had no one language of its own, but could convey its ideas in all languages. And so on to the extent of nearly a column in the London Morning Post, in which the speech was reported. The same newspaper, commenting on the Prince's outgiving, said:

"If the United States abolished its diplomatic and consular services, kept its ships in harbor and its tourists at home, and retired from the world's markets, its citizens, its problems, its towns and countryside, its roads, motor cars, counting houses and saloons would still be familiar in the uttermost corners of the world. . . . The film is to America what the flag was once to Britain. By its means Uncle Sam may hope some day, if he be not checked in time, to Americanize the world."

The Empire Cinema, Singapore

The Kabuki-Za, a Beautiful Theater in Tokio

This outcry was made two years ago, mind you, when the Hollywood producers were thinking of their products in terms of pictures only, and pictures that would appeal to the domestic fan. If the foreigner liked them, too, that was just so much velvet. The pictures were not and are not made to promote trade abroad, but to amuse and relax and entertain the movie-going citizenry of Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts; Crown Point, Indiana; West Point, Georgia; New York; Allentown, Pennsylvania; Jamestown, North Dakota, and the thousands of such settlements and communities on this broad expanse of continent. The appeal to foreign trade is as incidental as it was unexpected, and no one was more astonished than the film producers when the present agitation and apprehension were first manifested abroad.

The Coliseum Theater at Barcelona, Spain

The Subtle Work of the Celluloid Salesman

HEAR these other witnesses for a moment before we go on:

Douglas Miller, one of the commercial attachés in Berlin, reports to Secretary Hoover:

"No one has yet been able to estimate the large amount of advertising for American goods that has come through the motion pictures and the stage. The amusement world of Germany now gets its tone from across the Atlantic. American styles as seen on the film, American tunes brought over by traveling jazz bands—all cannot fail to have a marked influence on the German habit of mind. A stranger, taking an evening stroll down the chief promenade of Berlin's new rich, cannot fail to notice the American touch in the clothing of many persons, in the advertising in shop windows and in the type of entertainment offered to the public."

A private and unofficial report from Birmingham, England—"Lately British shoe manufacturers have complained that they have been at the expense of replacing machinery in order to supply American-style shoes if they wished to compete in trade to the Near East, as the people out there demanded the styles depicted in our moving pictures."

Lord Newton, speaking in the House of Lords, said:

"It has become practically impossible for British producers to compete with American. Americans realized, almost simultaneously with the cinema, the heaven-sent method of advertising themselves, their country, methods, wares, ideas and even language, and they seized on it as a method of persuading the whole world that America was really the only country that counted."

Lord Newton continued that he had heard, though he could not vouch for it, that Midlands and Yorkshire manufacturers of clothing and boots had been obliged to alter their plants because the films seen by races in the Near East had so impressed those peoples that they desired to be clothed in the same way as American film actors.

A recent issue of Brazilian Business, issued by the American Chamber of Commerce for Brazil, said: "One of the representatives of an American film company in Brazil has had many proofs of the trade-producing possibilities of celluloid drama. Not so long ago he threw a sport picture on the local screens, the punch being put over by means of half a dozen high-powered racing cars. Some time later the representative of an American car told the film man that before the picture appeared his agents were selling five or six cars a month. After its appearance the office began closing orders for four or five cars a day."

Foreign Trade and the American Film

"THERE are other American products which arouse buying interest when presented in the Brazilian cinema. One of the most striking examples is the spread of the American bungalow style of architecture. Mr. —— states that the number of requests which he receives from Brazilians for photographs of houses used in street scenes has been too numerous to allow any doubt about a direct connection between the movement in Brazil and American pictures. Not only are requests received for outside views but also interior arrangements and the use of furniture. The appearance of soft lounging chairs in the display windows of Rio de Janeiro is of recent occurrence."

Here is an extract from an official report from a European country now on file at Washington: "Mr. —— told me that films are very effective agents for developing trade. One illustration of this, he suggested, was seen in the demand for clothes modeled on those worn by American heroes in pictures shown in this country. This demand, he said, had caused makers of clothing here to make their product more on American lines than formerly. Also our language has become affected, he added. Even such Americanisms as 'Gee!' are

(Continued on Page 151)

Palais Theater, Rio de Janeiro, During the Engagement of The Four Horsemen

KEYS

By Edwin Balmer and William MacHarg

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"I Want You to Tell Me the Truth, However It Hurts Me!" She Pleaded, Facing Him

THE starting point of an amazing experience for Steve Faraday was a letter, mistakenly addressed. It had been mailed in Baltimore, Maryland, in an envelope of the Hotel Loti, and was addressed to The Manager, Hotel Tonty, Chicago. Consequently Weibolt, the manager, opened it and discovered two small proofs of a picture of a girl apparently eighteen years old. This letter accompanied them:

"*My precious Helen:* Both are lovely, for both are you. I suppose they are small to be of uniform size for the class annual, but please have both enlarged for me. I am delighted with them.

"Sweetheart, I congratulate you on your part in the class triumph, but be careful in your athletics—remember, you are all I have. I am happy to think that I shall surely see you Sunday. Tonight I have time only for these few hasty lines.

"With all my love,

"FATHER."

Weibolt again examined the proofs. They were, indeed, lovely; the poses were slightly different, but in both a young and beautiful girl held her proud, fair head confidently; her deep eyes looked out from the fading prints with frank and friendly honesty, and the shadowy smile upon her lips seemed to say that she found the world a delightful place. "Miss Thornton" was written lightly in pencil, evidently by the photographer, on the back of each.

Without comment, Weibolt handed the letter and prints to Lynn, the night clerk, who looked at the proofs and exclaimed, "Some queen! Who is she?"

"I've not the faintest idea, except that her name seems to be Helen Thornton, she has an extremely proud father—I don't know that I blame him—and she's at some girls' school," Weibolt said. "They weren't meant for me. Any of you know her?"

Lynn did not, nor did anyone else of the hotel staff who conceivably could be addressed as manager. Obviously a mistake had been made, and Lynn's comment summarized the matter, as it then appeared.

"Thornton was in Baltimore, writing you for a room here," Lynn said to Weibolt. "He was writing his daughter at the same time. He mixed up envelopes; so you get these pretty pictures and this nice note; daughter is getting a request to reserve a room sometime soon."

"That's it," agreed Weibolt. "When Thornton shows up, hand it to him." And Weibolt resealed the letter with a wafer, put a pencil through the address to "The Manager" and wrote, "For Mr. Thornton." He tossed it into the mail rack, where the proofs of the lovely Miss Thornton lay, untouched and undisturbed, through the upheaval of almost everything else in the office, following the hundred-thousand-dollar robbery at the Tonty on the second night after the letter arrived.

No Mr. Thornton registered to claim the letter, and no one who had seen the pictures was able to imagine that the misaddressed letter could have any possible connection with the big job of Friday night. Then on the Monday morning Century from New York, Steve Faraday came to Chicago.

Steve Faraday—Young Steve, as everybody in the Faraday organization called him, out of a habit formed when old Steve was alive—owned the Tonty, and news of the robbery reached him in this manner.

In New York, that Friday night, he had been to the theater with several people, and excusing himself from them, he turned toward Park Avenue a few minutes before twelve, midnight, as was his custom, and went up to his rooms, which he rented in the building next to a hotel which he owned. It is an excellent hotel; indeed, many people prefer it to any other in New York. Faraday dwelt beside it, and not in it, not by preference but by principle, for the purpose of maintaining toward it the same external viewpoint with which he regarded his other hotels.

He owned the controlling interest in seven, scattered in cities as far south as Atlanta and west to Denver. For the most part, these properties had been inherited from his father, and it was the opinion of those familiar with the Faraday affairs that old Steve had died at the right time. For the father had held to the old order of hotel keepers; he had been a host, a greeter; there had been something of condescension in the manner of his guests toward him, as to one who is being paid for personal service.

Young Steve had grown up in the hotel business, while his father, greeter though he was, had been building an organization as complicated and as delicately balanced as a steel trust. Its carefully calculated units, reduplicating themselves in each of his hotels, formed in their aggregate a tremendous and imposing system which gave young Steve reason to resent any attitude of condescension. There was nothing of the host about him; he made of his separate rooms almost a fetish; yet the hotels held him as firmly as ever they had his father, by their own fascination.

Extraordinary visitors, drawn from five continents, drained through the seven Faraday hotels. Financiers and generals, presidents, ambassadors and royal couriers, sportsmen, explorers, divas, actors, singers, princes, impresarios, swindlers, forgers and thieves came, occupied his suites and went away. Young Steve knew literally thousands of them.

He was, at this time, twenty-six years old, unmarried, and with no relatives closer than cousins, whom he preferred to maintain in Virginia upon allowances rather than permit them to play at employment in his hotels. He was a rather heavy-set young man, whose career at Harvard had been principally athletic. He had a pleasing face, which everywhere attracted attention, and undisturbed blue eyes which noted every particular of his surroundings, although from long practice they seemed to observe nothing.

His income was prodigious and it was from no apprehension of possible peril to his personal fortune that he kept in close touch with every one of his hotels. The vagaries of the kaleidoscopic world, each night housed in his hotels, continually were involving the guests and the hotels themselves in difficulties which furnished Steve his first interest.

So he looked forward to midnight, which, in his father's time, was the hour when managers in trouble used to phone old Steve; and tonight young Steve had hardly opened his door when one of his telephones rang, and going to it, he learned that Chicago was calling him.

"I've got rotten news, Mr. Faraday," Weibolt's voice came to him unhappily. "There's been a big clean-up here."

"Office," inquired Steve, tightening his grasp on the phone, "or rooms?"

"Rooms; that's the devil of it," reported Weibolt. An office loss, though falling directly on the house, would not

damage the reputation of a hotel as would a robbery of guests. "Two suites cleaned out, sir."

"Two?" repeated Steve, with an increase of interest. "When?"

"Got the first complaint an hour ago."

"Jewels?" inquired Faraday.

"Eighty thousand dollars, they claim."

"H'm—press stuff, possibly?"

"No, sir; nothing theater or motion picture about it!"

"How was it done?"

"Key job again."

"Keys?" said Steve.

"Keys."

"H'm." Steve considered, with pulses hastening. "H'm. Then you've nothing on it at all?"

"Not a blank thing."

"What you doing?"

"Everything; but what's the use of anything?"

"Papers have it?"

"There was no keeping it in, sir."

"No," said Faraday soothingly, as his own excitement increased. "No, of course not. Does your house man or the Chicago police recognize the work of any gang you know?"

"Nothing to make the job, sir; it's straight keys."

"Well, get after them, Weibolt; get after them—and let me know any lead," Steve ordered, and hung up. He swung to another instrument to break an engagement and he waited in his rooms for the next call from Chicago while he considered—keys.

Faraday had instantly understood that rooms in the Tonty had been entered by thieves who had provided themselves with duplicate keys. He well knew that a key operation would not be confined to two suites; and, sure enough, within a half hour Chicago called again.

"They've cleaned out another suite, sir," Weibolt related miserably. "The guests just got in. This was the big haul. The gang got ——"

Faraday held the telephone clutched tight as he listened to the list of the loot of the key thieves in his Chicago hotel and his mind made image of their method of working. He saw them entering and registering as guests at his hotel, weeks or months ago; he saw them, dapper and genial, or perhaps complaining superciliously of some detail of the service, engaging his best suites; he saw them, after locking their doors, removing the keys and molding impressions; he saw them check out and return the original keys; he saw them, or rather their confederates, return to the hotel with duplicate keys of those suites in their possession and engage other rooms as guests; and he saw them operate from their rooms upon the suites marked for robbery.

"Well, what have you got on them, Weibolt?" Steve demanded, finally cutting short the sorry catalogue of the loot.

"Not a thing, sir. It was keys, I tell you, sir; there's not any question whatever; it was keys"

Steve bristled.

"But human hands turned the keys, Weibolt!" he called back. "Angels didn't pull this job, human beings did it, and if they did use keys they must have left some trace somewhere."

"We haven't found it, sir."

"But you can find it; and we're going to."

Twice on Saturday morning and twice more before Saturday midnight, he called Chicago, only to receive the report that no clew whatever existed.

On Sunday morning, the New York papers—and, Steve realized, newspapers all over the country—carried full accounts of the unusually complete and clever hotel robbery in Chicago.

Steve canceled all his New York engagements, and accompanied by Seligman, the chief of staff of his house detectives, he took the Century for Chicago on Sunday afternoon. He had no idea what different or additional thing he could do to trace the thieves, for everything which he had been able to suggest had been or was being done. Every employe who might have had access to the robbed rooms had been cross-questioned and shadowed; a report had been made on every guest registered at the time of the robbery who was unknown to the management. Of course, a certain number—thirty-eight in all—had not been traced; their names and addresses, as written on the register, were too indefinite. Belden, the handwriting expert, had examined the registered signatures of all guests who, over a period of many months, had occupied the looted suites, but he had found no signature which, under another name, might be that of any of the guests registered at the Tonty on Friday.

It was merely because he was going over everything in the office which had any connection with Friday or the days just previous that Steve noticed in the mail rack the opened and resealed letter readdressed "For Mr. Thornton," and saw by the postmark that it had been received on Thursday morning.

"What's this?" he asked Weibolt, who took a few moments to recall.

"Oh, that letter addressed to me with the girl's proofs," he said, more to Lynn than to Mr. Faraday. "By the way, did Thornton ever show up?"

"No," said Lynn.

"Then I guess you were wrong in your idea," Weibolt commented to Lynn, and thereupon explained the matter, together with Lynn's theory of it, to Mr. Faraday.

Steve broke the wafer with which Weibolt had resealed the envelope and at sight of the girl in the proofs any thought of connecting the letter with the robbery fled from his mind. In fact, he forgot the robbery as he gazed at the pictures, feeling a tightening of his throat at this unexpected glimpse of charm and loveliness

"Who is she?" he asked Weibolt, who called his attention to the name on the back

"That's why I readdressed it to Mr. Thornton," Weibolt said. "But he didn't register."

Belden glanced at the envelope.

"The writer of that address registered here on Thursday evening," the handwriting expert said quietly

"Thornton?" challenged Weibolt testily.

"He did not register under the name of Thornton," replied Belden, and turned to the register and to the Thursday page. "Here," he pointed, "John Luke, of Baltimore."

"Luke!" retorted Weibolt; and Belden carefully compared the registered signature and the address before repeating. "He's the same man."

"What's the report on him?" Steve asked

"He's one we haven't traced, but I recall him perfectly," Weibolt replied. "Remember those jars?" He referred to Lynn, who nodded and supplied detailed information.

John Luke had arrived, the register showed, on Thursday, had occupied a good, moderately expensive single room and had checked out Saturday morning. He was a small quiet man of forty-five, well dressed and with a distinguished bearing.

"Not the showy kind at all," Lynn particularized. "Decidedly real class. We know all about him. He hadn't been in Chicago before, and he hired Hal"—Hal was one of the porters—"to help him."

"At what?" asked Steve.

"Oh, he was just over from Egypt, where he'd been traveling with Doctor Saite of the Metropolitan Museum, and he'd come back with a trunkful of Egyptian beetles

(Continued on Page 208)

"You—Came Here Alone?" He Demanded, With Choked Throat. "Not Quite; Not Quite," Said Steve

THE BIRDS IN THE BUSH

By Ellis Parker Butler

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

"Twenty Times I Come Over to Chin With You and Nothing Happens, and the First Time I Come Over on a Business Matter He Has Got to Spot Me!"

MR. ADOLF BLUTZ pronounced Blootz came down his outside back stairs carefully, holding to the orange-red iron railing, for he was still weak from his five weeks in bed. Even so, he felt pretty good. He cast his eye up the clean brick wall of his new building, and the towering five stories of solid brick red gave him pleasure. He glanced down at the back yard of his butcher shop, all cemented and inclining to the drain in its center, and he felt first-rate. His eye lingered on the metal garage in the corner of the yard—gray, with the hinges painted black—and on the neatly piled boxes and crates. The sausage boxes were in one pile, the lard-can crates in another, everything nice and neat. Henny was a good boy, a fine boy. He knew meat too. Henny was sure going to make another first-rate butcher. Good!

The exact nature of Mr. Blutz's illness was still in doubt. It had puzzled Doctor Untermann.

"It comes like this, mamma," Mrs. Blutz's daughter Anna explained. "Couple of times when I go to the movies with Emma Schling her fellow, Ernst Bratt, says should we go to Undick's and have a soda or something, and why shouldn't we? So we do it, because it's early yet, only ten o'clock maybe, because the Universal and World-wide Grocery Company where Ernie works shuts up at ten and there he is waiting for us outside the movies. Only here is Wilhelm Kranz with him all the time."

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Mrs. Blutz. "The son from Kranz across the street—what your papa thinks!"

"Sure, I know," said Anna, nodding her black-haired head. "Awful! Only how could I be a mutt and spoil everything for Emma? So I go to Undick's, and maybe a nut sundae or something. Then home."

"What your father thinks!" said Mrs. Blutz again. "Kranz from across the street!"

"Sure!" said Anna. "But what is it, a fellow walking home with us, all together in a bunch? So here is papa this morning back of the counter taking a jaw from Mrs. Durkee about yesterday's rib roast, and you know how papa is about rib roasts—if papa's rib roasts ain't good, nothing in the world is good, mamma. You know it, mamma."

"When your papa don't know rib roasts, Anna," said Mrs. Blutz, "nobody don't know nothing!"

"Sure! So papa is mad yet about that rib roast, and holding himself all in so he don't shout her out, this Mrs. Durkee, and telling her it will be all right and he would give her credit for it, when I bet you if that woman didn't have a cook like a murderer that rib roast would melt in the mouth. And who should come in the front door right then but Wilhelm."

"*Ach, himmel!*" cried Mrs. Blutz. "From across the street!"

"Sure, and all smiling like a party," said Anna. "And you know how much papa ain't had no lofe for no Kranz since Kranz started butcher across the street, mamma. So when papa seen Wilhelm he got red as fire in the face—redder yet than that. He got purple in the face, mamma. 'Out! Out!' he yells at Wilhelm, and more too, in *Deutsche* words. Such words I wouldn't have in my mouth to repeat even!"

"As what?" asked Mrs. Blutz.

Anna repeated the words in an awed tone and Mrs. Blutz shook her head sadly.

"'Out!' he yells. 'Out of here, you!' And he grabs one of them Upstein Provision Corp'ration Bolognas," said Anna, "and only but Wilhelm looks behind him to see what dog is it papa is yelling at he gets the Bologna whang in the face. Big as papa's arm, it is—none cut off at all. So Wilhelm gets the Bologna in the back of the neck. 'Out! Out!' papa keeps yelling and he is reaching for a Butternut ham yet, when I yell to Wilhelm to get out, and he gets out."

"He gets so excited," said Mrs. Blutz, meaning her husband.

"Sure!" said Anna. "Well, so all at once papa takes hold of the counter and he ain't purple any more. He ain't even red yet. He goes yellow—yellow like creamery butter. Even the whites of his eyes go yellow as gold, and down he goes under the counter."

Doctor Untermann, whose school of medicine was strictly empiric, diagnosed the yellowness of Mr. Blutz as jaundice and treated him accordingly; but the comatose state into which Mr. Blutz fell bothered the physician. He thought it might be due to the jaundice, but he also thought it might be the result of a burst blood vessel in Mr. Blutz's brain, and he was much pleased when Mr. Blutz finally sat up and said he felt fine again. The yellow was gone and Mr. Blutz's brain seemed to be quite normal again. His pinky color had returned, with the high red on his upper cheeks, and he looked again like a butcher. He had lost some weight and now weighed only two hundred and six, and he was a little shaky; but, in effect, Mr. Blutz was himself again. He was again the leading butcher of East Westcote, and the only butcher of East Westcote but one, and the butcher who had been for eighteen years the only butcher of East Westcote.

For several days—ever since Mr. Blutz had become himself again—he had noticed that his family had lost its old-time care-free whole-heartedness. Mamma had a worried look and Henny had a worried look and Anna had a worried look. At first Mr. Blutz thought this was because they were worried over his illness; then he decided it was because he had been missed in the shop—no butcher business could ever be run perfectly without him. But this morning he had noticed the calendar and he believed he knew why mamma and Henny and Anna were looking so worried—Thanksgiving Day was Thursday and this was Monday.

At first Mr. Blutz was amazed by the date. He had not given thought to the passing of time while sick, and the weather was unseasonably hot for November. When he had looked at the morning paper and made sure the day was Monday before Thanksgiving Day, he turned to the provisions page and glanced at the price of turkeys. High; but not so high, either. About like last year: "Receipts ample, but demand good."

Mrs. Blutz had gone down to do her morning marketing; Henny was in the shop, of course; and Anna undoubtedly in the little cashier cage attending to business like a good girl. Mr. Blutz washed his face and neck for the second time that morning, and put on clean underwear, a clean shirt, a clean new collar and his Sunday clothes. His face usually glowed with what seemed to be good-natured stupidity, and it glowed so now; but there was an added glow—a glow of importance and pride. His face shone with the important pride of a man who can do a thing well and is about to do it. Than Adolf Blutz, no man in America was a better picker of turkeys; every man and woman in East Westcote admitted it; every butcher in Westcote admitted it; every dealer in New York had learned that Adolf Blutz knew turkeys.

As Thanksgiving neared, every customer of Mr. Blutz ordered from him a turkey of suitable size, big or little. Customers of other butchers—the downtown butchers—ordered turkeys of Mr. Blutz. There were even two women in East Orange,

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"Anna, Put Down for Mrs. Henny, 786 South Ninth Street, a Twelve-Pound Turk"

THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY

By Perceval Gibbon

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

THE snow in that early stage of winter was only ankle-deep, save where the wind gathered drifts stood waist-high. The desolation of evening lay upon it all; in all the vastness of that featureless Russian plain there stood no single tree; only in the near distance to westward there was a blot on it, outline of roofs and chimneys, a Russian peasant village.

The pair—one tall, the other little—who stood upon the fringe of drift gazed at it. They were clad to the semblance of mere bundles in layer upon layer of stinking sheepskins.

They were David Tarrant and his wife Jennifer, who had preferred the terrors of a desperate leap toward salvation to the certainty of the hell they had so long endured in Moscow. They were making for the Polish frontier on foot. For guide they had only a map torn from an old Baedeker; for provision they had their many packages of million-ruble notes, though belted next to David's skin was his guarded and secret hoard of British gold sovereigns. Jennifer had a belt, too, and in it was what was left of her small stock of jewelry. These they had carried for weeks through a land where to meet a fellow human being was to meet an assassin ready to murder one for the price of a slice of bread.

Jennifer spoke. She was holding by his arm.

"Davy boy," she said, and her voice was very weak, "you know I wouldn't let you down, but tonight you must help me not to let us down! Davy, I'm not crumpling, but I must sleep under a roof! I must, Davy! I must!"

David Tarrant looked down into her face. He was a tall man, lean as a wolf—as those wolves whose howlings and pursuits had made their nights a horror of fear and frantic effort. The face which he showed to her had the semblance of a skull, the skin stretched upon it. And yet it retained, set in the grain of it, the unmistakable evidence of that courage, that honor, that congregation of qualities which are the stamp of a gentleman.

"We can both sleep under a roof whenever we like," he said; "tied hand and foot. You know that, Jenny."

She shuddered. "They mustn't take us," she gasped. "Davy, you know they mustn't take—me! You know, Davy—you know what that would mean! I'll stick it, Davy—but you'll go into Poland alone."

There were some seconds of silence.

"No!" said David Tarrant. "I shan't go alone, Jenny!"

He raised his high head in a manner which indefinably suggested a derisive contempt of the notion that he who had led his wife so far upon a painful road to her deathbed on the snow should leave her there and pass on without her to security and comfort.

"No!" he was saying. Jennifer was leaning against him with her head upon his breast, her face buried in the filth of his sheepskins. He was staring over her bowed head along the path by which they had come, leaving inevitably their tracks in the snow as plain as signposts to guide any pursuer.

He bent to her swiftly. "Kiss me, Jenny—our old kisses! We shall sleep under a roof tonight after all! Here comes our host!"

He kissed her strongly, and she, broken and undone in mind and spirit, poured what was left of her soul through her willing lips into his.

"Now," he said, "nothing for it but a stiff upper lip, old girl! I'll let you see in a moment; but you won't forget that we're white and we can't cringe. Turn round!"

She turned and saw what he had seen. Arriving at the idiotic Russian gallop which tears horses to pieces—though people who tear men to pieces by the hundred thousand should not be expected to spare horses—came what in the old days would have been called a Cossack. He was not four hundred yards away; on that brutal snow waste there was no refuge or hiding place. To their startled and aghast sense he seemed to bear down upon them with the power and velocity of a great shell fired from a great gun. In the stillness of that frost-sealed air they could hear the crack of the nagaika which he flourished, the terrible Cossack whip which has killed more defenseless men—and women—than ever Cossack swords killed armed enemies.

And then he was upon them, a shortish man, very swarthy, lavishly mustached, equipped in orthodox Cossack fashion—shapka, long-skirted coat, with the breast-pocket pouches showing the tails of their load of cartridges, the short Cossack sword stuck through the belt, and above all the nagaika, the nagaika.

"Get On There!" Ordered the Cossack Harshly. His Terrible Whip Curled With a Stinging Flash About Tarrant's Shoulders First and Then About Jennifer's

The little half-wild horse of the steppes squealed as he jerked it to its haunches with the brutal bit which enables Cossacks to make non-horsemen think that they can really ride. He sat in his saddle and looked at them as one with an appetite only half satisfied, for whom there are better things to come.

"*Nu!*" he said. He spoke only Russian, of course. "You thought you could do it, eh? Fools! Every village by which you passed sent us news of you!"

David Tarrant and his wife stood silent before and under him. Perhaps there was in each of them a sense that this might be their last opportunity of showing an undaunted front—the front of God's image which walks upright and looks at the sky—to those who crawl on their bellies like serpents and turn clean food into venom for the hurt and undoing of mankind. They managed to look at him with mild curiosity and tolerance; there is no fun in killing people like these, since neither death nor torture nor any other ingenious outrage will make them ridiculous.

"*Nu!*" said the Cossack again. He was standing up in his stirrups, peering toward the village ahead. Others besides David Tarrant and his wife had observed his approach, and a sparse procession of *muzhiks* was streaming forth to watch the game. Whatever he did was to be done before a gallery. He sat down again in his saddle and considered his prisoners thoughtfully; rose once more to look at the little approaching mob; sat down again and barked:

"Get on, you damned English! Forward, and keep close!" His nagaika whirled across David Tarrant's shoulders; whirled again and fell on Jennifer. She put it down to the pad of sheepskins in which she was swathed, for the blow seemed childishly light. It did not hurt her at all.

"Forward!" roared the Cossack, and he and his plunging little horse drove them floundering and stumbling through the drift, while behind them the nagaika cracked like a machine gun, and the half-tamed little horse reared and bucked and squealed just behind them. They forced their way through, sensible that the last of their power of resistance was being wrenched from them so that they might face the end without strength or endurance; and upon the other side of the drift the little mob was assembled to receive them.

Liberty is a drug; it can be poison. Many sheepskins. Women grotesque in furs acquired during the looting and burning of the local prince's castle. Hairy, lust-sodden faces, great labor-distorted hands, bestiality the more bestial for being bottled up in a small space. They surged forward, but the Cossack intervened.

"Way there!" he shouted, and drove his horse among them, his whip slashing at every near-by head. "These are my prisoners. They are not meat for dogs like you! They are wanted in Moscow. You have the right spirit, comrades, but we must all obey. Now, one of you show me the way to the *Starostchik's* house. *I s'chass!* Forthwith! Come on now."

That seething slime pond had heard the voice of its master and fallen silent at the sound of it. It didn't know it, but what it really yearned for was a master. Forth from their ranks pushed a man, short and big in the frame. The gloom was gathering swiftly about them. David Tarrant and his wife saw him against the pale glamour of the

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Philanthropic Mr. Trumble

By RICHARD CONNELL

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

WESLEY TRUMBLE believed in Santa Claus. But Santa Claus had never done a thing for Wesley Trumble.

Do not picture him as a ragged urchin pressing his cold snub nose against the window of a toy store while the Christmas Eve snow flutters frostily down, nor as gazing wistful-eyed through a restaurant window at a rich child stuffing itself with French pastries. Wesley Trumble's nose was snub, but not from being pressed against windows. Whenever he heard the dulcet call of French pastry, he could afford to answer it. More than one marzipan potato had found a comfortable home under his monogrammed belt buckle—gold-plated. The fact is that Wesley Trumble, despite the fact that he believed in Santa Claus, looked like a two-hundred-and-two-pound, thirty-five-year-old sales manager—neckties, wholesale—and that is what he was.

Up to his thirty-fifth birthday the high point in his career had been when The Wide-Awake Haberdasher had printed his picture, and beneath it, "Folks, meet Wesley Trumble, one of the best liked and most respected men in the trade."

He had bought fifty copies of that magazine, and they stood in a pile in the corner of the big room he occupied in The Willows, which was uptown in the Seventies, and which had never quite made up its mind whether it was a large boarding house or a small hotel. He had bought the magazines in an elated moment, with the idea of sending them to friends. When they were delivered, he realized that he was too modest to send them out to fifty friends, even if he had fifty friends, which, he sadly reflected, he hadn't. For while he was affable enough in his business relations, outside the office bashfulness beset him, and he lived in and with himself, surrounded by his ninety-four personal neckties and his books.

"Anybody Been Molesting You?" Demanded Mr. Trumble in the Gruff But Kindly Tone of Waco Wes

To the other boarders at The Willows, Mr. Trumble was something of a mystery. He was always courteous, but he did not mingle much with them. "A quiet, steady fellow and something of a recluse," was the verdict of The Willows.

"It wouldn't surprise me," Miss Phœbe Doremus added, "if he was shy." Miss Doremus taught Grade 2B in a public school, and lived in the smallest room in The Willows, a hall bedroom on Mr. Trumble's floor. She was in a position to report that she had seen the light burning in his room well after midnight, on more than one occasion, so The Willows had come to believe that he devoted his evenings to scholarly pursuits. Seeing Mr. Trumble eating at his own little table, with a dignity that befitted his position as a man of weight in the necktie world, the other guests at The Willows could hardly have suspected that Wesley Trumble led a double life. Yet he did.

To the outward eye he was some two hundred pounds of solid respectability in a quiet business suit. But when he went up to his room in the evening, behind its closed door he underwent a sharp change. Doctor Jekyll became Mr. Hyde.

Politely refusing invitations to take part in one of the bridge games in the parlor of The Willows, Mr. Trumble left behind him the desultory buzz of conversation, left Miss Phœbe Doremus playing somewhat uncertainly, Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes on the piano, and trod upward to his room. He closed his door, locked it, drew down the shades. Quick was his metamorphosis. Off came his well-pressed suit. Off came his carefully chosen necktie. And with his clothes, off came his character.

He briskly stepped to a closet, sealed with a special lock. He opened it with excited fingers. He examined with the bright eyes of interest what was there—a row of costumes. Then he went to one of his bookshelves, selected a volume, read a page, and returned to the closet. From the array of garments he selected a pair of the hairiest chaps and the most violent red-and-black-checked shirt purchasable in the city of New York, and a sombrero, girdled with a rattlesnake skin and big as a tea-room table. These he put on. With the bow-legged swagger of a rider of mustangs he approached his pier glass and proudly surveyed himself. Wesley Trumble, sedate and responsible business man, had become Waco Wes, the toughest hombre in Texas.

"Better wear the ole six-gun tonight," remarked Waco Wes, in a voice low, but hard. "Might get tangled up with the Texas Rangers, or mebbe have to let daylight into a coupla greasers."

From under his mattress he took a holster in which nestled a blue-barreled revolver of prodigious proportions. He drew it out, spun the cylinder, squinted along the barrel, gave a satisfied grunt and strapped the weapon on his well-nourished thigh.

"The Whistlin' Kid of Maverick County better not run afoul of Waco Wes tonight," he observed grimly, as he settled down in a leather easy-chair and began to read his book, which commenced:

"'Bang!' The Whistlin' Kid's six-gun spoke once.
"'Got 'em!' said the Kid coolly."

As Mr. Trumble read raptly the sanguinary adventures of that romantic murderer, the Whistlin' Kid, he paused, now and again, to sigh, to lay down his book, to gaze with unseeing eyes at the bookcase before him. His body was in West Seventy-seventh Street, but his soul was down by the Rio Grande.

He did not see his collection of books at all: Treasure Island—for reading which he had a black shirt decorated with skull and bones, and a set of brass earrings; Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer; Cudjo's Cave; The Last of the Mohicans; a whole shelf of Henty; another shelf of Edward Ellis, with whose gifted hero, Deerfoot, Mr. Trumble identified himself to the extent of buying and wearing a complete suit of fringed buckskin; The White Company; Two Years Before the Mast; a faded green set of Oliver Optic; The Crimson Sweater—he had one in his closet for wear while reading how muscular young collegians won their H's; The Rover Boys on land, sea and in the air; Stalky and Co.; Robinson Crusoe; Toby Tyler; the debonair adventures of the Messrs. Merriwell; the life and works of Mr. Nicholas Carter, this last always read in a disguise which usually included black whiskers; Ivanhoe; the Jungle Books.

He had reached Chapter Nine, in which the Whistlin' Kid, single-handed and armed only with two bowie knives and a sawed-off shotgun, rescues the ranch owner's fair daughter, when a sound made Waco Wes reach for his gun. But the sound he heard was no desperado at his door. It was only Miss Phœbe Doremus closing the door of her room so she could lie down on her bed and cry a little, because she was tired and thirty-one and had found a gray hair and was sorry she hadn't stayed home in Jackson Corners and married some good honest farmer and had a lot of children of her own instead of skipping off to teach other people's children in a cold-hearted and unfriendly city. This wasn't the first night she had done it, but tonight her lot seemed a little worse than usual, so she sniffled a little more loudly, and Waco Wes heard the sound.

His eyes narrowed. A woman in distress! In a similar emergency, as he had just read, the Whistlin' Kid had acted with a virile promptitude. His soul still in Texas, Mr. Trumble found himself rapping on Miss Doremus' door before he realized what he was about.

Miss Doremus, dabbing her eyes with a handkerchief, came to the door, and emitted a small squeal on beholding Mr. Trumble dressed for hard riding on the range.

"Anybody been molesting you?" demanded Mr. Trumble in the gruff but kindly tone of Waco Wes.

"No. Nobody. It's all right. Oh, Mr. Trumble ——"

He became abruptly and acutely aware of his chaps and his sombrero. The spirit of Waco Wes fled from him.

"Fancy dress ball," he muttered.

"Oh."

"Sure everything is all right?"

"Yes. Thank you for bothering."

"No bother." He twisted the rim of his sombrero. "If anybody—er—molests you, let me know."

"Nobody is apt to," said Miss Doremus. "Good night, Mr. Trumble."

He went back to his room and tried to read again, but after a page or two tossed the book aside. The broken spell could not be recaptured, that evening anyway. The hardy plainsman vanished, and in his place was the sober man of business. Mr. Trumble's thoughts turned from dangerous doings on the Bar Z Ranch to Miss Phœbe Doremus. Why was she weeping? It was a shame that a fine little woman like that, always so pleasant to everybody, even to him, and not bad looking when you came to think about it, should have anything to weep about. Mr. Trumble disliked himself for not having done something more about it than twist his sombrero and mumble. She had been at The Willows more than a year and he had seen her every day, and they had exchanged scraps of conversation, but, he reflected, he didn't know her at all. But then he didn't know any women. Mr. Trumble found himself wishing that he did. Sitting there, he began to speculate why it was that he, who could face the hardest-boiled men in the necktie trade, and tell them where to get off, found his

tongue wordless and his spine jellylike in the presence of a woman. He gave it up. Speculation about himself always saddened Mr. Trumble; it was to escape from it that he read so much. Tonight he couldn't get away from himself. The crying of Miss Phœbe Doremus had started a train of thought that was loaded with depression. A heavy hand seemed to press on him. He knew the symptoms. He was about to have an attack of heebie-jeebies.

They came on him twice or thrice a year, these fits of lonely lowness, during which he felt unnecessary and unloved, and as gloomy as a subcellar. He resolved on a desperate remedy. He locked up the habiliments of Waco Wes, and in the blue serge and impeccable necktie of Mr. Wesley Trumble, respected in the necktie world, emerged from the boarding house into the unsympathetic New York night.

At the Blue Grotto in the law-breaking Forties he sought solace. It was a dingy little restaurant full of ailing murals of the Bay of Naples, tobacco smoke and unventilated waiters. Pietro—or maybe it was Giuseppe, but whoever it was, he was foreign, sullen and busy—brought Mr. Trumble something in teacups. Mr. Trumble had hoped that this would elevate his spirit, but it merely served to make him communicative in a mournful way. As Pietro—or Giuseppe—had no ear for his troubles, he presently assisted himself outside, propped himself against a letter box, and whistled for a taxi.

"You remind me of my mother, that's why I love you," sang Mr. Trumble to the taxi man, which was untrue.

"Where to?" said the taxi man.

"The Bar Z Ranch, down by the Rio Grande, out where the West begins," said Mr. Trumble.

"Cut the comedy," advised the taxi man. "Do you wanna go somewheres, or don't you wanna?"

"Oh, take me home," said Mr. Trumble, "if you can call it that." And he gave the driver his address.

At Fifty-seventh Street, Mr. Trumble leaned forward.

"I haven't a friend in the world I can talk to about anything except neckties," he remarked.

"Yeah?" said the taxi man.

"I'm an orphan."

"Yeah?"

"Are you?"

"Yup."

"The two orphans," mused Mr. Trumble. Then, at Sixty-first Street, "I'll bet I've been an orphan longer than you."

"Yeah?"

"I," said Mr. Trumble, "was born an orphan."

"Yeah?"

"Father died before I was born. Mother died as soon as I was. Fact. Brought up by my aunt. Dora Skinner, of Gallup Center, Vermont. Know her?"

"Nope."

"Lucky fellow. Leather, all through. That was my Aunt Dora. Hated kids. Hated me. Hated Christmas. Never kept it in our house. Messy and silly, she called it. Real reason was she was so darn stingy she never gave anybody anything. I ran away when I was thirteen."

"Yeah?"

They were wedged in a traffic jam at Seventy-second Street. Mr. Trumble confidingly addressed the driver.

"Were you ever a kid?" he asked.

"Yup."

"I never was," said Mr. Trumble. "Always had chores to do. Then I came to New York. Errand boy in a necktie house. Work. Always work. Say, friend, let me ask you something."

"Yeah?"

"Did you ever want to give away things?"

"Nope."

"I do," said Mr. Trumble, earnestly. "It's my ambition—now don't tell a soul—to be a flantropis."

"Yeah?"

"You know," said Mr. Trumble, "a flantropis—like ole John D. and Carnegie and those boys. Give way things—libraries, hospitals and this, that and the other."

"Yeah?"

"If I ever get any dough, you'll see," promised Mr. Trumble. "I'll be a flantropis."

The taxi drew up to the curb in front of The Willows. Mr. Trumble handed the driver a ten-dollar bill.

"'Sall yours," said Mr. Trumble.

"Yeah?"

"I'm a flantropis," explained Mr. Trumble, and mounted the steps with a stately if uncertain tread.

When Mr. Trumble woke next morning he still had the heebie-jeebies, and they were complicated by a thickness in the head and a feeling that his mouth had been recently calcimined. But what bothered him most was an impression that he had on the night before betrayed to a total stranger the dream that was dearest to his heart. Nobody but Mr Trumble knew that he had a Santa Claus complex. In his room at night, when he was not living vicariously in his books, he often planned and schemed what he would do if and when he made a million dollars from a self-tying necktie, or in some other way. He had even, just for the fun of it, drawn up several elaborate wills.

"To each of the guests at The Willows, the sum of ten thousand dollars—$10,000—in memory of happy days spent amongst them.

"To the town of Gallup Center, Vermont, a fund sufficient to provide a Christmas tree, dinner and presents every Christmas for every man, woman and child of said town ——"

But that morning Mr. Trumble felt he had little chance to indulge his passion for benevolence. He was morosely munching his bacon when Miss Doremus came in. He couldn't tell why, but seeing her cheered him a little. Perhaps it was the way she smiled at him.

"Good morning, Mr. Trumble."

"Good morning, Miss Doremus."

"I hope you enjoyed the fancy-dress ball."

"What? Oh, yes, yes. Swell time."

At his office he was about to try to lose himself in work, when an office boy announced Mr. Bunce.

"Who is Mr. Bunce?" asked Mr. Trumble.

"Of Bunce, Prouty, Rafferty, Wetzel, Bunce & Bunce, Attorneys and Counselors at Law," said the boy, reading from a card.

"What have I done now?" said Mr. Trumble, hurriedly seeking to recall the events of the past night. "Well, show him in."

Mr. Bunce came in solemnly. He had all the sprightliness of manner of a mortician engaged in his vocation.

"Are you Wesley Trumble?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir," admitted that gentleman. He had almost said, "Guilty."

"It is my duty," said Mr. Bunce with gravity, "to inform you that you are the heir of one Dora Skinner, spinster, deceased, of the town of Gallup Center, state of Vermont."

"Aunt Dora dead?"

"So it would seem to appear," said Mr. Bunce. "As deceased died intestate, and as you are next of kin, you come into all moneys and properties, real and personal, of which she died seized."

"You don't tell me," said Mr. Trumble.

"I do," said Mr. Bunce. "Nearly four thousand dollars."

"Gosh," said Mr. Trumble. "And I get it. Wouldn't that make her sore if she was alive!"

Directly Mr. Trumble went to Mr. Magnus, head of the firm.

"I haven't had a vacation in four years, Max."

"You haven't asked for one, Wes."

"I'd like one now."

"How long?"

"One week."

"Take it," said Mr. Magnus, "and enjoy it."

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"Peeps He Was Buying My Able," Said the Lady to the Officer. "Kneenaper," She Said to Mr. Trumble

NATIONAL TRADES

By Konrad Bercovici

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

After the Joy of Meeting the New Relatives is Past, the Lapinski Children Will Look Over Their Cousins and be Thoroughly Ashamed of Them

SOME time ago I and a native-born friend of mine were watching the boat plying between Ellis Island and the New York shore. My friend had never before seen the immigrants arrive. He watched them get off the boat with their bundles on their backs and their outlandish clothes. His eyes followed the Russians, wearing their caps with visors pulled over the furtive eyes, shading the fuzzy brown-reddish beards, the bottoms of the trousers stuck into the high boots; the German immigrants in clothes all too tight, carrying their suitcases and satchels systematically strapped on their backs, as if they had just gone out on one of the eternal *Ausflüge*—their excursions. My friend watched all the rest, in between, of the many different nationalities landing every day. It was an entirely new spectacle to him.

After having had his eyes filled with the sight he turned around and asked, "Where do all these people go? And what is happening to them after they have disappeared from our view? How do they fit in? How do they know where to fit in?"

The Newly Arrived Cousins

IN HIS anxiety he rushed up to a group of Russians and began to talk to them; but the men shrugged their shoulders, the women looked scared and the children hid behind their parents. More frequently than not, the man friend or relative, an old-timer here who had come to take them from Ellis Island, was himself much too bewildered to answer intelligently any question. They were also so happy that one could not get much sense out of them. But I wanted my native friend to get his experience to the full, all to himself. So I let him hurl himself at each new group as they came along.

Through legal channels, on an average, a little more than 3000 people come in daily to New York and elsewhere. Probably almost as many come in through illegal channels. At first thought, the number being so small, it seems they are absorbed by the population already here, and therefore we do not notice more their immediate existence. But let us follow one group and see what really happens.

Let us take the family Lapinski—Russian Jews—just arrived from Odessa. The brother of the father of the family, who has already been here eight or ten years, is receiving them at Ellis Island. The newly arrived are husband and wife, both in their early forties, and four children, ranging down from twenty to fourteen. They are taken home by Mr. Lapinski, who lives in Nineteenth Street. Lapinski is four years older than his brother, and he, too, has four children, ranging down from twenty-two to sixteen.

After the joy of meeting the new relatives is past, the Lapinski children will look over their cousins and be thoroughly ashamed of them. Now their newly arrived cousins had all gone to high school in Russia, and know a good deal more about some things than their American cousins; only they know them in a different language. This difference makes all the difference in the world to children of immigrants. The Lapinski children will look upon their cousins as ignorant foreigners, forgetting the day when they themselves arrived here and were looked upon by relatives in exactly the same way. The consolation, however, is that the newly arrived will treat newcomers, a few years hence, in similar fashion.

The barber of the neighborhood will soon be very busy, after a short peroration by the original Mr. Lapinski. Friends of his are coming that evening to the house to see the newcomers, and the father of the newly arrived family will be lucky if he retains his mustache. The beard will fall under the barber's scissors. The sons will be persuaded to drop mustaches immediately. There will be rummaging through clothes to see what fits who, until they can go down to a clothing store; for the Lapinskis will be ashamed to have their relatives seen on the street in their Old World clothes—even on the way to buy new ones.

By the time the expected friends and relatives of the house have assembled in the Lapinski home the newly arrived ones will all have learned to say yes, and their cousins will look upon their acquisition of the first English word as if some miracle had suddenly happened.

The Americanization of Mr. Lapinski

WHAT happens after that happens rather swiftly. Life is too rapid and too expensive in this country to permit the newcomers to rest and find themselves before being thrown into the arduous task of earning bread and butter. It will all depend upon what Mr. Lapinski is doing for a living. The chances are that he is in some capacity engaged in the needle trade. If he lives in Nineteenth Street he has already passed through several stages, and is probably now a small contractor. He was a merchant in Russia. When he arrived here, a cousin of his, who also had been a merchant and had become a cloak manufacturer here, had taken him into his factory.

He learned to operate a sewing machine at first; then, after a little while, he advanced himself to the cutting table after paying an expert cutter to teach him how to handle the cutting knife. He acquired rapidly the necessary knowledge of the details of the trade. By saving from his earnings, penny by penny, or getting somebody else who had come to this country and had some money, but did not know a trade, into partnership, he opened a subcontracting shop. Underbidding for the work and wading through from failure to failure, he has by now a pretty decent shop, which has ultimately been regulated by the union—the union, the bane of small shops. No doubt he had at first opposed it, because it cut into his profit by imposing certain rules of sanitation and hours of work at a stipulated wage which he had not been accustomed to pay.

Had he been a tailor at home instead of a merchant, he would have perfected himself as an operator and acquired speed at one and the same kind of work, whether a pressing

iron or a cutting table, and would now be getting a fairly decent income, counting the whole year round—about $2500 to $3000 a year. The tailor trade is one of the best paid in the country, though most of the workingmen are of foreign origin. The needle trade is uncommonly well organized and has its own bank in New York City, which functions under the supervision of the laws regulating all banks. The union has fought for and obtained not only higher wages but also sanitary conditions of workshops.

Well, Lapinski is a small contractor, and he is going to take his brother into his shop. If his brother has no money he will lend him a few hundred dollars to establish him in a home to fit the conditions of life in this country according to the income of the family.

They are Here to Remain, and What They Can Save is Invested in What is Around Them

Adjustment

THE newly arrived paterfamilias has been a merchant at home. But his income for the next few months in this country will hardly rise above fifteen dollars a week. His sons and daughter will be similarly employed in the needle trade at something or other. They will get only very little during their apprenticeship time. They will curse and worry the whole day, regretting that they ever came here; and coming home with sprained backs and aching fingers, they will voice all kinds of grievances against their uncle and cousins who enticed them here by tales of high earnings. They will smart under the indignity of working in a shop as tailors; for it must not be forgotten that among the better-class Jews in Russia the poverty and ignorance of the tailor is proverbial. To say "tailor" is to say "poor and ignorant." "Tailor" is a nickname in Russia.

But you watch the newly arrived family after the backs have adjusted themselves to the peculiar position and angle required by the work. The physical flexibility is accompanied also by a greater mental flexibility; and as new English words begin to creep into their Yiddish, and the greenhorn stage is being slowly passed, Mr. Lapidus, the brother of Mr. Lapinski, will begin to find qualities in America and also to inquire as to the cost of production, and find out where one can get work.

He has noticed that his brother is not much of a practical tailor, although he knows everything about the trade, much better than the tailors working at it. He will stop cursing and worrying, and so will his children. They will begin to pay a little closer attention to everything they do. Ambition will enter into their daily labor. Within a short time one of the sons will learn the cutting trade; another will learn some other branch of the industry; the daughter will go to a designing school at night; and the youngest boy, fourteen, Moishe, who calls himself Moe now, going to high school, is as rapidly forgetting Yiddish as he is acquiring English; and it is understood that he is going to be a lawyer—a lawyer, because Jews were not allowed to practice law back home in Russia. Before very long they have moved out from the dingy hole in which their cousin has placed them to live, and into better quarters. From somewhere down on the overcrowded East Side, where they have lived with the stench of the garbage in their noses and the piles of rubbish from the pushcarts strewn over the whole street through the night, giving out a putrid smell of decayed fruit and vegetables that ferment in the heat and the humidity of the night, the Lapiduses will go to the Bronx.

Another year and Mr. Lapidus is the owner of a sweatshop. Newcomers will make their first stage in this country in his shop, working at ridiculously low wages; while their wives, carrying bundles of pants and coats to finish at home, will help eke out the bare existence of newly arrived immigrants. You may be certain that Mr. Lapidus is not going to pay better wages than he received himself for that sort of work. Besides, he is underbidding his own brother now.

And as Mr. Lapidus is a merchant, in another few years he will have reached just one degree below his brother. For this must not be forgotten—that the great needle industry developed here by the Russian Jews has been developed not by professional tailors who have come to this country but by people with the ability and training of merchants at home, who have temporarily gone into the needle trade because it happened to be the first occupation that presented itself.

When Greek Meets Greek

BUT let us leave the Lapidus and Lapinski families for a while. They are on the fair road to be an active part in the needle industry.

Suppose the newly arrived group under scrutiny is Greek. The chances are twenty to one that there will be no women in the party, and the chances are forty to one that there will hardly be a single member of the group above thirty. The newcomers have relatives here, who most probably have furnished the money for their passage and who are engaged in one of the few trades which the Greeks in this country follow. The rich relative is probably engaged either in the restaurant business, the fruit business or the shoe-shining business. He may also be a groceryman or a banker. But the Greek grocers and bankers are so few that we can safely leave them out, there being not one chance in a hundred that the newcomers will have such a relative.

The relative, Mr. Panopoulos, will take a newcomer in hand, be he brother or cousin or nephew, and put him to work immediately in his own place. He would not have had him come unless he had such work

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The Native Sons of Chinese are Not Going Into the Laundry Business: They are Selling Real Estate to the Older Men

THE CUP AND THE LIP

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY GRATTAN CONDON

HATTIE stopped the bay colt neatly at the hitching post in front of Ledbetter's dry-goods store, cramping the wheel on Chet Howie's side, so that by the time he had scrambled down over it and reached the sidewalk Hattie had already knotted the tie strap in the rusty ring. She slipped the end of the strap through the loop and tested the knot before she spoke, and Chet waited, his big hands in his pockets. She turned and regarded him thoughtfully, her lips curving in a smile of serene affection.

"I've got ever so much to do in here at Ledbetter's, Chester, and you can't come in with me, of course." The color in her clear cheeks deepened a little. "When you've tended to your marketing, you'd better go down to Snyder's and see if he's got your suit ready. I'll meet you there as soon as I possibly can."

"No hurry," said Chet. "Snyder'll be fussing and fretting over that suit for the best part of half an hour anyhow. You take your time, Hattie."

He would have moved away, but her hand on his sleeve restrained him

"Don't let him try on the coat before I get there. I want to be sure that he's got the collar right this time."

"All right," Chet nodded, and shambled down the street, keeping to the shadow of the awnings that overhung the shop windows. There was only one customer before him in the grocery, a woman in whose behalf Del Yoakum's gartered arm toiled at the spinning flywheel of the coffee grinder, filling the store with a cheerful crunching noise and adding to its blended smells a fresh and dominating exhalation at which Chet's nostrils widened hungrily.

"Smells first-rate, don't it?" Del, deftly emptying the scoop into a paper sack, addressed him over the shoulder of the customer. "Just got it in fresh from the roaster. Cheap too. Thutty cents. Better leave me grind you up a pound or two." Chet shook his head.

"Don't use it. Got a notion it keeps me awake nights." He sniffed again. "Smells nice, though, sure enough." He gave his order and leaned against the candy show case while Del put it up.

"Guess you're most done buying your own groceries," said Yoakum. "Wedding's this coming week, ain't it?"

"This coming week?" Chet's head lifted with a jerk. "This—why, that's right! So 'tis! Thursday night—week from tomorrow!"

Yoakum chuckled. "Just struck you it was that close? Don't blame you a mite! Bet a week from tomorrow looks a year off, from where you're standing." He straightened slowly above the cracker barrel, sucking in his breath audibly between his teeth. "Sight luckier'n you deserve, Chet. Always liked you, I have, but I'm telling you straight out you ain't half good enough for the girl you're getting."

"Know it," said Chet. "I'm dogged if I can make out what she can see in me."

"Prettiest girl ever I seen," said Yoakum, "and smart's they make 'em too. Been waiting on her ever since she was big enough to see over that there counter and"—he hesitated and went on—"and you get to know a sight about folks, trading with 'em regular." He wagged his head. "No, sir, they don't make 'em any smarter'n Hattie—nor any luckier'n you, Chet."

"Much obliged," said Chet.

He carried his parcels out to the buggy and stowed them in the covered space behind the seat. Doctor Pray the veterinary stood inspecting the bay colt as Chet came around from behind the rig.

"Nice colt, Chet. When'd you get it?"

"It's Hattie's. Bought it over in Avon last week."

"Thought so," Pray nodded. "Always had a first-rate eye for a horse, Hattie did." He nudged a jocular, felicitating elbow into Chet's ribs. "Lucky dog!"

"Guess that's right." Chet moved away. Several people stopped him before he reached Snyder's to proffer congratulations, and the fat little German tailor beamed benevolently at him as he entered. The suit would be ready to try on in heff a hour, positive. Snyder beguiled the interval with eloquent speech, and Chet, studying the flyspecked fashion plates, nodded acquiescence in enthusiastic comments on his fortune.

"That's right," he said presently. "Be back in a minute. Forgot something."

He went out, the screen door flapping behind him. Across the road, where the long porch of the Livingston House lay in grateful shadow, half a dozen young fellows lounged before the swinging door of the bar. One of them hailed him and he crossed the channeled dust, submitting to heavy slaps between the shoulders and grinning under traditional pleasantry.

"Everybody inside," announced Gid Wyatt. "The first one's on me!"

"Can't, Gid." Chet resisted the urge of the big hand against his shoulder blade "You know I never drink, and anyhow I got to go back to Snyder's and try on a suit."

"Guess one drink ain't going to spoil your shape."

Gid thrust mightily and the surge of the group carried Chet past the swinging door.

Tim Murphy, leaning shirt-sleeved elbows on the bar, vetoed Gid's repeated announcement of generous intention

"On you, nit! Any time a good scout like Chet takes the big chance the house sets 'em up." He stretched out a damp hand to Chet's and strung a row of whisky glasses along the edge of the bar with the other. The heel of the bottle thumped for emphasis.

"Much obliged, Tim, but I got to get back to Snyder's. Honest, I ——"

"Say when!" The bottle tilted and the liquor brimmed in the little glass before him.

Chet glanced about him, hesitated, surrendered. He emptied the glass at a gulp, to the vociferous approval of the rest.

"Much obliged. Got to get back ——"

They shouldered him joyously back to the bar, laughing as if he had cracked a good joke. Gid Wyatt's silver dollar rang on the wood and somebody filled Chet's glass again.

"Honest, boys, I got to be getting back."

Ally Calder's thin tenor answered him. The glasses jingled on the shelf as the others joined in:

"Here's to Howie, he's true blue;
He's a drunkard through and through;
He's the man the people all say
If you want to go to heaven just go the other way!"

"Honest, boys ——"

"Drink!" roared the chorus. *"Chk-a-chk-a-chk-a-chk!"*

"I got to get back ——"

"Drink!" Chet lifted the glass and gulped as they repeated the comical imitation of a true-blue drunkard. He coughed and Gid pounded him boisterously between the shoulders. Somebody else slapped silver on the bar.

Presently, in a pause between stanzas, he struggled in the affectionate restraint of arms that lay across his shoulders. A sound of approaching wheels, of brisk, staccato hoof beats came past the swinging door.

"Got ge' back," he announced earnestly. "Show Hattie wedd'n' suit. Prince Albert."

"More'n I Deserve," He Mumbled; "Sight More"

"What's that?" Gid Wyatt sobered instantly. He tiptoed to the door and looked out cautiously, returning in time to halt Chet's laborious advance.

"Wait, Chet. You can't go out there now."

"Why?" Chet groped for an elusive table edge.

"It's her," said Gid—"Hattie. Gee, why didn't you say she was uptown? You dassent leave her see you like this."

"Why?" said Chet again.

"Why? Because she'll know you been drinking, that's why! Bust it off in a jiffy if she sees you this way."

"Bus' it off?" Chet swayed on his heels. "Can't bus' it off now. Wedd'n' zis comin' week."

"Don't matter," snapped Gid. "She'd bust it off if you was goin' up the aisle if she seen you now. Gee ——"

He stumbled backward, clawing at the air as Chet's sudden forward lurch threw him off his balance. Chet was past the swing door before he could reach him. Gid sprang after him, but stopped as he realized that the mischief had been done. Across the street, Hattie Marsh stood motionless beside the bright new buggy, watching Chet wavering toward her through the dust. He was singing:

"—— drink un-til to-o-mor-row!
For to-o-morr'l be-e another wed-din' day!"

Hattie Marsh's head went up. Without haste, without a word or any other sign that she saw or heard, she stepped into the buggy and lifted the reins. The colt's hoofs putt-putted swiftly in the dust as the wheels spun away. Chet stood in the middle of the road, swaying a little. Gid went out to him, seized his arm.

"Dog-gone you, Chet, didn't I tell you ——"

Chet swung about. "Guess you done it, Gid. Busted it off, same as you said you would. Busted it off ——"

"Me?" Gid was injured. "How'd I know a coupla drinks 'd go to your head that way? How'd I know she was uptown? Darn sorry it happened, o' course, but don't you go blaming it on me!"

"Busted it off," said Chet again. He freed his arm. "Have to walk home too." He plodded serenely on down the middle of the road, his lifted voice reiterating the belief that tomorrow would be another wedding day.

II

INSTEAD of keeping on past the end of the drive the bay colt swerved into it. Chet Howie stood still in the wide door of the woodhouse, his shoulders drooping as Hattie twisted the reins about the socketed whip and stepped out to the top of the retaining wall. He came toward her apprehensively, a whipped-dog look about his swollen eyes, but there was no anger in her greeting; her voice was gravely sweet and cool, and if her smile had a touch of sadness it was still kind. They faced each other in silence for a moment.

"I brought over your groceries. I was so hurt and angry last night that I forgot all about them."

"Had a right to, Hattie. Didn't figure you'd ever speak to me again, way I acted."

She shook her head and the smile tightened a little at the corners of her mouth. "You ought to know me better. Of course I was angry at first, but you might have known that I'd be fair, Chester."

She rested a hand on his sleeve. It was a beautiful hand, for a farm girl, strong and big, of course, and reddened, but still lovely.

"As soon as I could think it over I saw how it must have happened. I know it wasn't all your fault." Her smile straightened. "Those men talked you into it, of course—that worthless Gid Wyatt would think it was a fine joke to play on us both. And that Tim Murphy ——" She drew in her breath and her fingers tightened about Chet's arm. "Besides, there's your father ——"

"Never figured it run in the blood," said Chet gloomily, "but I guess maybe it does. Pa he didn't use liquor regular. Only had a spell every so often, same as I had yesterday. Guess maybe it's going to be the same with me."

"It isn't either!" Hattie spoke positively. "You're twenty-three years old and you never touched a drop of liquor till yesterday, did you? And you've only been running the place three years, and just see what you've done with it!" She moved her round arm in an inclusive gesture at the neat bit of lawn, the shining paint of the house, the decent order of the barns across the lane, the long clean rows of corn in the field beyond the new wire fence. "Nobody could have worked harder than you have, Chester, nor steadier."

He moved his head in gingerly sidewise gesture.

"Looks like it wasn't only just coming out on me, sort of," he said. "Guess it runs in the blood, Hattie, same as folks claim."

"I don't believe it, Chester. Maybe you did hair a hankering to drink, but you aren't the kind to knuckle under to it. Takes a slipshod, shiftless man to do that, and you aren't shiftless. There isn't a better run farm in the Glen than yours."

Again she performed the sweeping gesture. Following it, her gaze came to rest on Chet's team, grazing leisurely in the pasture beside the brook. Her face changed, a little of its conviction vanishing.

"I thought you were going to haul that gravel for the road this morning."

There was doubt in her voice. Chet's shoulders drooped.

"Didn't seem to have the spunk to do it. That was how pa was, when he was getting over one of his spells—used to leave the farm work slide till he felt good again."

Hattie said nothing for a moment. Her lips pressed together and the toe of her shoe tapped softly in the path.

"It doesn't matter what your father used to do," she said slowly. "You're not like him. You've got backbone—or at least I've always thought you had. Besides, you"—she flushed a little—"you've got something to work for, haven't you? You don't expect me to marry a man who ——"

Chet's mournful eyes twisted up at her.

"Figured that was all busted off," he said. "Ain't it, Hattie?" She hesitated.

"I came over here to tell you I'd overlook—yesterday. But now I don't know. I've got to be sure, and I'm not, the way you talk."

"Don't blame you." He touched his temples cautiously. "Guess I'm no good, Hattie. Serves me right if you bust it off."

"Wait! I'm trying to think." She meditated briefly, her eyes narrowed. "I've got to be sure," she said again. "See here, Chester, we'll wait a while and see whether you're going to knuckle under to this hankering. A year ought to tell. Yes, we'll wait a year, and then if you haven't given in to it again, I'll feel that I can count on you, I guess."

"It's—it's a sight more'n I deserve," said Chet

"We'll know whether you deserve it—in a year," said Hattie briskly. "Maybe it's just as well to wait a while anyway. You'll have plenty of time now to build on that milk room, so that I won't have to keep house without it. I should think you could tend to it this fall. Jud Warner's got some cull lumber that would do first-rate, and he'll let you have it cheap. I spoke to him about it." She straightened her shoulders. "Come and get your groceries out of the buggy. We've wasted the best part of the morning, between us, as it is."

"It's—it's a sight more'n I deserve," said Chet again. "Nobody'd blame you a mite if you busted it off."

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"Looks Like it Wasn't Only Just Coming Out on Me, Sort of," He Said. "Guess it Runs in the Blood, Hattie, Same as Folks Claim"

CITY SLICKERS

By Frederic F. Van de Water

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

CERTAIN human illusions have every evidence of immortality. Their falsity may be proved over and over again, but they endure. One of the most persistent is the average urbanite's belief that he is immune to fraud, and to this article of faith are attached subsidiary and immensely permanent convictions.

The normal city dweller is sure that, given cash and opportunity, he can play the stock market and win. Hence the bucket shop. The everyday citizen is positive also that somewhere there are feed pipes of infallible information, which if he could tap them would enable him to make a fortune through betting on horse races. Therefore the wire-tapping game and the pool-room swindles flourish. These and the bucket-shop swindle are the classics, the hardy perennials of slickerdom. So they will remain until static human illusions change.

At present there is no sign of such alteration. Argument, invocation of the laws of chance and probability, newspaper stories of the disasters which have overtaken others who have cherished the same ideas, have no effect upon the beliefs of the average urbanite. In the face of refutation, he merely hugs his convictions tighter and waits fervently for the chance to prove they are right.

Eventually, the average urbanite meets an ingratiating fellow citizen who boasts possession of the unbreakable system for beating the races and offers out of the goodness of his heart to share it. This system, as explained by the swindler, may be technically honest as far as the sucker's part therein is concerned. It may consist in reports the slicker is supposed to receive—dope from the stables or confidential information on the result of early morning clockings.

On the other hand, the swindler's come-on story may include such immoral, not to say impossible, methods as tapping telegraph wires so that the results of a race may be obtained before news that it has started has been received in a pool room. In either case, the average city dweller hesitates but little. After he has tested the system by placing two or three small bets through his swindling friend and winning on each, there is no room for doubt in his ingenuous spirit. He is hooked and as good as landed.

When the Swindled Ask for More

WHEN his new-found friend imparts the information that the best thing of the season is to be sprung in the third race at Saratoga, the dupe gathers together all his available funds and goes off cheerily to the pool room for which the swindler is a runner, certain he is bound to make a killing—and accomplishes financial suicide.

If he loses, as it is planned he shall, that is all there is to it. If by some freak of fortune he upsets all calculations and wins, the proprietor of the pool room pays him by check or else makes some excuse for deferring settlement until the next day. When the victim returns on the morrow to receive his winnings or else to find out why his check is no good, the pool room has vanished.

Swindling Schemes May Inspire the Indignant Agriculturist to Sick Towser on Him

The most astonishing aspect of this particular swindle is the infatuation of the swindled. Frequently, after the victim has been robbed, he will refuse steadfastly to believe it. With the persistence of a small boy in clinging to a belief in Santa Claus, the victim of the wire tapper holds to the conviction that he has lost his money only through unavoidable accident. If he can gather up additional funds he often returns and begs to be skinned again.

"Even when they've been taken," a detective mourned, "they'll come back for more. They're the sort of hick you can sting twice in the same place and get away with it."

This touching optimism of the pool-room victim was utilized most skillfully by the Crying Kid, one of the most famous of horse-race slickers. When his dupe, having lost heavily, stumped in a daze toward the pool-room door, the Kid, whose advice had brought about this disaster, was not making his get-away with the spoils, but was following, looking even more woebegone than his victim.

The Slicker Goes to the Shore to Spend a Week and Some of the Cash Collected From the Urbanite

Outside the pool room, the Crying Kid opened his lachrymal ducts to their utmost and gave himself over to lamentation.

"I'm through!" he sobbed. "Every nickel I had in the world was on that dawg's nose. I steered you wrong, pardner, but I was on the level. I played him right alongside you. I'm gonna bump myself off, that's what I'm gonna do. I can't face the wife after this. I got just a quarter left in the world an' that goes for a bottle of carbolic. Good-by, old pal."

The heart-rending sniffings and chokings that accompanied this farewell stirred the sympathies of the Crying Kid's victim. In nineteen cases out of twenty he uttered words of comfort and cheer, gave the swindler whatever money remained in his pocket after his disastrous bet, and receiving the tear-choked gratitude of his despoiler, went his way. The pain of his own loss was partly assuaged by the conviction that he had saved a fellow being who had been determined on self-destruction.

It is not the subnormal urbanite who is the chief victim of the race-track game. Low mentality, as a rule, does not amass enough wealth to make swindling of this sort worth while. It is the prosperous business man, the supposedly canny experienced citizen, who is the chief and often the most willing victim.

Last winter, in Florida, a New Yorker of considerable reputation and wealth met a fellow citizen upon the beach. Mr. Black seemed a person of more than usual culture and charm, and he and the New Yorker, whose name was not Blue, sampled the delights of a languid semitropical clime together.

Sometime after their acquaintance began, Messrs. Black and Blue, returning to their hotel at the conclusion of the bathing hour, were hailed by a stranger who shook Mr. Black heartily by his reluctant hand and announced that it was years since they had met.

"I'm afraid," quoth Black coldly, drawing away, "that you've mistaken me for someone else."

"It can't be. Weren't you Columbia '98?" the other persisted

"I was," Mr. Black conceded, with no appreciable increase in cordiality.

"Then you surely remember me. I'm White—William S. White."

"Well, bless my soul!" exclaimed the suddenly delighted Mr. Black. "I am surprised! Willy White! After all these years! I want you to meet my friend Mr. Blue—Josiah Blue, of New York; you've heard of him of course. What are you doing here, Willy?"

"Resting and playing the races for relaxation and to make expenses," Mr. White confessed shamelessly. "I'm getting dope from Havana that's good as government bonds. I'm on my way to the Hiatus Club now—exclusive little organization I belong to—to make another killing. Be glad to have you come along as my guests, gentlemen; I've got a long shot, but it's a cinch."

"I don't play the races, old chap," Mr. Black replied austerely. "I don't believe in betting."

"Well, I'm going to put down a little bet for you anyhow," his new-found classmate replied. "See you later. Glad to have met you, Mr. Blue."

He departed in the direction of the Hiatus Club. Black and Blue walked away, the former expatiating on the childish uncertainty of betting on races and the rumor that the Hiatus Club was nothing more or less than an exclusive and aristocratic gambling room. Yet at dinner that night the skeptical and puritanical Black drew out a roll of bills and displayed them to his New York friend with a chuckle of amusement and satisfaction.

Dope to Catch the Dupe

"THAT wild Indian, White," he explained, "made a ten-dollar bet for me. He came in a little while ago and handed me $120. Can you beat it? Says he has inside dope on all the horses running at Havana and wants me to visit the Hiatus Club with him tomorrow. Want to come along? It's against my principles to bet, generally, but this may be amusing."

Escorted by Mr. White, Messrs. Black and Blue visited the Hiatus Club the next afternoon, an unpretentious but pleasant room with wide windows looking out over the blue waters of the Gulf Stream, and an aristocratic and exclusive air embodied in a haughty manager, who surveyed Mr. White's guests with ill-concealed suspicion and did not even seem impressed by the renowned name of Josiah Blue. The visitors sipped cooling drinks and watched Mr. White make his bets. Mr. Blue remarked on the fact that he put up no money, but merely scribbled the name of his choice and gave it to the manager.

"Oh," White shrugged, "members of the Hiatus Club have credit here. For one thing, restrictions are so severe that none but the highest type of sportsmen are admitted; for another, all of us deposit cash with the manager to cover our wagers and protect the club against any welsher who might get in. Mr. Blue, perhaps as my guest you'd like to lay something on the filly I'm playing. She's a sure thing."

Mr. Blue filled out a slip, laying fifty dollars on the horse his acquaintance indorsed, and won. Several times thereafter he visited the club as Mr. White's guest and each time profitably. At last, one afternoon, while he sat in the clubroom waiting for Black and White to join him, the haughty and suspicious manager approached his table.

"Mr. Blue," said he abruptly, "this is an unpleasant task, and I might just as well get to the point. You've made a good many bets here, haven't you?"

Mr. Blue admitted it, smiling as he thought of his winning.

"You've played in luck so far," the manager pursued. "Now what guaranty have we that you'll pay if you lose? I'm sorry to be offensive, but an organization like this cannot run the chances of a scandal."

"I am Josiah Blue, of New York," the other sputtered, turning a brilliant carmine about the gills.

But the renowned name made no impression upon the manager.

"I don't doubt it," he said acidly. "The point I'm making is that we're accepting your bets, though you've deposited no funds to back them. I understand you have been proposed for membership by Mr. White. Doesn't it occur to you that the first thing you should do is to put up a guaranty to insure us against loss?"

Great was the indignation of Mr. White when he learned of the affront offered his friend. It overtopped the not inconsiderable anger of Mr. Blue.

A Story With Only One Ending

"AN OUTRAGE!" White swore. "By George, that manager deserves a bust on the nose! Of course he is following club rules, but he should make exceptions in the case of a person like you, Mr. Blue. I'll resign from this outfit right away or—wait a minute! Say, I've a better idea than that. Listen, put up enough to cover your bets from now on. Then both of us will go out for blood. With the information I'm getting from Havana, we can break this little ten-twenty-thirty hangout in no time. We'll show this upstage piker where he gets off!"

Six weeks later, a meek and chastened Mr. Blue returned to New York, where his name is held in high regard as a canny and supersophisticated business man, and told the story just related to a friend, an inspector of police. When he got as far as the conversation just cited the inspector held up his hand.

"Wait!" he commanded sadly. "I know what's coming. I'll finish your yarn for you. You put up the money, probably a good big wad of it to show what an important and powerful guy you were. After that, something went wrong and you lost a couple of heavy bets and put up more to cover. Then on top of that the club and your friends and your cash all blew away together and you haven't seen a trace of any of them since. Am I right?"

"How did you know?" Mr. Blue gasped at this astounding exhibition of clairvoyance.

"How did I know?" the inspector echoed scornfully. "I'd be a swell cop if I didn't know the old pool-room game. This feller Black was the glad-hander. He got your confidence and introduced you to White, the come-on, who dragged you into the pool room. They had a wire to Havana and knew the result of every race before you bet on it. It had already been run when you laid down your money, every time. They knew you were rich and they worked you. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, falling for an old game like that. How much did they take you for?"

"Fifty thousand dollars," Josiah Blue, the well-known man about town, confessed.

"Why, you poor hick!" the inspector commented with no sympathy in his tone. "Did you raise a roar about it?"

"I did not," Blue snapped; "and furthermore, I'm telling you this in confidence. I wouldn't have it get out for anything."

In the bucket shop, as well as in the pool-room game, the innate reluctance of the urbanite to bewail the fact that he has been swindled is a large factor in the survival of these systems. If it were not for this, and the infinite gullibility of the average city dweller these ancient institutions of slickerdom would have given up the ghost long ago.

Wall Street, practically everyone in this Republic has been told, is a dismal and sinister cañon, lined with lairs from which predatory bulls and bears rush out upon the intruder and separate him from his money. Wall Street and Wall Street's wiles, any New Yorker will tell you, are excellent things to avoid, beware of, to look upon with supreme distrust. It is frequently a precarious and uncomfortable place for the hard-boiled professional trader. It is, in nine hundred out of nine hundred and one cases, a slaughter-house for the lamb, the amateur who attempts to gamble in stocks.

Reputable investment houses preach the ultimate tragedy of dilettante speculation. Bank officials grow hoarse in exhorting their fellow citizens to beware of stock gambling. Such warnings are dinned into the ears of New Yorkers early and late. The road to Wall Street is fenced in with danger signs. And day in and day out scores of bucket shops continue to run full blast in Wall Street and its environs, thanks to the urbanite's supreme confidence in himself; thanks also to his refusal to utter soul-satisfying yells when he is trimmed

Two of the busiest men in the financial district are August Mayer and Grover Brown, headquarters detectives whose task it is to keep that territory free of bucket shops. If the average New Yorker did not bear his losses in Spartan silence, Mayer and Brown would be forced to call for temporary reënforcements; but thereafter the atmosphere of their domain would be cleaner. Unfortunately for one complaint a cheated speculator makes, literally hundreds of dupes go their way, empty of purse but stoical; stung but still cocksure, and dreading above all things that publicity may accompany their downfall. Hence the bucket shop continues to flourish and Detectives Mayer and Brown are compelled to dig up their own evidence.

A Typical Bucket-Shop Team

THE game varies little from year to year. There is no need for alteration. When one system brings in thousands upon thousands of dollars in a never-dwindling flood, why trifle with the formula? Typical of the whole clan of bucket-shop men is a recently flourishing concern—let us call it Schwing & Tuomey—which defrauded the public of more than $300,000 before Mayer and Brown intervened, and which fell, not through the complaint of any of the innumerable "wise" New Yorkers who were swindled by it, but through the loud and unabashed squawk of a hick.

Mr. Schwing came to town with a string of aliases as long as the pedigree of an Arabian mare, and a malodorous reputation, the reek of which still lingered in Pittsburgh, Cleveland and other large cities where he and his partner, Tuomey, alias Butler, alias Porter, alias on into infinity, had tarried with profit to themselves and disaster to their victims.

Mr. Schwing had the foresight, Mr. Tuomey the personality. Mr. Tuomey knew the stock market well. He could talk about it with great impressiveness and charm He was hail fellow with all mankind. In the nomenclature of slickerdom, Mr. Tuomey was known as a high-pressure man.

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"Look at 'Em!" the Detective Snorted. "An' You Could Sell Any One of 'Em the Times Building!"

POP

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

"What Do You Want to Do With This Bird—Jail Him?"

RIDING west from Chicago, the Wildcat and Demmy realized that the California land of plenty would have to live up to its reputation mighty sudden or else mebbe lose a couple of famished field hands and a second-class mascot goat by starvation.

"Lily ain't been nuthin' but a pest," Demmy complained. "Whut you lugs dat goat around wid you fo' is mo' dan I kin see."

"Don't complain none 'bout Lily till you rides de hard-luck hand car clean to de end of de line. Right when you is plumb beat out, watch dat mascot butt you back to de land of prosperity."

"Ain't done much buttin' in dat direction dis trip."

"Headed dat way, ain't you?"

"So you claims, Wilecat. Howeveh ——"

"Don't howeveh me nuthin'. Us is been eatin', ain't us?"

"Dat I admits."

"Us is been sleepin' comf'table wid dem dinin'-car boys eveh since us left Chicago, ain't us?"

"Dat I admits."

"You is rid in velvet, an' here you is complainin' like a boll weevil was eatin' you."

"I ain't complainin' 'bout de immediate present, Wilecat; Ise lookin' into de future."

"You is lookin' wid a mighty yaller eye. So is I lookin' into de future; but 'stead of seein' it all festoomed wid crape, I sees de California land a-drippin' wid sunshine, fo' meals a day, mighty social folks, an' hardly work enough to tire you out so you kin enjoy yo' rest when night time comes."

"You sees mighty big, Wilecat. De minnit you quits dreamin' you realizes dat all us is got since dese west-boun' railroad tickets was paid fo' is my ol' ship horn, yo' measly li'l' drum, two mighty poor 'quipments of clothes, an' one unfragrump moth-et mascot goat whut ain't done nuthin' but make trouble eveh since us left Chicago."

The Wildcat had heard enough mourning. Seated beside Demmy in the day coach, he turned away from his pessimistic companion. He reached out with his foot and verified the fact that his mascot goat was parked unseen beneath the seat ahead; and then, leaving whatever problems the future might contain to Lady Luck, he devoted the next five seconds to falling asleep.

"Lady Luck, here us is. If you is ridin' some otheh train, us meets up wid you in Sam Francisco."

In Oakland, Demmy suggested the advisability of prospecting around a little bit before they crossed the bay. Visions of a hitch with the dining-car service presented a temptation which he relayed to the Wildcat. Remembering various unfinished business details of various parts of his past, the Wildcat voted against all local prospecting.

"Ise sot on Sam Francisco, an' I aims to arrive where at Ise sot. De cash is agile in Oakland—dat I admits, but so is de competition. Right afteh I et me all dem pork chops las' night, Demmy, I has me a vision like de prophets of old. Seems like a gold angel flap hisself down right in de road. When I meets up wid him I axes him how was he thrivin' an' how was de folks in heaven. He tells me ——"

Demmy interrupted the solemnity of revelation with a hard laugh.

"You neveh seed no angel, Wilecat. I 'members de whole conversation. You was 'bout half asleep, an' a real-estate man whut got on de train at Reno come through tryin' to 'suade hired hands fo' a sugar-beet ranch. You wasn't even widin dreamin' distance of heaven."

"Nemmine where I was at, Demmy. Nemmine did I see a angel or a real-estate man—us goes to Sam Francisco. Gimme dat ferryboat ticket befo' you loses it. Foller along wid me an' Lily an' Lady Luck an' I guarantees you steady rations, store clothes an' Sat'days free."

"Ise wid you, Wilecat. Demonstrate yo' miracle."

In San Francisco, the Wildcat led his parade in a direct line to the Clover Club.

"I figgers us kin perduce dis miracle mo' quicker in de Clover Club, where all de high-flyin' boys rallies round, dan any place else."

Within half an hour after the two wanderers had entered the Clover Club the predicted miracle was accomplished. Following the first lull in the riotous greeting which met the pair, the back door of the Clover Club opened and a resplendent individual entered in some haste. His saddle-colored complexion glittered with drops of perspiration, and his general mien bespoke a desire for sanctuary and self-effacement. Sighting the hurried one, the Wildcat turned to Demmy with a quick announcement:

"Dog me if it ain't ol' Perdue!" Then, calling across the wide expanse of the Clover Club, the Wildcat greeted the newcomer: "How is you, Perdue?"

An involuntary contraction of Perdue's neck muscles, cringing at the sound of the Wildcat's voice, suggested that some place in the vicinity there might be somebody whom Perdue feared to meet. Recovering his composure and his pompous manner at the same instant, he came across the room and shook hands with the Wildcat and Demmy.

Uppermost in the minds of the trio at that moment were memories of a transaction wherein Perdue Grandy had sold a worthless shoe-shine establishment to the Wildcat and Demmy, trading a glittering prospectus for the latter's hard-earned cash.

"How is you, Perdue? How dey stackin'? Shake hands wid Demmy. Us has been podners eveh since you sold us dat Cyclone shoe-shine place."

Perdue was treading on shaky ground. He felt his way with a diplomatic question:

"How did you boys come out wid de place? I always meant to ax, but I been so busy organizin' I hardly had time."

Perdue's organizing had been along the lines of a campaign to get out of a Southern California jail before his time expired, and his present manner was largely due to his success in that enterprise.

"Us done middlin' good. Dey was some things you misrep'sented, but leave bygones be bygones is my motto."

"Dat's a good 'nough motto, pervidin' you don't go too fur back," Demmy interpolated.

Perdue Grandy, towering a foot over the diminutive Demmy, looked down at the sawed-off intruder.

"Whut dat?" There was a threat of physical violence in Perdue's voice.

"I ain't said nuthin'," Demmy returned. "All I said was leave bygones be bygones, pervidin' you don't go too fur back."

"Is you instigatin' at me?"

"Ain't instigatin' nuthin' at you, Perdue; Ise cogitatin' 'bout a fancy-dressed tradin' nigger I knowed when I was a boy. He kep' tradin' part of his sleepin' time fo' de white folks' chickens. Worked his way up in life as fur as Colonel Jimpson's hog pen an' got took sudden one night wid a chokin' fit. White folks bandaged his neck wid a hemp rope, but it didn't seem to save him none."

The Wildcat, sensing the trend of the conversation, broached a barrel of oil in an effort to calm the troubled waters.

"Nemmine dat sore-throat hist'ry, Demmy. Fo'git yo' ol' Kaintucky home an' see kin you give three cheers fo' de promised land where at you now is."

The peacemaker outlined the present status and ambitions of himself and his partner.

"You see how it is, Perdue," he concluded. "Me an' Demmy lands here dis afternoon wid no mo' cash dan a fish has feet. I tells Demmy all de way out here, does us have de luck to meet up wid you, de chances is you needs us in some mighty gratifyin' projeck where de money rolls in faster dan bootleggin'. I tells him of all de enterprisin' men I eveh seed whut could build up fast, you is de king." The flatterer turned to his companion for confirmation. "Ain't dat whut I said, Demmy?"

With frowning brows Demmy revised the prompted lie:

"You orated somethin' like dat. You said Perdue gen'ally got de cash an' de otheh man got de leavin's."

A momentary silence followed the repetition of this doubtful compliment, but the Wildcat's broadening smile softened its interpretation. Here was opportunity for one and all. Perdue Grandy's financial status was almost as low as the Wildcat's, but his financial ambitions were greater. He could look deeper into the future. Perdue felt that he needed cash enough for transportation at least as far as the Atlantic Coast, together with insurance money after he got there. Fitting geography to his conscience, he could well appreciate the broadening effect of travel in foreign lands. He felt that personal profits might accrue for him from protracted residence in some obscure second-class country where everybody didn't speak so much English. Getting five hundred dollars—that was the problem, and time was the essence of his contemplated contract with Lady Luck.

"I neveh met nobody in my whole life at a mo' timely minnit, Wilecat, dan you an' Demmy." Improvising an elaboration of a central idea which had developed within the preceding five minutes, Perdue sketched a line of march which would lead a fast promoter out of a mighty awkward situation. "I got me a middlin' fust-class auto'beel, an' Ise been aimin' to organize a road show fo' de pas' six months. Fact is I mentioned it to you when last us met. Folks likes amusement, an' I figgers you an' me an' Demmy kin start out a mammoth minstrel troupe an' clean up big in some of de middle-sized towns in California."

"Kain't see three folks is so mammoth," the Wildcat commented.

"I means includin' Lily," Perdue countered. "Folks is mighty strong fo' animal acks."

"Lily ain't no finished acktress, 'less you counts de movin'-picture bus'ness," the Wildcat objected. "In de fust place, de goat ain't been deodorized fo' goin' on a year, an' you knows how hot it gits in dese little theatehs. Pussonally, I don't objeck to Lily's aroma; an' Demmy is, you might say, a brotheh in distress; but wid a hall full of folks sniffin' de breeze, dey might be a mighty big rush fo' de do' when Lily got het up."

"Us deodorizes Lily. I knows a dry-cleanin' place whut kin refo'm Lily to where you kain't tell him f'm altar of roses. Dat goat wouldn't be nuthin' but child's play fo' dem folks. When dey gits through playin' wid him, not even a bloodhoun' could locate de trail widout a forwardin' address."

"All right, Perdue; supposin' us gits Lily dry cleaned, den whut? You ain't got nuthin' but us three human actors an' de inhuman one. Kain't see de mammoth part yet."

"Us is enough. Figger out whut a congressman kin do single-handed in front of a audience. Den figger out how many us is, an' de diff'rent combinations, all de way up to de grand ensemble. Fust off, dey's de four of us single dat's four. Den dey is six combinations of us goin' on double. Dat's ten numbehs. Den dey is four combinations of triplets—dat makes a total of fo'teen separate an' talented acks. Add de grand ensemble to it an' you gits fifteen numbehs on yo' program widout repeatin' de make-up. You neveh seed no high-class voodville yet wid mo' dan fifteen numbehs on it. Supposin' us charges six bits fo' de back seats. Dat's only a nickel a throw fo' each ack. How many folks is dey in de world whut ain't wishin' to pay a nickel to see you an' Demmy an' Lily go through wid de death of Li'l' Eva f'm Uncle Tom's Cabin or mebbe De Wreck of de Hesp'rus wid Lily all wrapped up in a blanket, actin' de cap'n's daughter? Naw, suh, Wilecat, Ise been in de show bus'ness a long time, off an' on, an' I knows whut de public wants."

Demmy, silent up to this moment, horned in with a counterirritant:

"Ain't whut de public wants so much; it's whut us wants, Perdue."

To the Wildcat this statement sounded reasonable.

"Sho' is," he added.

Perdue leaped at the opportunity for revealing the second page of his prospectus:

"You two an' me might jes' as well have one mind as fur as de diff'rence betwixt 'em goes. Us wants good fat gate receipts, split equal three ways. Figger how much us kin take in. Take a li'l' ol' town where dey is five hundred able-bodied men in it. Front row dollah an' a half, rest of de seats a dollah. Upstairs six bits—say, de seats average a dollah. Dat's five hundred dollahs, an' dem whut ain't married is prob'ly got lady friends. Any way you figgers it, you kin add 'nother five hundred dollahs fo' de wimmin folks widout countin' de chillun. Dat's de evenin' puffo'mance only, an' it amounts up to a thousan' dollahs. Us puts on de same show at de matinée, an' dey ain't no sense in redoostin' de price. Figger whut dat means—two thousan' dollahs!"

"Sho' is!" The Wildcat admitted the accuracy of the arithmetic.

"Suttinly it is; an' how many days is dey in a full week?"

"Seven. Anybody knew dat."

"Take out one day so as to have de moral support of all de religious folks in de community. Dat leaves you six days. How much is six days at two thousan' dollahs apiece?"

The Wildcat batted his eyes.

"I kain't go dat high, 'ceptin' to count de money when I has it in my hand."

The frenzied financier answered his own question:

"Twelve thousan' dollahs is yo' gross returns fo' de week."

"Grocery? Whut you mean—grocery?"

"Whut grocery? Who said anythin' 'bout groceries?"

"Ain't you jes' said de grocery returns? Where did it get on de road at?"

Perdue Grandy devoted ten seconds to draping his features into an expression of pure disgust.

"Of all de igrump niggers I eveh seed, Wilecat, you is de beatin'est. Lift yo' brains above yo' stomach fo' a minnit.

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"You Dribblin', Slobberin', Whited Sepulcher of a Stub-Tailed Serpent, Look What You is Done to de Advertisin' Department!"

FISHING FOR FISH

Long Lake, on Top of the Rabbit Ear Range in the Colorado Rockies

A Dead Log is a Great Aid to a Fly Caster

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

I CAME home the other day from a little excursion to a near-by creek with a nice mess of trout. Not an unusual occurrence, except for one thing. The stream from which I caught those trout didn't have any trout in it! Which, of course, sounds paradoxical. But it isn't.

Out in my country—the tourist portion of the Colorado Rockies—there's a general exodus on the first of September. All day long, and all night for that matter, the cars go whirling through in a ceaseless stream, heading out of the North Park and Middle Park countries, over Berthoud Pass and down into Denver for the general distribution homeward. Camps that have existed for weeks are broken. The hills become hills once more, the Forest Service camp sites are again nothing but pretty breaks in the forests, with only their innumerable yet necessary warning signs against this, that and the other infraction of sport rules, their blackened stone fireplaces and their newspapers and tin cans strewn about in defiance of those same warning signs to remind one of the camping parties which once thronged there; the mountains have returned to their serenity—and as a result the fish have returned to their holes. Which explains why fish can be caught in places where they have not existed all summer.

For the trout—even though he is a poor fish, with a short memory and with a penchant for getting caught and then displaying three or four harelip marks on his jaw where he's been hooked before without having been taught a lesson—can have his moments. At least he loves peace and seclusion and doesn't thrive on constant visits from fishermen, children wading in his favorite roosting place, mamma throwing the paper boxes and rubbish into his favorite back swirl and papa shooting at a tin can set upon a rock in the middle of his riffle. This usually happens around a motor camp, with the result that there is a general fish migration without a return until the campers themselves have migrated. Then the trout comes back, and the mountaineer, knowing the fact, sneaks along in the shadows, gently drops a fly over a promising swirl—and gets what he's after.

When Autumn Comes

ONE hears a good deal these days from native mountaineers about the unwelcome camper. But after all, that mountaineer doesn't lead such a tough existence as far as the enjoyment of his native habitat is concerned. True that during July and August his fishing holes are barred to him for the simple reason that the fish have been run away by a conglomeration of everything from wading parties to childish attempts to dam the stream. True, too, that the road which he and his fellow mountaineers have built by their own efforts to some remote place in the mountains becomes a highway for cars which bear seemingly every license in the world except that of his own vicinity. Likewise, the trout have disappeared from the open and unposted stretches of stream, but with the coming of September the mountains are his own again, and the world revolves upon a different and a better axis. After all, summer is not the time to see the mountains; yet that is the time which the tourist spends there. It is in the autumn that hills are hills, colors are colors and the world is good.

For then it is that the rainbow trout strikes with a fierceness that he has not known in the summer months, and the native trout go gobbling along at the surface of the water, scooping in the various flies that have been stunned by the frost—and very amenable indeed to an artificial lure which resembles, at least, the real article. Of course the Eastern brook aren't biting owing to the fact that their spawning season is approaching; but fish is fish to the mountaineer as long as there's one turning handsprings at the end of his line.

Then it is that one's eyes become keener as one follows the trail through the quakers; the deer and elk are coming down from the higher hills, driven to lower altitude by the snows which already have begun to make their mark at timber line. The bear is in the brambles taking a final sashay about the country before cold weather drives him to hibernation. The chipmunks furnish constant amusement with their last-minute scramble at the storing of food; a fringe of ice shows itself at the edges of the streams with the rising of the sun—and all the world is colors. Colors which the tourist does not see because they are things which develop after he has hurried away to get back to the job, or to assure himself that the children are properly ensconced in school at the beginning of the term.

The Chinn's Lake Club, Looking Down From the Continental Divide

The Return of the Trout

THE pure white of the snowy range, instead of the dusty, dirty splotches of eternal snow which have lain in the saddles and along the ragged flutings all summer. The different color of the sky, which, with cooler weather, takes on an almost indescribable blue; deeper, more ultramarine. The red splotches of the rose pods, thick on every bush beside the road and trail. The pines becoming black now when viewed from the distance, the spruce showing more silver at their tips, while in the groves of quaking asp one moves along a world of molten gold as the sun streams through leaves once green, but now a mass of fluttering yellow, except where the red splotches serve only to emphasize the general coloration all about and deepen the whole effect.

Then it is, with the mountain world changed, with the mountain world silent once more except for the gradually increasing wind which whines down from the high country with its hint of blizzards to come, that the hill-billy steps forth to portions of trout streams that he has thoroughly and willfully neglected all summer. There's a reason. He knows that the trout, disturbed for months, will be back in their holes by now in search of food which has grown there during their absence, and that a mess of rainbows or natives should not be a very difficult task. And it isn't—in places which for months have been gaining the reputation of having been either fishless or fished out.

Not that fishing is what it once was in the six thousand miles or more of streams which form the waterways of the Colorado Rockies. It isn't. In the first place there aren't six thousand miles which can be fished. Within the last ten or fifteen years there's been a great deal of activity in fencing lands which weren't deemed worth inclosing before, and as much activity in painting signs which proclaim to the world that a man with a rod and

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Making the Bare Plot Bloom

By Robert Gordon Anderson

FROM our study window we can see, this Saturday afternoon, our neighbors, all variously engaged, but to one purpose. The nearest, once a famous quarterback, now a builder, is putting in a cedar from the woods, while his black boy Tom is shoveling top soil. The grizzled construction engineer, who lives next, has just come down from his sailor's walk, from which he has been gazing at the New York sky line twenty miles away through field glasses that once watched Pickett's column charge up the slopes of Gettysburg, and is reënforcing his bank, not with concrete, but with wild roses.

The tall importer of velvets, six feet and a half, has been stalking a humming bird, three inches and a half, but now turns to his job of laying hose pipe to his garden. Not far away, a miniature painter is watering a sickly dogwood. And the broker across the hedge is carting in a wheelbarrow a tall exotic plant, called in these parts, perhaps erroneously, the Empress of China, one not native to our wood, but a wandering offshoot of some paternal stock brought to our shores long ago by a returning sea captain. And all these little jobs are being conducted to the accompaniment of a Neapolitan love song blithely whistled by an Italian gardener clipping the walks. The detail is charming and agreeable, but of course does not matter. What does is that our little community, which from the description may sound like some McDowell colony, is not that at all, but an ordinary suburban development, and the men so engaged, for even the miniature painter is rather commercial, are practical business men, not only trying to beautify their homes but finding in the soil, in dabbling in it, some surcease from the cares of that city whose towers rise y nder on the horizon and to which they repair by the 7 49, the 8:21, or the 8:47 each week-day morning.

This European Linden Was Skidded Over the Ground Three-Quarters of a Mile to Its New Home on the Burden Estate at Syosset, Long Island, N. Y.

Now I have an idea that that sickly dogwood, transplanted with insufficient roots and at an unfavorable time, will die. And one or two of the cedars the ex-quarterback put in have turned as brown as a rusty stove. But the great majority of green things transplanted or grown from seed on our places are gloriously alive, and we ourselves have gathered up a little more of life through our very expenditure of time and energy in caring for them.

But we are all, though a stage ahead of the rather ruthless trippers, in the class of duffers at this game of dabbling in the soil. Still it is often from just such from those that shoot around a hundred and who would rather break that figure than be elected president—that most can be learned. The talk of a Sarazen or long Jim Barnes, the champions, may be a little too expert, too technical sometimes all of which alone gives the excuse for continuing this gossip of trees and planting that scarce can be dignified by the name of articles.

Ground was broken for the first house, ours, only a little over three years ago; most of us then didn't know what alkaline soils were, or acid; yet we have made amazing progress, I think—the husbands in knowledge of trees, the wives in that of flowers, as well as in the transformation of very bare horse-pasture plots into little kingdoms of color, small individual Edens on a once wild hill.

Our information, like that of all duffers, is haphazard enough, but then, for that matter, even that of the professional coach, the nurseryman whom I occasionally call in, is not all embracing. This junior nurseryman, of whom I have grown quite fond, tells me that there are 900 varieties of hawthorn, and I suspect he hardly knows the difference between the terms genus and species. Yet he can coax more life out of the soil and into a tree than many a professor in an agricultural college. As for me, I am proud that I can recognize that a tree just belongs to a family without differentiating between the various relations. It is as much fun picking out a spruce or a walnut or an alder in the woods, as used to be the recognition in a first-night crowd of General Dawes, the Castles or Diamond Jim Brady, or even my friend Jim Corbett or Benny Leonard, at the ringside of a prize fight. Once, I remember, I flattered myself on calling rightly a certain movie actor whom I had seen but once before in the studio, and who, on the day in question, stood in the crowd at the foot of the elevated stairs. Only his back was toward me; but I recognized that back out of a million by a certain conformation, though it was a perfectly straight one. Yet observation now of the fact that spruces have needles all around the twig, firs on the upper side; that Norway maples, as they mature, tend to a globular, sugar maples to a pyramidal outline; that Ginkgo trees have little fan-shaped leaves, horse-chestnuts a fan cluster, appeals far more to what I hope is a pardonable and not altogether unwholesome vanity.

We have even formed the habit lately of trying to name the trees as we ride by in our car. Try it yourself sometime. It is more fascinating than the popular English game of beaver. You need not study profound books on botany to become familiar with them. From illustrations in simple books or catalogues, or perhaps through listening to neighbors that know naming them, you will gradually learn this leaf and that; the color of this trunk and the peculiar indentation of that one. And there is both a practical and a keenly poetical feeling in being able to face the dark multitudinous company of the woods, which at first seems so awe inspiring, and then one by one to recognize friends in those far-ranging ranks.

Now to acquire a knowledge of trees and shrubs, their identities, habits and the care of them, and to plant your place artistically, it is wiser to mingle both amateur and professional efforts, your own and those of the nurseryman.

The price of a good car will cover all his charges for completely planting a quarter acre; and if you do not wish to go as high as that, the figure for a secondhand flivver will secure a number of beautiful trees and shrubs which, properly arranged and planted, will at once beautify the place and give the right foundation for future planting The landscape architect can go even further in securing artistic effects; and the more experienced have, too, a

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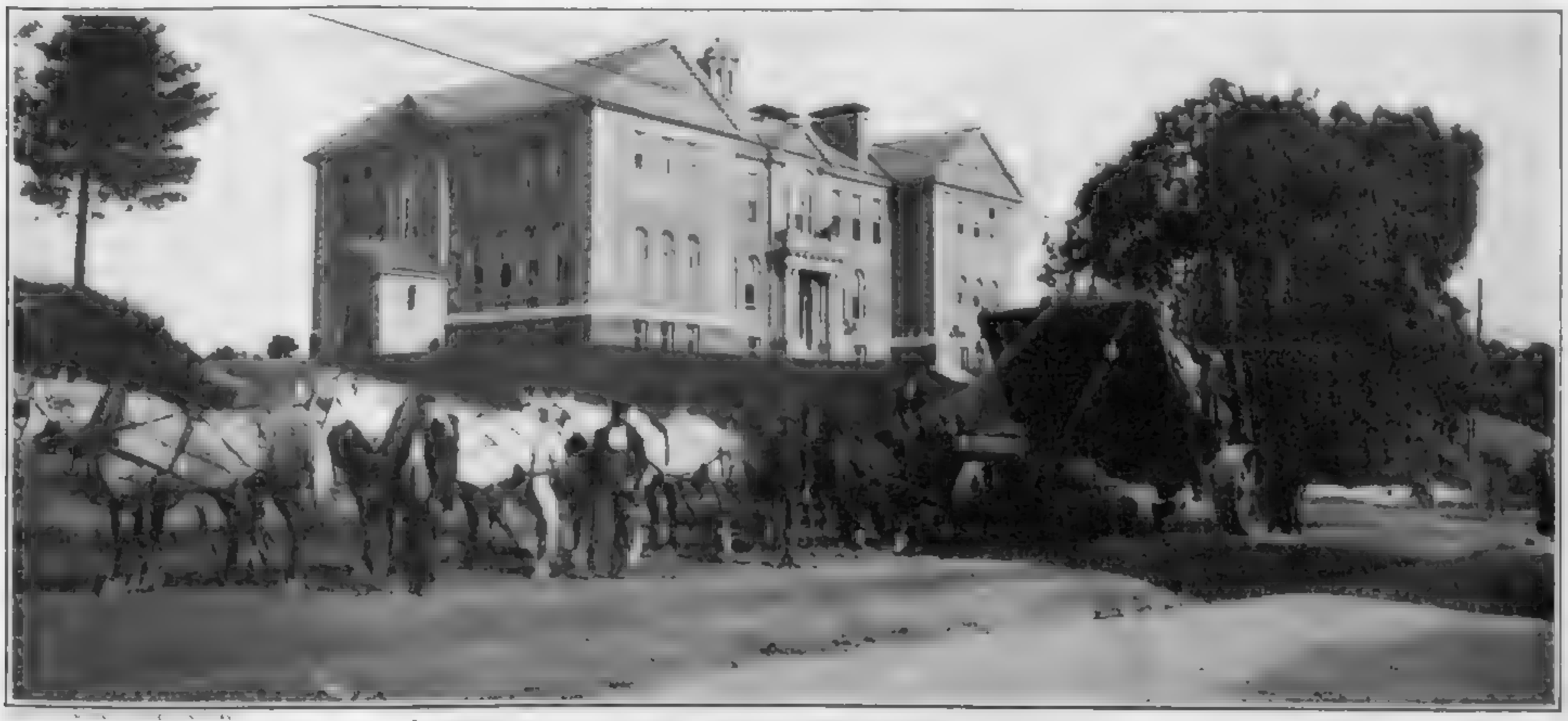


Eight Horses Were Required to Move the White Pine Shown in This Photograph

NERVE

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

PRESIDENT OLNEY, of the Appletree Golf Club, had been quite a fellow in his day; and even now, as he verged upon sixty-five, any man who fancied his resolution had grown flabby would meet an unpleasant surprise. In his younger days he had sought fortune and adventure in uncouth and distant places, and stories were still repeated, legends almost, of his chilled-steel nerve, his feats of daring, his readiness in emergency. Even now he preferred the hazardous to the certain; he regarded with favor enterprises where the profits were commensurate to the risk; and he did not grow poorer thereby.

One quality in men he regarded so highly that, in his view, it was indispensable. Without it a man was less than a man; and this was that species of grim nerve which enables one to be at his best when the threat against him is most appalling.

All of which is necessary explanation before you can comprehend his attitude toward that young man who was known to his friends as Ease Bedford. Physically, Ease was all the most critical might demand; his disposition was marvelous—too marvelous, indeed—and his diplomacy was remarkable. A combination of gracious disposition and of smiling courtesy had earned him his name—these and a phrase often used by him when circumstances became difficult. He would grin and say, "Oh, let's find a way to ease out of this mess." He liked to ease out of things pleasantly; and generally he found some method to do exactly that. Where President Olney would have chopped a way with an ax, Ease Bedford made an opening with honey. And it was no more than natural that the older man should hold him in suspicion.

"If," She Said, "It's on the Level, Go as Far as Your Conscience Leads You"

"All the same," said McWhinney—Olney and Weevil and Wills and he were loafing in the men's lounge at the time—"all the same, he's a nice kid and you can't help liking him."

"Oh, he's kind and gentle," said Olney. "He'd mind babies and remember what date birthdays came on, and his wife would boss him and he'd like it. But he hasn't any more iron in his soul than a hundred feet of rubber hose."

"Never heard of anybody putting anything over on him," said Wills.

"He wriggles out of things," Olney said; "kind of grins his way through. But if he came to a place where grinning wouldn't do the job, he'd get kicked out from under his hat."

"Well," said Weevil, "nobody's ever been able to do anything about it yet. What do you figger you can pull off?"

"I'll chase him," said Olney. "He's the kind of boy a man can chase."

"Um—but suppose Ruth don't want him chased?"

"She'll have to want it."

"Her name's Olney too," said McWhinney.

"Huh! What I need to turn things over to when I'm through is a man with a spine in his back. He's got to be a fellow who can sit tight and take it and wait till the right minute to land his wallop. I've got a business that needs nerve, and if you dodos think I'm going to turn it over to a kid that they call Ease, you got another guess coming."

McWhinney snorted.

"What's he courtin', Olney—your business or your daughter?"

"'Tain't what he's courting," Olney said; "it's what he gets with it. The business goes with Ruth sooner or later, and the man who gets it has got to be able to ride it. No, sir, I've stood it about long enough. He's worn the nap off my furniture and sat a shiny spot on my front porch about as long as he's going to. I'm about due to give that lad the hum's rush."

"I'm—where does Ruth stand?"

"Haven't mentioned it to her. But she stands for him—she stands for too dog-gone much of him."

"Is she," asked Weevil, "by any chance in love with this amiable youth?"

"I don't know and I don't give a darn. What I'm thinking about is my business."

"And what they're thinkin' about," said McWhinney, "ain't."

"He's a smashin' good golfer," said Wills.

"But what did he ever win, eh? Ever play anywhere that nerve was needed? I'll say he didn't! Doesn't like tournament play. Never enters anything. Always plays for fun and where it don't matter a ding whether he wins or loses."

"All the same," said Weevil, "he's a good kid and I'm for him."

"Now if he was like this McFarlane that just came through," said Olney. "There was nerve for you—clear, clean nerve. Imagine what he had to buck in that play-off with Jones. Up against about the best man in the game, and him a rank outsider, and then coming out top dog." He waggled his grizzly head and heaved himself out of his chair. "By cripes," he said, "I won't stand for him!"

"Don't burn your fingers," advised Weevil.

When he was gone, the three sat silent for a while, considering. McWhinney spoke first.

"Nerve's all right," he said, "and you never can tell who's got it."

"And he's a good kid," added Weevil.

"Also," said Wills, "I've noticed those young folks, and if they ain't in love with each other, then I'll have a plain lemonade."

"Better not horn into it," Weevil advised.

"Guess not," McWhinney answered reluctantly.

But the best of resolutions sometimes slice into the rough. It was only the next afternoon that McWhinney met Ruth Olney in front of the women's locker house and paused.

"Hello, Uncle Mac," she said.

"Howdy, honey. How's tricks and everything?"

"Dubious," she said. "Dad's on the rampage."

"Ease Bedford?" asked McWhinney.

"How'd you guess?"

"It's pasted on all barns and fences."

"Have we been as frank and open as that? I thought we'd been pretty average discreet."

"The top step of your porch has frayed the seat of that young man's pants."

Ruth laughed, but not whole-heartedly.

"Dad's worked into an error of viewpoint. He thinks it's his old business that's getting married and I'm just being thrown in with it. I'm a kind of marriage portion to go with the bride."

"What you goin' to do about it?"

"Why, marry Ease, of course—when I get ready."

"And what'll your dad do about it?"

"We'll take up that emergency when we get to it."

"But he's your dad."

"And Ease is Ease."

"Don't want to bust your dad all up, do you?"

"Dad's a good dad, and I'm for him. There never was a finer, kinder, sweeter one. But there are things he mustn't step on. He lived his life and married his wife and fought his fights—to suit himself. What would he do if he were in my place?"

"When you get right down to it," said McWhinney, "I guess it's you and your good he's thinkin' about. He wants you should have a good man."

"With nerve," Ruth said a trifle bitterly.

"He does set store by that, and it's a thing to consider."

"Are you siding with him?"

"I'm not siding; but it wouldn't be so good, honey, for a girl like you to find herself tied for life to a man that didn't have any backbone."

"You think Ease hasn't one?"

"I'm not thinkin'; I'm just sayin'."

"Well, I'm satisfied. Ease Bedford suits me. I don't mind announcing to you privately that I'm in love with that young man, and I'm going to stay in love with him till death do us part, for better or for worse, in sickness and in health and all that goes with it."

"You would be," said McWhinney; "but how about him?"

"Uncle Mac, you don't know him. There isn't a thread of cotton in him. He thinks square—and he's the most lovable boy that ever lived. . . . He loves me."

"Um—I've heard that love ought to wear spectacles."

"I've put on a pair and looked at him carefully," said Ruth. "I've peered through a magnifying glass. The clearer you see him the better he looks."

"Dog-gone," said McWhinney.

"I've thought exactly that myself," she said.

"But beautiful as he is to the eye and all that—has he got the one needful asset? Has your young man got nerve?"

"Yes."

"How do you know?"

"I guessed it," she said, and made a little grimace.

"Dog-gone," said McWhinney a second time.

"Why the repetition? Don't you know another cuss word?"

"Have you got confidence enough in Ease to back him?"

"For everything I own in the world."

"I didn't want to mix in this," McWhinney said ruefully.

"Then don't. Ease and I can row a mean oar together."

"And scar your dad all up—not so good. You say you'll back Ease Bedford. Will you stand for having him shown up?"

She looked him in the eye and her face was grave—grave and wistful, but steadfast.

"If," she said, "it's on the level, go as far as your conscience leads you."

"You mean it?"

"Give ear," she said. "I'm laying a big bet on Ease. I'm betting the happiness of my life on him, and there's no chance to hedge, is there? If you can rig up a whizzer that will put him over with dad, I'm behind you, pushing for every pound I've got. If it's a laboratory test, I'll be there with a basket to carry home the gold and no preparation whatever to take any dross. Is that clear? Uncle Mac, you can cut loose your dog." She held out a steady hand. "You won't see a tremble of anxiety there."

McWhinney cleared his throat.

"Well," he said presently, "I guess there won't be anybody to object to the kind of wife Ease is getting."

"Thank you, Uncle Mac—and, please, make your game and roll the bones as quickly as you can, because things are going to be a bit thick around the Olney homestead for a while. Ease has been chased off the porch."

"I'm on my way," said McWhinney.

II

ON THE next Friday afternoon six men dropped into the men's lounge by couples. McWhinney appeared with a stranger whom he introduced as Mr. Wilson; Wills appeared with young Ease Bedford; and lastly, Weevil came in accompanied by President Olney. It had the appearance of a chance gathering; certainly nothing but accident could have brought Olney and Bedford face to face at just that period.

McWhinney introduced his companion all around; but as the conversation progressed it appeared to some of them that Mr. Wilson failed quite to fit. He looked all right, but he didn't talk the part. His manners were not altogether what they should be, and his bumptiousness was rather more than irritating.

"Well," he said in a pause in the talk, "bring on your golf. Give you twelve strokes, McWhinney, and play you a dollar a hole. Don't want to take more than that away from you." He turned to the others. "I'm just playing around with McWhinney for a work-out. Generally pick bigger game."

"H'm!" said President Olney.

"Never played here before. Got any real golfers?"

"We all play a little," said Wills.

"A little isn't enough. Either you play golf or you don't. What men clutter up the course for when a ninety's the best they can hope to get beats me. I like to play with somebody."

"I'll do my best for you," said McWhinney.

"Go to it! But I can't play unless I'm pushed. Ain't anybody apt to show up that we can rope in to make a tussle of it?"

"About how much golf do you shoot, Mr. Wilson?" asked Weevil.

"Enough for anybody in these parts," said the man arrogantly.

Ease Bedford sat in his chair silent, urbane, smiling, and letting things take their course. He objected to the stranger, but what of it? It was no business of his if McWhinney chose to introduce a mucker.

"You think you can trim anybody in this neck of the woods?" Weevil asked.

"For money, marbles or gingerbread," said Wilson.

"That," said Wills, "sounds like big talk."

"I back it up," said Wilson. "Bring on your man."

"Um—this," said Olney, "is getting to involve the honor of the institution. Can't we call somebody up to give Mr. Wilson a run for his money?"

There was a moment's reflective silence, and then Weevil spoke up.

"Why call anybody up?" he asked.

"Eh?"

"What I mean is that Bedford's as good as we've got."

"Oh, rats!" said Ease. "Leave me out of it!"

President Olney snorted.

"You claim to play some golf, eh?" demanded Wilson directly of Ease.

"Never advertised it much."

"No confidence in it, eh? Well"—he stretched his arms—"if your club can't produce a golfer, let's go out and have this practice round."

"Ease," said Wills, "it looks to me as if it's up to you. Don't seem like we ought to let Mr. Wilson walk away with his line of talk, does it?"

"Oh, what of it?" Ease asked. "Maybe it's so."

"Maybe!" Wilson became exceedingly objectionable. "Maybe, is it? Well, one thing about me, I got nerve to show my goods. If you got a doubt, just grab your bag of tools and come along."

"Now that," said Weevil, "sounds like a direct challenge."

President Olney said nothing, but his sneering silence was more than eloquent.

"Why drag me into this mess? I'm innocent. I haven't shot anybody." Ease showed no inclination to go farther with it.

"But, Ease, Mr. Wilson's made his talk. He's apt to go away and make more of it. B'jing, you owe something to the club! I say it's up to you." Wills issued this pronouncement.

Bedford got up slowly, reluctantly.

"Well," he said, "if you put it that way, I suppose I have to oblige. But I don't care for the circumstances."

"You'll care less before we get to the eighteenth," said Mr. Wilson.

"I doubt if I could," said Ease courteously. "Shall we get it over, gentlemen?"

President Olney lagged behind with McWhinney.

"There," he said belligerently, "what'd I tell you? Had to force him into it. No fight in him. Bet you he busts wide open and shows a strip of yellow a foot wide."

"Maybe," said Mac; "we'll see."

At the tee, Mr. Wilson continued to be objectionable. He sneered at Ease.

"Well," he said in that loud, domineering tone which had irritated many a peaceful citizen to combat, "are you willing to back this game of yours that the citizens brag about?"

Ease smiled placidly—a boyish, charming, unruffled smile.

"Well, you see," he said, "I've never seen you play. I've no way of knowing how good you are. Looks to me like heavy betting would be silly."

"Neither have I seen you play," countered Wilson, "but I got the nerve to back my game unsight, unseen."

McWhinney whispered to Olney. "Wilson's got a basketful of the nerve you're so wild about, but somehow Ease sets better on my stummick."

Ease continued to be amiable.

"Well," he said, "I'm in this to my ankles; might as well get my neck wet too. Personally, I prefer a friendly game for the fun of it, but this time you can name your preference. I'll stick around."

"Huh! This is one you can't ease out of," said Wilson. "Make it a fifty-dollar Nassau."

"Fifty-fifty-fifty! Pretty large game, isn't it?"

"Man can't play his best unless he's up against something. Me, I can't afford to lose a hundred and fifty, so I have to play."

"Now that," said Olney *sotto voce*, "is man's talk."

"Very well," Ease said, "I'll try to cling to your coat tails."

"Head or tail?" asked Weevil, tossing a coin.

"Head," called Mr. Wilson, and won the toss and honor.

While he teed his ball, McWhinney sidled closer to President Olney.

"I feel kind of responsible for Wilson," he said. "Maybe his manners ain't so good, but I hear he can play golf. Want a little bet—just a kind of a patriotic bet?"

"Not on Bedford," said Olney. "I'll take the Wilson end of it though."

Ease heard the rejoinder and flushed, but gave no other sign.

"Suits me either way," said McWhinney. "I'll take Bedford. For how much?"

(Continued on Page 246)

"Better Come Over to This Side So You Can See How I Make This One," He Said. "Stand Right There and Look It Over"

The Great American Scandal

Punishment and Pacifists—By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

The Best Estimates Show That Only Less Than Two-Fifths of Our Total Professional Criminal Population are in Jail Anyhow

JUST as it is absurd to believe that one cause rather than several is responsible for the maintenance in America of a criminals' paradise, so also is it absurd to believe that there is any one cure.

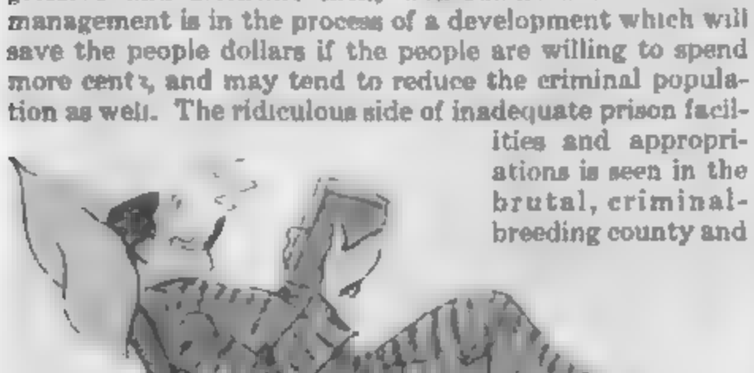
Before I set forth what I conceive the needed remedies are, I have endeavored to show, in the space allotted, what investigation discloses as to various causes for our performance of violence and lawbreaking. I have endeavored to show where the loopholes for the criminal were to be found. I have treated the subject of the police systems, the evil of too much goose-stepping lawmaking, the antique criminal law codes and procedure, the farcical practices of criminal trials, bail systems, jury performances, suspended sentences and the lethargy or blithering sentimentality of some public opinion.

Now we come to the facts and the problem of punishment—the subject of jails, prisons, paroles, pardons, punishment and reformation. And of all our bad record in law enforcement and in dealing with the criminal humanely but effectively, our attempts to punish and reform present the most grotesque failure. In that grotesque failure there is no feature quite so absurd as the fact, standing up like a sore thumb, that we really do not know what we are trying to do. If anyone takes the pains to look into the subject—and the average citizen usually fails to do so—the first and foremost conclusion must be that a silly brand of hate and silly driveling love are each struggling with the other to gain control of the convict, while good sense is far away.

The first step toward stirring good sense is to admit at the beginning that our system of punishment will never straighten out until the people get behind the appropriations necessary to build good penal systems. I have been in too many penitentiaries and reformatories where the rats and cockroaches trace their lineage back to ante-Civil War days. I have received too many reports of prison systems unable to take care of new inmates, and have seen the slow law made slower by the fact that if prisoners are convicted there will be no place to put them. I have seen prison guards of a type exhibiting brutality and engaging in drug smuggling, because a niggardly state would not pay enough to good men. I have noted instances where, because the people made no insistence on providing for a good penal system, the whole business fell into the hands of politicians and the lobby for a prison-labor contract.

A Prison Housing Shortage

IN THIS regard we are no doubt no worse than most other nations, but it is absurd for a civilized people to provide so miserly for their penal plant and for their prison officers that punishment is defeated by corruption on the one hand and humane consideration and scientific methods are barred on the other hand. This becomes particularly ridiculous at a time when, because of the devotion of progressive and scientific men, well-balanced institutional management is in the process of a development which will save the people dollars if the people are willing to spend more cents, and may tend to reduce the criminal population as well. The ridiculous side of inadequate prison facilities and appropriations is seen in the brutal, criminal-breeding county and city jails with their idle and despairing inmates; it is seen in certain of our short-handed underpaid parole boards pretending to pass upon the fitness of convicts to return to freedom and therefore running a kind of mill to grind out of penitentiaries prisoners who are about as safe as mad dogs; it is seen in out-dated buildings; it is seen in the inhumane accommodations and prison régimes which have been the foundation upon which the equally bad, if not worse, sympathy, coddling and scientific buncombe have been built. We may as well begin at the bottom and say that probably not much can be done in real prison reform, so that we can solve the difficulty of making correction and punishment walk hand in hand, until we are ready to spend something on it.



After that? After that, the job of the citizen who wants to help stop the crime tide in America is to make the sentimentalists—yes, and some of the new schools of scientists, too—come back and put their noses on the grindstone. Let us separate the sincere and sound scientific experiments in prison theories and practices, in psychiatry and individual reformation, from those emotional phrase-making scientists and soft reformers who go off half-cocked. If given leash, these latter would shoot our whole penal system full of loopholes to encourage new criminal recruits.

In punishing criminals, what are we trying to do? There was a time when the theory was that we were trying to take legal revenge. That has gone beyond recall. The state and its citizens do not spend much time these days hating the men and women behind the bars and gloating over the fact that they are suffering. Even the sterner prison wardens I have known have not been engaged much in wreaking revenge or hate, but have been trying to run a prison with good order and discipline according to their lights. I have found, however, that one type of reformers, who are called the "sob sisters" by police and criminals alike, are always trying to make us believe that we have a simple choice. This choice, as they try to show it to us, is to adopt hate, revenge, merciless treatment and brutality or else cast aside every consideration except that of what is known as "individual treatment." The sob sisters, male or female, would use the fact of an individual's criminality to bestow upon him greater concern and favor than is given to the policeman who arrested him, to the honest man who was his victim or to the decent member of society who is struggling along the hard straight road. That is mere blithering. We are forced to no such choice. But if we had to take it—one thing or the other—all the evidence I have gathered would lead me to choose as the lesser evil the unbending severity of punishment. I would choose it for the simple reason that the coddling process would lead to doubling our criminal population in two years and multiplying it so fast that we could not control it at all. The maudlin-mercy method might be good for the criminal already a criminal; it would be a dastardly injustice to the boys and girls who may be tempted, by the idea that they would receive the same soft indulgence, to follow in his path. It would reduce discipline and order to a state of jelly-rot toward which we have already gone a long way.

The next theory of punishment we hear about is that imprisonment gives security to the state. The idea is that if John Doe is a danger to us he should be locked up. Of course that is true, but surprising as it may seem to those who are unfamiliar with real conditions, it is not very important. The best estimates show that only less than two-fifths of our total professional criminal population are in jail anyhow. This small two-fifths will constantly be coming out and, certainly, a third of them will leap at the throat of peace, order and law the moment they get a clear chance. Of that number of incorrigibles, it would be possible after a century's experience to cure a considerable proportion by scientific treatment, but the cost will be great and the danger of breaking down the punishment feature of our penal system will have to be reckoned with.

The two reasons given on every hand for the punishment or incarceration of the criminal are these: First, to keep him in a place where he cannot commit more crimes. Second, to get him in a place where he may be reformed, remade or treated so that he will be safe to release when he has taken the cure.

It is bad enough to stop at this superficial thinking about punishment; it is even more shocking to find, as I have found, that those who are having the most influence, while the back of the public is turned, are forgetting all considerations except one. That one is the welfare of the criminal.

Reform Theories and Criminal Facts

NO ONE can object to attempts, particularly true scientific attempts, to remake bad men into good men, stupid men into bright men, lawbreaking men into law-abiding men. But we in America have allowed those who are interested in that noble task to blind us or hoodwink us into the absurd idea that punishment can be forgotten. We have been swamped by articles, treatises, editorials, poetry and even songs which ask us to dedicate our police, our courts and our prisons to one cause.

Is that cause to maintain law and discipline or to protect the innocent? Is it to protect the fruit as yet untouched by rot? Not at all. That cause is to maintain the criminal, to protect the criminal, to give almost exclusive attention to the salvage of the rotten apples. In reviewing the crime situation in America, I found many amazing facts, but none so amazing as this one. All along the line, the whole theory and practice of punishment is being forgotten. More than that, it is being attacked. More than that, those who are undermining authority and discipline are not only those who because of their interest in analyzing and treating the criminal forget everything else, but certain groups of a philosophical or racial flabbiness who would instinctively be glad

to see authority weakened and the organization of orderly society disintegrated.

If anyone doubts that we are drifting toward the idea that punishment and prisons are to be supported by the taxpayer for the benefit of the criminal, let him read the flood of treatises, articles, sentimentalized science and lectures which are submerging our good sense. In the face of a situation which in its gravity, its violence and disregard for law is almost a declaration of war by the crook and the degenerate upon the decent part of society, we are not only being told that the criminal is a sick man who deserves careful, expensive, specialist treatment—to which I may agree—but that we should regard all our penal system as dedicated solely to that cause. This is arrant nonsense and fatal to any measure of success in curbing the increases in our criminal population.

The tide, however, is so strong that I have found on every hand even good and sensible men giving vent to the fallacy that salvaging the criminal is the whole object of the law.

In effect, they say: "The law has been broken and by this good fortune we now have received a sick man, a man needing curing. Although we have not gone beyond the experimental stage, we will try to diagnose his case. Although our record of cures is slim, we will try to apply a cure. And if we cure him we have reached a summit of victory. And for this end, prisons are maintained!"

Helping the Potential Criminal

AM I EXAGGERATING? Let us take from good and conscientious men, prominent as leaders of thought about punishment, the typical expressions of the day. A president of a prison association says: "The fundamental principle of modern prison science is the improvement of the offender, the entire penal system resting upon one single proposition—the protection of society. That principle alone justifies the conviction for crime and the imprisonment of offenders."

So centered is the attention of one of the ex-wardens of a famous American prison on the criminal that he writes: "It is the hope of correction that justifies imprisonment, because our laws are not really retaliatory or revengeful, but are redemptive." A grand jury in an Eastern jurisdiction, in its report in 1924, says: "The remedy commonly called punishment, which consists of imprisonment for a variable length of time, instead of bringing about improvement in the individual, often is responsible for turning him loose more resentful against the Government."

One of the leading American delegates to the International Prison Congress in London in August, 1925, has distributed a pamphlet in which he says, "The prison of today should be a school." The secretary of one of our prison-welfare associations goes further, saying: "The trouble at the base of the whole prison system is that it is administered as a punitive measure. It should be constructive and educational."

I have received a number of letters from officers of prison associations and various reformers of standing who believed that I stood against doing everything possible, sensible, scientific and humane to restore the criminal to a law-abiding spirit and, more important, to a law-abiding practice. I do not stand against these attempts. A little later I will tell why I believe other less worthy current attempts are mere experimental feelers, why others still are mere sentimental nonsense, and why many attempts at reform, much to everyone's loss, fall far short of success. Sensible persons will not stand against the introduction of science and efficiency into progressive and individualized treatment of the criminal.

But to consider that this treatment is the whole end and aim of criminal law, criminal prosecution and our prisons, is to take a position which makes us the laughingstock of the offenders themselves.

I have an editorial from a newspaper that discloses again the idea that has swamped the country—the idea that prison is for the benefit of the criminal. It concerns the fate of a girl who, before she was sixteen, was practicing regularly adultery. After her conviction her one thought was to get even with the wife of the man she had ensnared. Incidentally she had shot to death another suitor who had called her paramour a name.

About this girl the editorial says: "With only a verdict of manslaughter as a basis for his sentence, Judge M has extensive powers of discretion in sending Miss X to prison. That he will give her the longest term is not to be expected. Being a man, and a humane man, the judge will take into consideration her youth and her sex. . . . It is to be regretted that there are no prisons from which she is likely to emerge with her faults and weakness removed. . . . Other measures giving her a better chance for reformation can be imagined. Just at that point comes in society's responsibility for Miss X."

I showed this to a court officer. He was astounded. He said: "Why, this writer talks as if it was the Government which should be indicted and made to apologize to her for her crime. But that's nothing! How does this girl count anyhow, compared to showing four hundred thousand others in this city what happens when they do what she did?"

This same editorial column, not many days later, said, "The prevalence of crime does not vary with the severity with which it is punished," which is another way of saying "Let us abolish punishment altogether. It neither chastens the offender nor prevents others from imitating him."

This is the argument: Punishment does not abolish crime, therefore punishment is useless. It is exactly like saying rat traps have not extinguished rats, therefore let us do away with all traps.

In this new school of thought—the school that considers that the criminal law is enacted for the salvation of the criminal—I have been able to find endless discussion of the effect of imprisonment upon prisoners, but a total absence of thought or discussion of the effect of the imprisonment of some two hundred thousand persons in the United States upon the millions outside the prisons.

I join those who say that it would be desirable to build a society so economically and socially and eugenically sound that no one would ever want to commit a crime. But while that is in process I cling to the idea that we may help those who have not yet committed crimes and who feel the desire to do so by causing them to reflect, "I want to do it, but look at the cost!" Even the mental defectives and the morons are capable of seeing the connection between wrongdoing as a cause and punishment as an effect.

Punishment as a Deterrent

I HAVE found that punishment as a deterrent of crime is understood by the police, by judges, by wardens, by prisoners and even by the boys who play ball on the sandlots. The only class which fails to draw any balance between the joys of crime and the sorrows of punishment are those who have too intense an interest in proving that the criminal is sick or mad, or who put their passion for individual reformation of wrongdoers of yesterday above their regard for those who may do wrong tomorrow.

When almost the whole body of those who attempt leadership in prison reform seldom speak or write a word about deterring the new recruit in crime, it is refreshing to find in the journal of the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology the discussion by Dean Wigmore, famous jurist of Northwestern University, of the Loeb-Leopold case. It is the best statement of good sense about punishment I have been able to find. Every citizen who is interested in getting back some of our American law-abiding backbone should read it and never forget it.

"The theories of the basis of penal law are all reducible to four—retribution, reformation, deterrence, prevention. But the last of the four—the preventive basis—does not concern the law and the courts; it concerns the general social measures, such as education and eugenics, which will eliminate or diminish the tendencies to crime; hence it is here immaterial. There remain the theories of retribution, reformation and deterrence.

"The retribution theory was once dominant centuries ago. It had a theological origin, but has long been discarded. Probably the last writer to advocate it frankly was Thomas Carlyle. But nobody defends this theory any longer.

"Why, then, does the opinion in the Loeb-Leopold case refer to a life sentence as 'the severer form of retribution and expiation'? Those terms are discarded—and discarded by the very 'progress of the criminal law' elsewhere invoked in the same opinion.

(Continued on Page 218)

In Every Business is Kinks

By Oma Almona Davies

ILLUSTRATED BY RAT C. STRANG

"YOU ain't standing up to the preacher with him, fur I ain't giving you the dare," wheezed Tobias Hetteseimer in his placid, slightly plaintive voice. "I ain't leaving you stand up with nobody where ain't got a farm by him."

Tobias rocked upon his porch and enjoyed his asthma and his wooden leg. In his off moments he adjudged the affairs of the neighborhood, including those of his daughter Esther. Nor had he ever been known after he had once snapped a suspender strap, to reverse a decision. He snapped the suspender now, slanted a glance at Esther as she sat upon the porch step, and committed delicate decapitation upon a fly with the edge of his palm-leaf fan.

Esther did not reply at once. She was a slender girl in dark tones; even her blue eyes seemed darker than they really were, dark fringed under the shining wreaths of her black hair. When one looked at them one was conscious of their black pupils which widened and narrowed under even slight stress. They widened now as they held steadily to the far distance, and she said slowly:

"I ain't asking fur dare to stand up before the pulpit with nobody. I ain't fur passing my promise, even, without your yes on it. All I am asking is the dare fur him to set on the porch." She pressed her hand hard against her throat. "It is now wonderful that all them others kin set and he has got to be shoved off like he wasn't decent, just because he ain't got him a farm yet."

"That ain't the reason fur why." Tobias shrewdly stalked another fly. "Will you tell me oncet what fur Litwiller ain't got a farm by him? No; they ain't natured to stand up under nothing. Look oncet. You see that wagon standing? It reads onto it, 'Capa-citty six thousand pounds,' ain't? What do you anyhow conceit would happen it if a body put seven thousand, eight thousand pounds onto it? It would bust down, heh, or either it would go sideways crooked. And what would be the reason fur? Because it's a six-thousand-pound wagon, and it ain't no more."

The girl sprang from the step. With a passionate gesture she thrust her hands backward, palms out, as though defending someone behind her.

"You would say insults at him, then? Just because his father — You mean he couldn't stand up under a farm if he gets him one—when he gets him one!" Her face seemed paler than it really was, so black her eyes were now. "Now this I tell you and you kin take it fur true. He will get him a farm and he will hold onto it too. And when he does ——"

"When he does, yes, when he does," Hetteseimer snapped the suspender, "when he shows me the deed fur a middling farm—signed off to him, mind—I will give him darst to set onto my porch and not otherwise until. It is wagons and wagons yet, and they have got fur to prove me the load they kin pack, till they come hanging at my porch. Fur I ain't furgitting to remember where the porch is on the road to the pulpit a'ready." He squinted toward the gate as the latch clicked. "Who would that be now? David Reist? But what would he be letting his plowing fur, behind noon this way? That ain't usual. Ha! David Reist now. That's a horse of a different stripes. A hunert acres that boy has got it and thirty-five more he thinks to add to it a'ready."

The girl made swiftly for the door. In her kitchen she said bitterly, "Yes, that's somepun else. That's—money."

Nevertheless, she herself went toward David Reist's farm in the early twilight. She went against her will, but with all her heart, toward the old elm upon the slope adjoining his land. A figure stood beneath it and she laughed a little aloud. She had thought she would be first tonight.

But it was not Ernest Litwiller, but David Reist who stepped out eagerly.

"Oh, But I Have Glad for You, David! I Have Glad for You"

"Was it you then, Esther? Coming fur to see my new land, mebbe?"

His tone was joyous; his tall frame, all angles, jerked with the awkward abandon of a jointed toy in playful hands. Even the copper-brown lock which tumbled over his freckled forehead was angular rather than curly.

Esther had stopped, but she now came on, the flush of disappointment which had blown across her cheeks fading to her usual cream pallor.

"Your new land?" she parried.

"Then your pop ain't telling you? But, to be sure, my new land. This thirty-five-acre piece I was wanting always. And now I got it. Now I got it just when the talk ower the oil is getting excitable. You heard a'ready about the oil wells ower?" He gestured indefinitely toward the region over the hills behind them. Esther nodded.

"This here thirty-five is in the antecline or what they call it. Yes, if it ain't! It goes kitterin' acrost here. I been studying about it out of the books fur long a'ready. But the old man where owned it says it makes a laugh fur him to think of oil running up the hill and then down agin; and he says still where it ain't ever usual in his family fur to strike oil, so he ain't striking it neither. Well, so far forth as that goes, mebbe I ain't finding the oil. But I got it fur a bargain and it's good land, Esther. It lays pretty. It lays pretty."

"You have luck always," observed Esther listlessly, and stole a glance over her shoulder.

"Luck then, do you name it?" said David Reist slowly. He looked from her to the checkerboard of his fields below them, and the lines of his face set in rectangular angles of weariness as sharply defined as theirs. "Luck when I've scrinched and saved and worked fur to buy me this piece. Ach, my! The hard! And now you haven't even glad fur me, Esther."

Esther took a quick step forward, arms wide in swift repentance.

"Oh, but I have glad fur you, David! I have glad fur you. If it's more money you want—if it's more land you want—I have glad that you have got it. I want fur everybody to have what they feel fur having."

He looked at her eyes dilating earnestly upon him, he looked at the clean young line of her chin, at her lips softly tremulous in their momentary surrender to him. And, looking at her lips, his own eyes seemed to go from red-brown to red; looking at her lips, his own arms, gaunt and empty, moved toward her—but barely moved, straitened by the living whipcords which beat beneath the blue of his shirt; looking at her lips, he repeated breathlessly, "You want me to have what I want? It ain't money I want. It ain't land I want. It's ——"

The whipcords broke. His arms were gaunt and empty no longer. His mouth had crashed against the tremble of her lips.

Only once, and he had backed from her. Only once, and he had thrown up his arm and zigzagged backward against the tree. He looked at her in a sort of helpless daze as at some small living thing which he had unwittingly crushed.

She had not cried out or struggled. She stood where he had left her, making a little moaning sound and pressing her palm against her lips.

If she had reproached him, he could have borne it better. He suddenly flung his ungainly length upon the ground. His hands pawed at the earth as though he would bury himself from her sight.

She looked at him as at some abstraction, her thoughts still busy with the enormity which had been done rather than with the person who had done it. She sat down upon the ground and her fingers found her lips again.

"It was my first one," she said, "and you took it!"

The horror-stricken emphasis upon the pronoun stung him. He jerked upright and flung a clod fiercely.

"What did you tell me I could have what I wanted for? You knew what I wanted. I've told you often enough, ain't I? Then what did you say it fur? You know what I want this land fur. You know why I say it lays pretty. It lays pretty fur a house. Fur a"—he drew a hard, steadying breath—"a home, Esther; a home." He stared at her averted face and his words went mad again, "And now what have I done? What have I done? Esther! You won't be leaving me see you no more! I can't stand that, Esther! I can't stand that. What kin I do then? I'll do anything to pay you fur it, Esther—anything!"

She looked at him, not in anger, but in sadness and wonder. "You've took what I been saving always fur somebody else." Involuntarily her glance went toward the valley and she got quickly to her feet. "You got to go now," she implored breathlessly.

David Reist sprang up. "You send me off then? You send me off fur what I done? No, no! You can't be leaving me like that. You got to leave me see you—I can't be living without seeing you. You got to leave me do you something—I got to pay—I got to pay." He followed her eyes and he saw what she saw. He looked from her to the figure which had emerged from the shadow of his barn in the valley below and back to her again. "Is that how it goes with you, Esther? Not—Litwiller!"

It was she who spoke quickly then. "And why not?" Her chin flung high; again she thrust her hands passionately behind her back, palms out, as though defending

somebody. "Why not, I ask you? But you are like all the rest—faulting him fur his family. But he ain't ever done me like what you done, now that I tell you. You—faulting h m' You—where took to yourself what was belonging to him!"

The words cut him back a step.

"Took—from him? I—took from Litwiller?" he repeated vaguely, as though scarcely crediting his tongue. But, after all, it was she who was uppermost in his thinking; into his face had crept a grave and tender concern which was quaintly paternal, considering that he had scarcely more years than she. "It ain't his family, Esther. Or"—he checked himself, folded his arms and frowned down in meditation upon the young man who was striding across his long cornfield—"well, mebbe it was anyhow. But it's like this, Esther. In some families it's a thin streak running. A thin streak. And you seem to feel it at some folks. But I ain't putting out nothing against Ernie. He's worked fur me since he lost his job standing in the store and he's worked good. Yes, that I must give him. But—your pop! Your pop ain't ever giving you darst fur to marry with a Litwiller, Esther."

"He is giving me dare," she retorted in cold triumph, then added with her habitual candor, "when he gits him a farm." She made an unconscious gesture of dismissal and turned from him.

"But—a farm. Who would be leaving him have a farm? He hasn't got nothing—no credit even. It could be ten years, yes, anyhow; fifteen, more like. And you would waste your—you would be waiting fur him that long, Esther?"

She said nothing. Apparently she had forgotten him All of herself was bending toward the young figure at the foot of the slope as she answered his eager hail.

David Reist gashed a thumb across his breast.

"Look here now. For one minute you listen on me. I tell you something. Yes, I tell you something. Then I go." He threw a swift glance over his new land, then turned from it, shaking his head and his shoulders as though to brace himself. He told her abruptly what he had to say and swinging from her, struck off across the ridge.

She ran after him, uttering incoherencies of protest and gratitude. He paused just once and flung his long arm awkwardly toward the slope upon which he had hoped to set his home.

"It ain't nothing," his lips wrung into a smile. "If you're there, I'll get to see you."

She told the boy who came panting up the slope, told him in a laughing tumble of words. If she had not laughed, she might have cried. He was a beautiful thing as he stood there, listening in the rose-lavender of the afterglow. Some far strain Semitic perhaps—had drawn his features thin and fine; his hair sprang in dark sheen from a pale forehead; his slightly curved nose was dented like the nostrils of a race horse; his lips were definitely molded. But best of all, Esther loved the dimple which flashed and flashed again as he drew her down beside him upon the slope, that dimple which seemed as out of place in his slender cheek as he himself, the whole of him, seemed out of place in that rugged community. He had never looked so beautiful to her before, now that she had just parted from David Reist. Holding her hand tightly, he gazed with her into their future, drawn for them so incredibly nearer by the thing Reist had promised.

"And to think!" repeated the girl. "He will leave you have it fur just only what he give fur it hisself. And you're to pay fur it out of the crops. The easy yet! And he wanted it so fur hisself. He did want it so, Ernie. We mustn't ever go furgitting that."

"Then why is he letting it to me?" demanded the boy. "It's someping ain't plain to see here. He ain't such a friend to me that he would be throwing me the profits off, no, not anybody so smart on the make like what Reist is." He drew from her, frowning. "It must be you then, Esther. And what was it I am hearing him say whiles he was giving you good-by, 'If you're there, I'll be seeing you!'" His voice had gone sharp and thin. "Heh! What's that now? 'I'll be seeing you'!"

She covered her ears with her palms, half sadly, half banteringly, buying for herself a moment in which to think.

"If he was wanting me like you say and I was wanting him, why ain't I marrying with him then?" she parried "And —seeing me. To be sure, he would be seeing me. He couldn't otherwise help fur it if I was here on the hill setting."

"With me, Esther! With me!" His breath fell hot upon her cheek as he flung himself again beside her. "Now you will be passing me your promise. Say you will be marrying with me. Next week! Tomorrow! Now I have got me a farm, your pop won't give us no."

Esther playfully pushed him with her palms.

"'Show me your farm, then! Show me the deed fur it! Every cent paid fur,' that's what he'll say. And anyway, how could I stand up before the pulpit to say yes to somebody, if I ain't ever said yes to them in private? Tell me that now!"

"Say it then, Esther! Say it now!" whispered the boy, his lips close to hers "Say it! Leave us pass our first k ss on it. Oh, Esther! Say it'"

Her first kiss! Her eyes which had been resting in playful tenderness upon him distended with remembering horror. She clapped a palm upon her outraged lips and shuddered from him.

He drew back in sullen puzzlement

"If that is, now, how you feel about it—about me – "

"It ain't that. It's—oh!" She sprang to her feet and dashed sudden tears from her eyes. "It's just that I've had too much." She steadied her gaze upon the far amethyst rim of the valley. "It's late on me and I'm going now But oh, Ernie, you will get the farm and you will hold onto it, ain't? You will show them how you kin make with it, won't, you will?"

His quick mood leaped to hers and he reached for her hand.

"Yes, you have had full much, full much excitements," he said compassionately. "But set down fur just only a minute. I won't go badgerin' you no more. Leave us talk about the land. Would I make with it, you ask me? Watch oncet how I will make with it. Yes, sooner as you think, I will be packin' that deed to your pop. You don't know yet what fur a schemer I am, Esther!"

She laughed a little then, but she would not sit down They stood.

Afterward she wished that she had gone at once. For in that final moment when she was repeating from a swelling heart the gratitude they owed to David Reist, Litwiller cut her short with

"Yes, but it's a kink in it somewheres. In all business is kinks; I ain't such a dummy I don't know that. And it suspicions me if I ain't now gitting onto the hint of what this here one is. Look oncet!" He swung his arms toward Reist's wide acreage below. "This here thirty-five is back in behint of his farm, ain't so? And not no way out That's it!" His voice had gone thin and piercing shrill again. "He'll be taxing me high fur a way out! He'll know I got to have it fur my crops. He ain't leaving me take a roadway through his cornfield fur nothing, no, I guess anyhow not. Not him! Not David Reist!"

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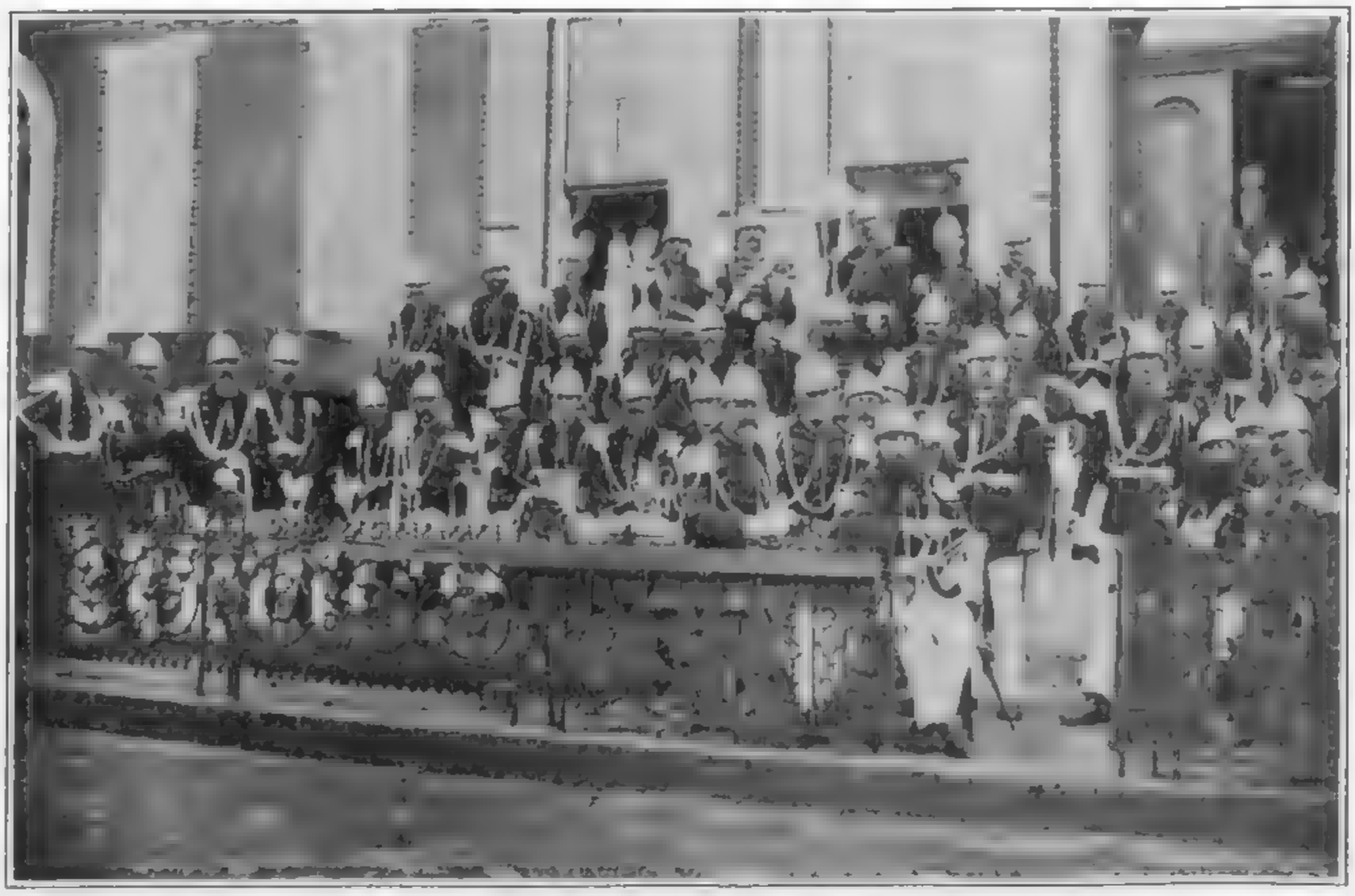
"Well, for Gosh Sake, Set Down, Litwiller! What's the Good of Getting Worked Up Over This Here?"

KEEPING TIME—By John Philip Sousa



The United States Marine Band, About 1885

I WAS very happy in Mr. Nobles' company. He was a fine man, a reader, and we got along splendidly the entire season. After we had been out six or eight weeks, through some disagreement the actor who played the part of Dionysius O'Gall, the Irish lawyer, in The Phœnix, suddenly resigned his part and left the company. Mr. Nobles was in a great dilemma, until a little Englishman, valet to one of the actors, volunteered to do the part. He had heard the play so often that he was dead letter-perfect and went on immediately. Those familiar with the play will recall that the first act ends with a great fire scene. Mr. Nobles played the part of Carroll Graves, and while he is sitting at a table writing the famous story, The Villain Still Pursued Her, the Irish lawyer makes his entrance. On the night of the valet's debut, the exigencies of the stage required that one of the fire traps should be immediately in front of the door marked for the entrance of the Irish lawyer. Through some inadvertence, the young valet actor had not been informed of the situation of the fire trap and the necessity of stepping over it. When the cue came, the door was swung quickly open and with a hearty, "Good morning, Carroll, I have brought you some oysters," the valet rushed forward and stepped into the open trap.

The audience, who thought it was part of the play, gave the most spontaneous laugh I have ever heard in my life, while I, sitting in the orchestra, felt my hair standing on end. Believing the valet must be maimed or killed, I rushed through the orchestra door to the stage, while Mr. Nobles with a look of great anxiety motioned to the stage manager to ring down the curtain. When I reached the stage, I found a ladder had been lowered into the trap to the caverns beneath and a group of actors and grips peering into the abyss, all fearing that the poor fellow was dead; but at that moment the valet ascended and poked his head above the trap.

More Brass Than Band

MR. NOBLES grabbed him by the arm, and said, "Are you hurt?"

The little Englishman looked at him much perplexed and replied very slowly, "No, I am not hurt, but greatly surprised."

We were gradually working into the extreme Middle West, and when we were to give a performance in a town in Kansas the manager of the theater said to Nobles and myself, "If you want to pack this house tonight"—which there was no question we did want to do—"just get the city band to play out in front of the theater from 7:30 to eight o'clock. By that time you will have the whole town here. And," he added, "they won't cost you a cent; all they ask is that you pass them in to see the performance."

So I hunted up the leader and he said he and his boys would be delighted to play. All they wanted was to see the show afterward, and they would use their instruments as a passport into the house.

At 7:30 the band, resplendent in their uniforms, struck up a march and for half an hour entertained the audience that gathered in the street; but no one seemed to be jeopardizing his neck by trying to get into the house.

Finally the leader of the band said, "I guess we'll go in now."

The theater was a ground-floor one, barnlike, and had windows, a number of them, on one side just above the ground.

The band passed in.

I went to the music room to tune up my fiddle and had been there perhaps ten minutes when the call boy came running back and said, "How many men are in that band?"

"Oh," I said, "I should say about twenty."

"Well," he said, "there have been about a hundred men gone in already with their instruments."

"That's impossible," I replied. "I'll go and investigate."

As I came out into the theater, I noticed a man come in with an instrument, immediately go to an open window and hand it out to a fellow outside, who went around to the front door and came in with it, and he in turn handed it to someone else outside. If I hadn't closed the window there is no doubt the entire town would have viewed the performance, and all for the half hour's work of the band.

The Commandant's Home, Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

Most of the towns, in fact the vast majority of them, were small, and I very soon got used to the depth of musical degradation a country orchestra could reach. Most of the so-called musicians were men who were employed in other walks of life; and without an opportunity to practice their instruments daily, they would make a sorry mess of the melodramatic music that was used in the performance.

The original name of the play Mr. Nobles gave was Bohemians and Detectives. The hero is rescued from fire in the tenement house where he lives and is lying in a hospital reading John Hay's poem, Jim Bludsoe. An officer of the hospital asks his name, and the idea suddenly strikes him that his name is Jim Bludsoe; then dramatically he says, in an undertone, "From the ashes of Carroll Graves will arise Jim Bludsoe."

I suggested to Mr. Nobles that as that was the rebirth of Carroll Graves, The Phœnix would be a good title for the play. Nobles immediately adopted it and the play for the greater part of the season was known as The Phœnix. The famous line, where Carroll Graves writes the story for The Chambermaids' Own, "The villain still pursued her," is still quoted.

Home Talent or Nothing

WHEN we reached Omaha, there was a decided improvement in the orchestra, the members of which were of the band stationed at the military fort outside the town, and it was a great relief for me to find I could go through a rehearsal without losing some of my hair. We played several nights in Omaha, and as our next stand was in a smaller city not far away I suggested to Mr. Nobles that I should go and see the manager of that theater and ask him to engage the members of the Omaha orchestra for our engagement. When I called on the gentleman the next day I found he kept a livery stable which occupied the ground floor of the building that contained the theater.

"What's the idea?" he asked.

"Well," I said, "the orchestra at Omaha is the best I've struck in this part of the country, and I'd like to have them here."

He stood up, and, exhibiting great anger, said, "Those miserable wretches there"—pointing in the direction of Omaha—"are vilifying us as usual. You go back and tell them that no Omaha man can play in my theater as long as I'm manager of it. And if you don't like it," he added, "you needn't bring your show here."

We took the show there and the orchestra was one of the worst a kindly and long-suffering Providence has ever allowed to exist.

From there we went to Lincoln, and on the way learned from the morning paper that the opera house where we were to play had burned down the night before, just after the theater had been emptied of its audience.

I was met at the station by the leader of the orchestra, who gave me a full account of the fire and at the end of it said, very dramatically, "The opera house burned down and I lost my violin. But, thank God, I saved the Poet and Peasant overture!"

While in Lincoln, I was offered a position as teacher in the college there, but was too fascinated with traveling to accept, so went on my way.

In one city where we stopped I found a fairly capable orchestra, with an old German as leader. In those days it was customary, at the end of a rehearsal, to invite the orchestra out to have a drink—which it never refused - and the old leader tacked himself onto me, staying until lunchtime. I invited him to lunch and he remained during the afternoon. I invited him to dinner, then we went to the performance, and after its close we went out to have supper. By that time, with three of my meals in his possession, he conveyed to me his great respect for my musical ability, which I modestly acknowledged, and said he wanted to honor me with the dedication of a new composition of his, adding, "If you will call the orchestra for Thursday morning, I'll play it for you."

So Thursday morning the orchestra met at ten o'clock. I rehearsed one or two numbers and then he played his composition, which was a very pretty concert polka which the orchestra played with a smartness that struck me as most unusual. Then he lunched with me. I might add that he lunched, dined and supped with me on the Tuesday and Wednesday preceding. This was Thursday and there followed Friday. They changed the bill on Saturday night for a number without music, so I was sent to New Orleans to rehearse the orchestra for the first time in my life that I had led a Sunday dramatic performance.

John Philip Sousa, Conductor of the U. S. Marine Band, About 1885

I found the leader of the orchestra a very nice man—the father of Minnie Maddern of those days, Minnie Maddern Fiske of today. He was a gentleman and a good musician. At the end of the rehearsal, while we were talking, I happened to mention the city from which I had just come.

He immediately said, "Did you have a piece dedicated to you?"

"Yes," I replied. "The leader is going to send a copy over here to me "

"That piece has been dedicated to every leader that has ever gone there," he said, "ever since that old fellow has been leader of the orchestra there, which is a great number of years. In fact, it will keep on being dedicated until he passes in his checks, for it has paid his board for half of his lifetime. I don't believe he can write a note, but he works it on every leader who comes, and never leaves him. He is a regular Old Man of the Mountain until the leader departs and he works a new victim."

Maddern was probably correct, because I have never received the piece.

Laughed Out of Court

OUR last stand was New Orleans and from there we went back to Washington. A smash-up on the railroad which carried us North detained us some twelve hours or more at a place called Duck Hill, in Mississippi. One member of the company became acquainted with some Mississippi River gamblers, and what they did to him, or rather to his pocketbook, was good and plenty. He came to me, after we had been there three or four hours, and said, "I've just lost a little bit of money. Can you let me have twenty-five dollars until we reach Washington?"

I gave him the twenty-five dollars, and an hour later he came back saying, "Let me have another twenty-five dollars."

"No," I said, "I haven't any more money to loan."

"But," he said, "I owe these people twenty-five dollars. It is a debt of honor and I must pay it."

"Then ask somebody else in the company to give it to you," I replied.

"There isn't a soul in the company who'll lend me a cent," he said. "This is a debt of honor, Sousa, and I've got to pay it "

"I can't help that," I said. "You can't get any more from me. I need the rest of my money."

He became very much worried and hid himself on the train until we were miles beyond and he felt safe in coming out. He felt very much hurt to think I had refused to help him pay "a debt of honor"; but somehow he forgot to pay me my twenty-five dollars, and I am still waiting for it. I suppose my twenty-five dollars was not a debt of honor.

Back in Washington, they immediately found a position for me in my old theater. After playing there a couple of weeks there came to the theater a very sensational series of tableaus known as Matt Morgan's Living Pictures. I believe it was the first time that America had seen the undraped female on the stage in quantities, and at times America gasped at the spectacle. From an artistic standpoint, the tableaus were very beautiful. Matt Morgan, who had been the artist for Frank Leslie's Weekly, had painted some very effective scenery, and had seven statue girls and one statue man to depict these pictures, among which were Phryne Before the Tribunal, Cleopatra Before Cæsar, The Christian Martyr, The Destruction of Pompeii, The Shower of Gold, and others equally famous.

The audiences were almost entirely men, and the performance, while harmless in itself, never got out of the risqué class. During the week, the management, being dissatisfied with their conductor, approached me and I was engaged to go with the company as leader of the orchestra. I immediately began—just as I did in Nobles' company—to rearrange some of the old music and compose some necessary new for the tableaus. As we played in the biggest theaters in the East, the orchestras were uniformly adequate for the music.

When we reached Pittsburgh the morals of that goodly city were so shocked that the statue girls, seven of them, were arrested and locked up in the police station. Just why they didn't arrest the manager or me, as my name was on the bills as musical director, I don't know.

The manager immediately engaged one of the best lawyers of the city and the trial proceeded next morning. Charges were made by one of the officers of the police force who, after he had given his opinion about the depravity of

Helen Sousa, Now Mrs. Hamilton Abert

the exhibition, was cross-examined by our lawyer, who began talking art, especially in the nude; and finally, taking a photograph of Minerva, the lawyer said, "Did you ever arrest this party?" handing the picture to the perspiring police officer.

The patrolman looked at it long and intently, slowly mopping his brow, then said, "I arrest so many people I can't remember all of them."

This struck everybody in court as so funny that they roared, and the judge dismissed the case.

We turned people away from the doors that night.

When we reached Louisville, our manager had received an offer to go direct to San Francisco and continue there for an indefinite period—and he hoped the period would be at least the entire season. That meant the company would be in California for the summer of 1876, or longer, and that didn't suit me. I had set my heart on going to Philadelphia and viewing the first great exposition this country had ever held—the Centennial.

At the Centennial Exposition

I WENT to the manager, explained my desire, adding that all the music of the piece was carefully arranged and was in proper form, and that no doubt when he reached California—after having saved my fare across the continent—he would find thoroughly capable conductors in San Francisco.

He said he was sorry to lose me, but if I wanted to go he wouldn't stop me. So I left the company and returned to Washington. As soon as friends of mine in Washington heard I was going to Philadelphia, in the kindness of their hearts they wrote letters of introduction to musical people of the town.

When I reached Philadelphia I stopped at a modest little hotel on Filbert Street called The Smedley, and went out two or three days in succession, taking in the sights of the Centennial, and there heard the first really good and well-equipped band, which was the famous Gilmore aggregation. After three or four days I took one of the letters of introduction from the pile I had and proceeded to call on the gentleman to whom it was addressed. I found him to be the prime minister of the joy-killers of the world.

He read the letter and said, "My advice to you is to get out of Philadelphia as quickly as you can. There is not enough work here for local musicians instead of our helping anyone else who is a rank outsider like yourself. If you stay here you'll starve to death."

I shook hands with him most cordially, thanked him for his advice, went back to the hotel and destroyed my other letters of introduction.

As I had no desire to starve to death, I thought I'd call on Mr. Simon Hassler, who was one of the popular conductors of Philadelphia and a most genial and pleasant man. I sent in my card.

In a few minutes I was admitted, and he said, "You're John Philip Sousa!"

"Yes," I replied.

"You wrote the music for Mr. Nobles' play?"

"Yes, I'm the man."

He looked at me and, with eyes twinkling, said, "Well, at least I'll say it was copied very nicely. What are you doing in Philadelphia?" he next inquired

"Oh," I said, "I've come over to look at the Centennial, and if anything in my line turns up I may consider it."

"I'm glad you came in," he said. "I've been commissioned to recruit the extra men for the

(Continued on Page 96)

Mrs. John Philip Sousa, About 1900

ALGERNON PERCY

IX

By Beatrix Demarest Lloyd

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

ADRIENNE was not at all surprised, on entering the taxicab that waited for Mr. Jenks with motor running, to find it already occupied by the quiet-looking woman who had posed all day as one of Mrs. Dunbar's maids. She took her place beside her without speaking.

"Now, my lad," Jenks was saying pleasantly to the man at the wheel, "Police Headquarters; and keep your eye out along here for Orton."

He sprang in and closed the door. His manner was that of one of the city's most dependable officers of the peace. The taxi, at a pace that would occasion no suspicion, turned the corner and made south. And sure enough, at the next street, Orton, hatless and bleeding at the nose, darted from the sidewalk and was taken in without stopping the car. Mr. Jenks tossed a mackintosh cape around the man's shoulders, possibly to assure the spotlessness of his uniform in his present sanguinary condition, possibly not. Certainly, with the extinguishing of Orton's blue clothes and silver-colored shield, the quartet lost all appearance of being on official business.

"Whatever made that windmill go for you?" asked Mr. Jenks wonderingly.

He had never expected to see violent hands laid upon a policeman in a respectable house.

Orton spoke through his handkerchief in the tone of a man with a bad cold in his head and a grievance in his heart.

"I've a bump on my conk for every stair in the lot," he said wrathfully, and touched his free hand to a fast-blackening bruise on his cheek bone. "How do I know what th'ell he swung on me for? Except that he's an Englishman. Them English has no respect fer law."

"You should have collared him and brought him along," said Jenks, with a glance at Miss Farnham.

"Yeh?" Orton managed to convey a great deal of derision in this monosyllable. "I wish you'd slip a cold key down my back."

"I'll send after him," said Jenks. "Your nose will stop presently."

The taxi turned another corner and began to thrum along more rapidly, and quite suddenly his prisoner turned upon him.

"Where are we going?" she said sharply. "We are headed east, not south."

"Now, Molly," said Jenks in the same tone.

The woman beside Adrienne pulled her hands promptly from her pockets. Jenks leaned forward and bore down with all his weight upon the girl's wrists as they lay on her lap in the sable muff, Orton let go his handkerchief long enough to stoop and grab her feet. Adrienne's eyes flew wide with terror.

"Molly!" said Jenks again. A few moments later both he and Orton sat back. "Make her comfortable," he said, as Molly adjusted the girl's unconscious body. "What made you take so long to give her the juice?"

"I was waiting for her to scream," said Molly, taking the girl's head upon her bosom in a motherly way. "They get a good gasp of it after a scream."

"She ain't the screamin' sort," said Orton. "I don't like doing business with her kind. They ain't natural, and they up and wildcats you when you ain't looking."

"We'll be looking," said Jenks. "You haven't got any guts, Paddy."

"I never framed a skirt before," said Orton, without taking offense. "And I don't find it so good; not when her young man falls on me and takes me with him down from the third story."

"I Wonder, Would You Mind Coming for a Little Walk With Me?" Suggested the Young Man. "Just Perhaps as Far as the Corridor Outside?"

"I sure don't make that guy," mused Jenks, glancing out to see if they were nearing the bridge.

"He came at me like I'd stuck my tongue out at him," agreed Orton mournfully. "Don't ask me why. He didn't explain. He never said a word all the time we was going south, except once he called me a bally crook."

"But how did he know you were a bally crook?" said Jenks, accepting His Lordship's phrase quite tranquilly. "You looked like the flat-foot on the school street that helps the golden-haired children to cross over."

"He's gummed up our long start, anyway," grumbled Orton. "I don't feel so like it was Christmas Eve when I think what the bulls got on me now. Wearing their pretty clothes is a thing they get special peevish about."

"You can drop those clothes down the well at Bud's place," said Jenks. "And Bud'll dye your hair black for you and fix you so you could go ask Riordan for a job tomorrow."

"You shiftin' cars at Bud's place?"

"And dropping you there," assented the moving spirit of the trio. "You know me, Paddy. I don't tell any one person all my plans." He took out a cigarette.

"You can't hurt my feelin's by letting me out of this," said Orton. "Gee, I wish we could have a window open. That stuff sure does smell sick. Don't go loosing too much of it, Molly. You'll be puttin' us all to sleep."

"I know my book," said the woman quietly.

So well did she know it that Adrienne was given no more of the anæsthetic than just to keep her stupidly quiescent, not even enough to make her feel more than queasily ill when she awoke at some time in the night, bewildered and headachy. Not for some moments did she begin to wonder where she was. Her hand had gone up to pull the little chain on the light that hung on the head of her bed, only to encounter the surface of an unfamiliar wooden wall and to find that one hand dragged the other after it with the added weight of a light steel chain. There was no head to the bed. She sat up quickly, only to have a wave of nausea drop her back upon the pillow.

In this momentary weakness recollection began to lift the fog in her wits. She lay quite still, thinking slowly and with a splendid effort of will power. Laboriously and carefully she went over what she could remember, the astonishing working out of that well-managed drama in which she herself had been convinced she was being arrested—mistakenly but legally arrested. Her hands were still handcuffed, but she was undressed, and lying in a narrow bed like a ship's berth. She could feel the wall alongside her body. After a little she became conscious of a light slapping noise against it.

Her utter astonishment at finding herself on a boat brought the first cry to her lips that she had uttered. The slight rocking of her bunk was not, then, a matter of the sensations of sickness. She was on the water!

The door of her room opened to admit the light burning in the room adjoining, and a woman came in carrying a small oil lamp. Adrienne, staring up at her, recognized her as the middle-aged maid who had been at Mrs. Dunbar's and later in the taxicab. She was dressed in a woolen wrapper and her hair was twisted up in metal curlers all about her face. It was the sight of these homely aids to feminine adornment that gave Adrienne her first touch of comfort.

"You're all right," said Molly calmly. "How would you like a cup of hot tea?"

"Wheream I?" asked Adrienne.

"You don't expect me to tell you that, I should hope," said the woman in a most reasonable tone. "What about the tea? Think you could take it?"

Adrienne vaguely assented.

"If you'll lie quiet, I'll let you have the light," said Molly, not unkindly. "There's nothing to be got by making a row, you know. Nobody can hear you. Your door's locked. But nobody is going to hurt you."

"I'll be quiet," said Adrienne. Her senses were sharpening. "What is that noise? A child crying?"

"It's my little boy; he's got an earache, poor kid. I've been up with him all night. It's the damp air, I reckon. I wouldn't have brought him only for the looks of the thing. There's nothing gives a place the up-and-up like kids playing around."

Adrienne lay gazing in amazement at the woman in the hair curlers. She was truly a most astonishing person to be concerned in a melodramatic kidnaping.

"Would you tell me what time it is?" she asked.

"Near morning," said Molly. "Lie still now, and I'll get your tea."

Adrienne watched her as she moved toward the other door, taking a key from her pocket.

"Are you going to put some stuff in the tea?" she asked idly.

"Nothing but sugar," said Molly agreeably; "and evaporated milk, if you want it."

Adrienne almost laughed.

"I wish you'd come back soon," she said. "I want to talk to you."

"Not any," replied Molly, preparing to lock her door again from the outside. "I've got to get back to my kid, and I'm so dog-gone tired I couldn't keep awake if you were to talk pearls and diamonds for me to pick up."

"You read him fairy stories, don't you?" said the girl.

"Sure I do," said Molly as she went out and locked the door.

Adrienne relaxed in the bed, lying as she had promised, unspeakably comforted by this visitation. The cabin was too large to be on anything like a yacht, she thought; certainly not the sort of yacht these people would have. It must be a house boat. There was nothing in the room but very ordinary furnishings, a couple of canvas chairs, a washstand with a pitcher and bowl and a mirror over it. Her clothes hung on hooks by the door, and by her hat on a little shelf lay her horn-rimmed spectacles and her wig. There was a small window above her berth, like a pane of black glass in the night. It was too small to be a means of escape; and even if it had been larger and open, she could not have bettered her condition by plunging into unknown waters. There was nothing to do but lie still and think.

And thinking was dreadful when she thought of Uncle René and how frantic he would be with fear for her. If only she could let him know that she was unharmed—was, indeed, being actually cosseted by a woman in hair curlers who read fairy stories to her little boy! One thing was certain: This Jenks creature must have known who she was. He would never have made off with Miss Farnham! He had probably at first intended just to lull Mrs. Dunbar's vigilance while he and his men robbed the house; and finding her there, for some reason in an assumed character, had taken advantage of this wild stroke of fortune to carry her off as better value than the jewels. She could only hope that this meant he would lose no time in making his demands for ransom. Even that sort of news of her would mean some comfort to René.

And there was Algernon Percy! He must have known at once that there was something fraudulent about these men who were arresting her. She hadn't had a suspicion. The creature who had sped through the room leaving her with the diamonds, she had simply thought of as a thief, making a run for safety and throwing away the evidence of his thievery en route. An elaborate plot! The bogus policeman had probably passed him down the back stairs. Those back stairs! Poor Algernon Percy.

Well, René would get news of her when he made inquiries, as he would, of the Dunbars, when she did not come home. And Algernon Percy would join forces with him, she knew. With those two efficient gentlemen ripping the world open to find her, she could possess her soul in patience. But how would they ever trace her, on a house boat? No, she would have to wait till the money was paid and she was set ashore. But she was so much encouraged by her reflections as to be quite interested in the tea when Molly brought it in, carefully locking the door behind her.

"You couldn't take off these handcuffs, I suppose?" she asked, sitting up. "I'm afraid I'll knock the cup over."

"You'll have to manage," was the reply. "I will say you've got a nice grit about you."

Adrienne took the cup and saucer on her knees.

"Have you got any olive oil on board?" she asked as she disposed her dragging chain where it would do no mischief.

"I reckon," said Molly. "What do want with it?"

"I was thinking of your little boy. Have you tried putting a few drops of warm oil in his ear?"

"I never thought of it. Would that help him?"

"I think you will find it will stop the pain."

"Well, my gosh!" said Molly in a heartfelt tone. "I wish you'd come to hours ago."

The tea and another period of more natural sleep restored Adrienne to something approaching normalcy. It was broad day when she woke again. She got out of bed and walked to the door of the adjoining room, which stood open. There in a bunk like her own lay the woman in the hair curlers, with her little boy under her arm, both sleeping the sleep of exhaustion. But Molly was too good a watchdog not to wake instantly at the slight sound. She woke, turning her head to look at Adrienne; but she made no move to get up, knowing her prisoner to be safely locked in at all doors.

"I'm sorry I woke you," said Adrienne, in a soft friendly voice. "Will it be all right if I get dressed?"

The woman yawned, and drawing herself carefully away from the child without disturbing him, also slipped out of bed. "Sure you can get up," she said. "I got to be dressing, myself. Somebody might be coming aboard."

"Are we all alone here?" asked Adrienne in some astonishment.

"You won't need more than me to watch you," said Molly. "I was beginning to dream of a cup of coffee. We don't carry enough water for you to have a bath, but you can have a pitcher of hot water in a little while. Here, I'll take those darbies off you. It's against orders, but how can you dress yourself with your hands tied together? You're no Houdini."

"You're very kind," said Adrienne.

"No need for unpleasantness that I can see," returned the other. "My name's Molly. I'll bring you some breakfast in here, and then we'll see what comes next."

She hung the handcuffs on her rack as if they were the most natural accompaniment to towels and a wash cloth.

"I suppose I can't go out where there's a breath of air?"

Molly rubbed her arms reflectively

"Well"—she sat down on a canvas chair and began pulling on her stockings—"it's like this," she said, looking up. "You can't get away, you know. We're anchored pretty far out on a shoal. I haven't any objection to your going up on deck if you'll give me your parole. You're the sort that'd keep it."

Adrienne was silent a moment.

"Suppose we put it this way," she suggested: "You know, of course, that I mean to get away if I can. But I do want fresh air. I am half smothered. I'll give you my parole for now. I'll stay on deck for an hour and then you can lock me up again. After the hour, I am free again to try to get away."

"Suits me," said Molly, with a little laugh. "When you're locked up again you're free to try."

"And not another parole until I give my word."

"All right," said Molly, rising. "Say, that stuff worked just fine. The poor kid eased off as soon as I put a few drops in his ear and slept like a winter bear."

"I'm awfully glad," said Adrienne

She went back into her own cabin, where she found a brush on her washstand, and stood before the mirror shaking out her hair.

Never before in her life, she reflected, had she heard of anything so quaint as Molly the kidnaper encumbered with a child with an earache.

When she was dressed the woman brought her in a tray with a very good breakfast, and sat with her while she ate it.

"Your coffee is fine," said Adrienne. "Do you mind if I ask you some questions?"

"Not if you don't mind my not answering them."

"You won't answer any?"

"All depends," said Molly. "Your hair curls natural, don't it? I wish mine did. You can't keep in a crimp on the water I hate a boat. And having the kid here just keeps me on edge."

"I'll help you amuse him," said her prisoner. "Would you tell me if you've sent word to my uncle that I am safe?"

"That's not my business," said Molly, but not ill-humoredly. It was a mere statement of fact. "That's Scofield's end of the job."

"Scofield?" said Adrienne. "Then it was Scofield. Mr. Jenks said —— Oh, dear, I am getting mixed up, am I not? I wish I knew about my uncle. He is very old, you know, and all this worry and alarm will be so hard on him."

"You're a nice kid," Molly remarked. "Well, I don't mind saying that so far as I know, your uncle knows by now that you're as safe as the North Pole."

"Then it's all right," said Adrienne. . . . "Why don't you get a permanent wave?"

For a moment the woman stared at her and then she laughed.

"You're good," she said. "I might have had one of the fainting, howling kind." She rose and took the key from her pocket. "I'll go up and see how things look, and then maybe you can go on deck for that hour."

"Yes, do," said Adrienne, buttering her roll placidly.

(Continued on Page 174)

"I Shall Stuff It Out With Left-Overs. You'll See, It Will Be a Fine Dolly, the Soft Kind That Is So Comforting at Night"

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 7, 1925

The Case for America

DISAPPOINTING as were the results of the recent conference on Franco-American debts, there are certain circumstances surrounding the negotiations upon which we can look back with satisfaction. In the first place we have every reason to be proud of the full and fair hearing accorded to the case for France, not only by the Debt Funding Commission and official Washington in general but by the newspapers and magazines of the entire country. So much more was published about the economic limitations of France and the moral strength of her position than about the American equities involved that if printers' ink had been the deciding factor in the discussion the case for America would have been lost by default. Moreover, we endured with tranquillity the bitter and quite unfair aspersions of a part of the press of France. American editors were singularly temperate in their comments upon the representations of the Caillaux Commission, and, with rare exceptions, wrote as if fearful of doing possible injustice or of wounding the sensibilities of our former ally. In these things we showed admirable national self-control and a spacious tolerance altogether befitting our bulk in world affairs.

Mr. Caillaux sailed for America under auspices which seemed brighter than they really were. He came as an honored guest. The stage setting for his visit was perfect, and his press work was carried out with consummate skill. His reputation as a financial genius was enhanced by his melodramatic career. They say he can coax the birds off the bushes in the Bois; but charm he never so wisely, his eloquence left unmoved the columns of figures and the ledger accounts upon which it was turned. Facts are stubborn shock troops and they are not easily to be put to flight.

The weakness of Mr. Caillaux was that he was sitting in a game in which the ante practically exhausted his resources and left him virtually nothing with which to play. His government was not behind him in the sense that it authorized him to make settlement proposals which the American commission could accept without quixotic sacrifice. The fundamental reason why the government withheld such support is that the French people as a whole have no will to pay.

This is the crux of the whole situation, and it looms larger than any single fact brought out by the learned experts whose testimony was expressed in statistics and ignored that vital imponderable, the psychology of the French peasant and urban population. Granting that a will to pay is to be found in some upper financial and industrial circles of the French capital, the people as a whole, including the peasant farmer bent on dodging his taxes in the future as he has in the past and groaning over the high price of fertilizer, have no stomach for assuming new burdens for the sake of stabilizing the franc or bolstering up the credit of their native land.

For years their political leaders have been telling them that the war debts were "political" debts and would never have to be paid. American mischief makers, at home and abroad, many of them so highly placed that their irresponsible utterances are singularly unbecoming, have sung the same song. What wonder that Frenchmen have failed to learn a new chorus at a moment's notice? Only to a very limited extent has the need-not-pay complex been replaced by the must-pay complex. Even Mr. Wythe Williams, whose recent article in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST was a reasoned brief for France, could say no more than that "it has begun to affect even French public opinion generally"; and he allows to Mr. Caillaux full credit for whatever change has come about.

It is hard to say how our Debt Funding Commission could have granted more liberal concessions than those which it suggested. The French offer was considerably less than one-half of our total bill, and the interest rate was so low as scarcely to suffice to keep the long drawn out transaction alive. The mathematical principle involved is the same that would make ridiculous a proposal to buy an ocean-going steam yacht for a dollar down and a dollar a month. The parallel is absurd but not unfair. The American concession was that we accept less than three-quarters of what we are entitled to. The liberality of this suggestion is the more apparent when it is pointed out that of the four-billion dollar indebtedness under discussion more than one billion was contracted for purely business purposes. The chief study of our commission appears to have been to ascertain how little it could accept without doing intolerable injustice to American taxpayers. Mr. Mellon leaned forward. Mr. Caillaux leaned backward and a firm handclasp was impossible.

Most of the deliberations pivoted upon statistics. We have no reason to doubt the accuracy of the figures covering past performance submitted by Mr. Caillaux; but it is not easy to believe that the near future of France is what they imply. Certain salient facts must be borne in mind. The ravages of war must be about ninety per cent repaired. The antiquated French industrial plant, which was so well built that it would never wear out, and would not have been scrapped for obsolescence for another decade or two, has been largely replaced by new machinery of the latest and most efficient type. It is only beginning to come into full production. Raised standards of living are making the French manufacturer's potential home market greater than ever before. Unemployment is virtually nonexistent. In agriculture there is an actual dearth of native labor. Account must be taken of great coal production cheaply effected by the most improved methods. The magnificent watercourses of France, only one-fifth of which are furnishing electricity up to capacity, hold out the promise of cheap and abundant power. Internal improvements, many of which are in the luxury class, are going on at a great rate. Governmental expenditures for supremacy in the air, for other military purposes and for colonial expansion have been the subject of world-wide comment.

Taking all these factors into consideration, the economic future of France appears very much brighter than might be expected if one studied only the statistics that cover the years immediately succeeding the war. All these facts and a thousand others were at the disposal of our Debt Funding Commission.

It is difficult therefore to escape the conclusion that their unofficial estimates of France's capacity to pay are well within the possibilities of the situation. There are abundant reasons for believing that the sooner a final settlement is reached the better terms France can make, for every year that passes will bring new indications of her future economic prosperity.

Nobody Loves a Lender

KIND words are more than coronets, no doubt, but they are an indifferent substitute for the payment of interest and a little something on account of the principal.

England learned this lesson in the days of her greatest prosperity, when she was money lender to the world. No other nation is so keenly aware of the fact that abuse is one of the penalties of success.

Vilification is often the sincerest flattery, for it is homage paid with a snarl instead of with a smile. Abuse of him who hath has always been the solace of him who hath not; and the wise man who hath, does not begrudge his poorer neighbor that cold comfort.

We Americans expect too much. Having virtually cornered the world's supply of gold, we are surprised because we have not also monopolized the world's store of love and gratitude, even though we have used a substantial amount of that gold to alleviate want and suffering abroad, and to aid European nations to carry on business as usual. Strangely enough, some of us are much more concerned over the mysterious fact that nobody loves us than we are over our failure to collect a fair rate of interest on our war debts.

This attitude is absurd on the face of it. If we only stopped to analyze the situation, we should perceive that we are experiencing just what we might have anticipated. Economic forces too great to control pitchforked us into the money-lending business. Now the only time a money lender is really popular is when he is actually engaged in making a loan. The rest of the time he is a parasite and a Shylock.

During the war period and just after, when we were making loans every few minutes and all Europe came to Washington and to Wall Street, buttering us up with the smooth age-old talk of the borrower, we were vain enough to think that the world loved us for ourselves alone. The golden haze lingered for a short time after the Armistice; but when we made our first faint cheeps about interest and something on account, Europe began to use the age-old language of the debtor about the creditor. It was anything but affectionate.

It is a fortunate circumstance that very few Americans read the newspapers of Europe, for if it were a common practice we should be threatened with a nation-wide epidemic of apoplexy. Should the American press make a point of reprinting all the nasty things that foreign writers say about us, and their utterances were commonly read, it would be safe to predict that by Thanksgiving there would not be a dozen patriotic fat men with number seventeen collars left to sit down to their turkey. But American taxpayers, who are today carrying the principal and paying the interest on some of the large European debts, are not entirely without words with which to express their opinion of the present situation, even though they are using them with praiseworthy restraint.

We can, of course, change the tone of foreign comment. If we persist in trying to collect our debts, we shall continue to be called Shylocks to our face. The alternative is to forgive them and to be called suckers behind our backs.

Our sensible course is to take a leaf from England's book and to accept with equanimity the penalties as well as the emoluments of power and influence and material wealth. Let us learn to shed borrowers' bitterness and epithets as a duck's back sheds water. Much of it comes from writers who are quite as well aware of its falsity as we are. It is a mistake to take it too seriously.

The propaganda of epithet and abuse is too puerile to merit the consideration of a fully grown nation, and it should not affect our attitude in any degree. That attitude must be one of justice toward the rank and file of American lenders, tempered with generosity toward European borrowers. And that has been precisely our attitude. But in considering this much discussed question of capacity to pay, we might also take into account capacity to produce and spend. There is a good deal of it still left in Europe.

WHEN THE TIDE TURNS

By Corra Harris

WE ARE no more aware of the approach of our second childhood than we are of the beginning of the first.

The difference is that this latter estate comes on by the reverse process. The child you used to be, developed when it began to remember and act according to experience in order to obtain its own desires. When the desires and appetites of the man you used to be begin to fail this is not due so much to wisdom and experience as you think. Your tides are falling. Nature is fading out of you. The keen insistence to feel and have what you want, which we call life, is dying down, and that pale thing which we call wisdom is taking its place. Wisdom is not natural to man; we never get it until we have lost something more precious. You should suspect what is really happening from the fact that you are growing absent-minded, but you never do. You think it is because your mind is absorbed in affairs of greater importance. The truth is you are fading out as a human being. You may last some years, or many years as an intellectual man, or as the head of a big business. You may think you are in your prime, but you are not. The young people about you have already observed you dropping your stitches in thinking about objective things. You have failed to button a button or you have forgotten the day of the week. They perceive that you no longer feel as they do, but sit now in judgment on these feelings because you no longer have them. They have been calling you "childish" for years, when all that time you regarded them as foolish and immature. They long since noted the change in you and are already preparing to become the parents of your second childhood so soon as an illness or an accident to your self-consciousness delivers you into their hands. Some day when you are having a fit of weariness due to old age, your associates will persuade you to resign as president of the bank. They will give you an honorary desk in the foreground, with a highly ornamental chair, where you will have nothing to do but greet your old friends. You may still be a rich man, but you have been pensioned according to your old-age vanity and don't know it. This vanity, the pathetic desire to be noticed and flattered, is all that remains of the man you were. An unhappy state which does not satisfy you, because you have not trained yourself for this second childhood nor for its simple pleasures. The habits of mind you acquired in the strength of your years unfit you for the dignity and tranquillity of old age. You want to go on masquerading as a man of affairs, and you are a great burden to those who have to contend with you and keep you soothed with lies.

The preparations you made all those years for your old age were not intelligent, but instinctive, like those of a hibernating animal. But you do not hibernate; you only forget. You are awake and warm, walking about as usual, but growing more helpless in your mind day by day. Your future is behind you, but you have laid up enough treasure to provide you with milk and porridge a hundred years without having formed one habit of thought that leads to quietness and contentment. At last in great bitterness you take to your Ecclesiastes, that business of advising others how to live.

We all get a sort of call to preach in our old age, even if we have lived our own lives no better than Solomon lived his. He was a great preacher, but he had always been a bad man. He acquired wisdom through the wrong kind of experiences. Therefore, his wisdom is depressing—too much abnegation in it. "I communed with mine own heart," he says, and, "Lo, I am come to great estate, and have gotten more wisdom than all they that have been before me. . . . I gave my heart to know wisdom, and to know madness and folly: I perceived that this also is vexation of spirit. For in much wisdom is much grief: and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow."

He set himself to enjoy pleasure. "I said of laughter, It is mad: and of mirth, What doeth it?" A question which implies the disgust of satiety when he is too old to be merry. He gave himself to wine, acquainted his own heart with wisdom, he laid hold of folly, "till I might see what was that good for the sons of men, which they should do under the heaven all the days of their life."

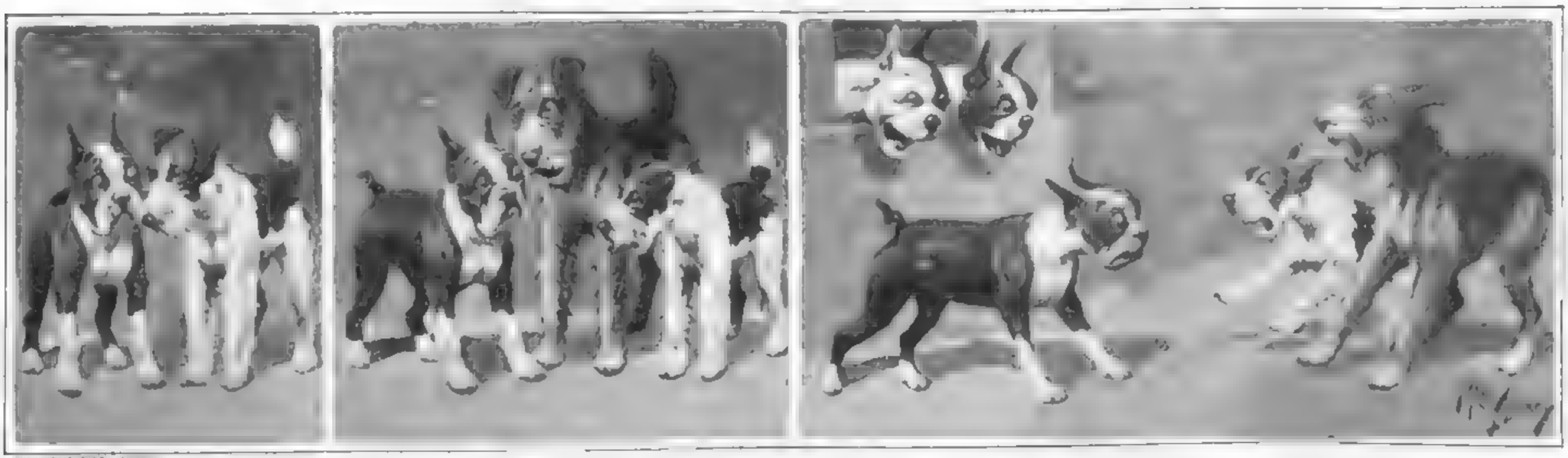
"I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards." He added gardens and orchards and pools of water. He got himself servants and maidens. He had "great possessions of great and small cattle above all that were in Jerusalem before me: I gathered me also silver and gold, and the peculiar treasure of kings"—an art connoisseur, you understand, and a collector, like so many rich men of our day. He had his "men singers and women singers" also very likely a few toe dancers of that period. "Whatsoever mine eyes desired I kept not from them, I withheld not my heart from any joy. . . . Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labor that I had labored to do: and, behold, all was vanity

(Continued on Page 188)

Can This, Too, be a Case of Not Enough Values?

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Mr. and Mrs. Beans



"Vi Dear, it is Time You Came Home. I Don't Like to Disturb Your Peace of Mind, But Somebody Should Tell You Here Comes Susie Airedale. She Has More Courage Than I"

"Violet Beans! Beans is the Talk of the Neighborhood. All the Time You've Been Gone He's Been Harboring a Most Disreputable Dog. Bessie and I Will Go Home With You and Face Him With His Ignominy"

"Hello, Girls! Glad You Come. Let Me Present Vi's Brother, Jimmie! My Favorite Brother-in-Law. He'll be a Valuable Social Asset in Our Little Crowd"

Winter Lover

SPRING is a hoyden, a playmate is fall
Mischievous maple leaf tinder;
Summer's a gypsy; but none of them all
Matches with rollicking winter.

Come through the shout of him, devil-may-care,
Bolder the more it is colder,
Wearing the wind as a plume in your hair,
The snow as a cloak to your shoulder.

—Arthur Guiterman.

The Quandary

"AND now," sighed the girl who had completed her third lesson in correspondence dressmaking, "I don't know what to wear. Last week there was no choice—always the plain blue taffeta worn slick. But now"—her eyes were sparkling like dewy violets—"I have that charming little afternoon frock fashioned from an old damask tablecloth with the lace curtain from auntie's room draped about the shoulders like a Spanish shawl. Then there is a nobby dinner gown which I managed by cutting the velour from the parlor suit to be worn with a becoming little toque made from the piano scarf. And here is a dashing suit of pin stripe made from an old pair of pa's peg-top trousers. And I've also an opera wrap which I made in half an hour from the coverlid on grandma's bed. And now," she sighed, "I don't know what to wear!"

—Mary D. Phelps.

A Canto of Khans

CONSIDER the story of Khandahar Khan
Who lived on the prairies of Afghanistan.
If Afghanistan has no prairie domain
For prairie just substitute mountains or plain.
But anyhow, kindly consider the case
Of Khandahar Khan and his fearful disgrace
Which put him in wrong with the whole of his clan
Of Khans who can't canter as other Khans can.

For Khandahar Khan took their horses one day—
Their cantering horses—and led them away.
He rode to the home of a neighboring Khan
Whose daughter he loved and he had a bright plan
To steal her away. But in Afghanistan
No lady will ever elope with a man
Unless all her chaperons, nurses and cronies
Accompany her—so he needed those ponies!

Thus cannily cantered young Khandahar Khan
To bring his fair sweetheart back home to his clan.
But when he had quietly loaded the nags
With sweetheart and chaperons, nurses and bags,
Her father awoke, and to speak he began,
"A Khan can't elope with my daughter! I ban
The nuptials right now." So he summoned his forces,
Canned Khandahar Khan but hung on to the horses!

So Khandahar Khan from his tribe got the can,
For they are a highly cantankerous clan,
And till he can cancel their terrible loss
And bring back the horses, the Khans will be cross.
To canter through cañons to them is denied,
They can't cant a leg over cantle and ride,
So Khandahar Khan is still under the ban
Of Khans who can't canter as other Khans can.

—Berton Braley.

Adventures of Alice

"THIS," said the White Rabbit, "is a court of law where trials are held."

"Why do they call them trials?" Alice asked.

"You wouldn't ask that question," replied the White Rabbit, "if you'd ever been a litigant. Of all the trials with which mankind is afflicted, there's no trial like a trial That's why they call them trials."

"I see," said Alice. "I heard my father say to a strange man the other day that he would try a couple of cases, and it puzzled me, for father is not a lawyer."

"Oh, those were probably criminal cases," said the White Rabbit. "They're the only kind worth trying now."

"Why is that man shouting so at the poor fellow in the chair?" Alice asked.

"He's a civil lawyer," explained the White Rabbit "He's cross-examining a witness."

"I'd hate to meet an uncivil one," said Alice as the civil lawyer shook his fist in the face of the helpless witness.

"A civil lawyer is one who is not civil," the White Rabbit said, "and a criminal lawyer is one who is not a criminal That's what is called practicing law."

"I practice the piano every day," said Alice.

"Well, practicing law is pretty much like practicing piano," said the White Rabbit. "It's grand for the practicer, but it's tough on the neighbors."

"I should think that after a lawyer had practiced steadily for a couple of years he'd become proficient enough to give up practicing."

"No," said the White Rabbit, "that's the funny part of it. A lawyer never does anything but practice."

"Who are those funny-looking men sleeping over there in the box?" asked Alice.

"They're the jurors," said the White Rabbit. "You see, this is quite a sensational and important case, so they had to get a jury that is practically intelligent."

"But they all seem to be asleep," said Alice.

"That proves their intelligence," said the White Rabbit. "If they wanted twelve

(Continued on Page 187)

The Antique Enthusiasts Give a Little Dinner Celebrating the Acquisition of a Set of Chairs

Here's something every housewife wants to know!

You cannot make a better rule for your family's health than to decide you'll serve them a good hot soup every day.

Just realize what this means. Soup is not only one of the most enjoyable of all foods. It also is splendidly nourishing, a tonic to the appetite, a strengthener of the digestion. The family will eat all their food with greater relish and it will do them more good.

A delicious plateful of Campbell's Vegetable Soup is almost a meal in itself. Healthful, wholesome food, too, with all its vegetable iron and mineral salts.

Fifteen different vegetables. Thirty-two ingredients in all! And blended to the king's taste by the greatest soup chefs in the world.

To taste this soup at its very best, add the water cold, bring to a boil, and allow to simmer. Serve piping hot.

21 kinds

12 cents a can

Campbells' Soups

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

A MAN OF PLOTS

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

XIV

SAM in the doorway looked at Newt, and then at Mrs. Dunnack, who sat in such a position that her back was toward him; and he asked Newt mildly, "What's the matter, Newt?"

Newt replied defiantly, "Ma's taking on."

Sam moved to his mother's side and put his hand on her shoulder and said reproachfully, "Ma, you ought to be abed." Then by the shuddering movement of her body beneath his hand he perceived that she was crying; and he stooped to look into her face, and exclaimed, "Why, ma!"

She seemed to slump forward in her chair; and he caught her in his arms and held her so for a moment, with little comforting touches of his hands against her shoulders, and low words in her ear, inaudible to Newt. Newt was uneasy; he felt, half clothed as he was, naked and without dignity. Sam, even in his nightshirt, which reached only just below his knees, seemed perfectly at ease, seemed to be attired in a manner altogether suitable and beyond reproach; but Newt, in his underwear, trying to hold a blanket about his body, was painfully conscious of the fact that he was not at his best. While Sam still sought to comfort Mrs. Dunnack, Newt salvaged his trousers from the chair at the end of the couch and drew them on; he felt more at ease, but his feet were still bare, and not until he had slipped them into his shoes did he feel his confident assurance returning.

He approached Sam, who still sought to ameliorate the violence of Mrs. Dunnack's tears, and said complainingly, "She come down and give me fits; and then she started going on like that, Sam. She's out of her head."

Sam did not look at him, but kept his eyes upon his mother's countenance. "She's tired and upset," he said gently. "I'll get her up to bed, Newt. I'll get her back to bed."

"She's got a notion into her head about me," Newt declared angrily. "I tried to talk her out of it."

Sam made a quieting motion with his hand; said in an undertone, as though his mother could not hear, "Never mind, Newt. I'll be back down." To Mrs. Dunnack he added, "You come along, now, ma. I'll take you up to bed."

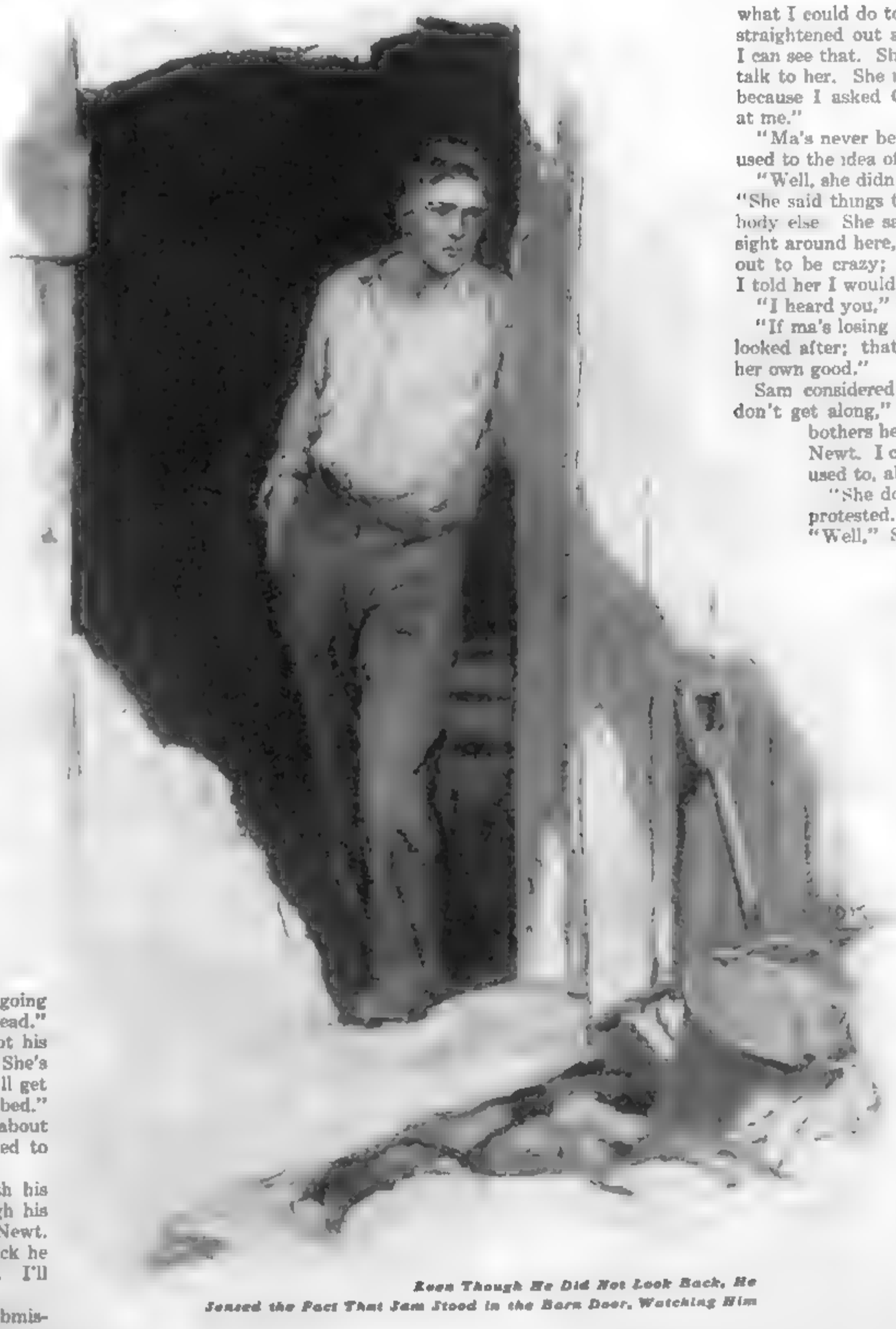
Mrs. Dunnack yielded herself submissively into Sam's hands. The steady strength and resolution had gone out of her; she was dissolved in grief, and helpless as a child. Such a scene as this one was would have been impossible in the full light of day; but at this hour of the night there was no strangeness about it to any of them. Sam helped her to stand up, and his arm supported her as she went out through the kitchen and back along the stair hall.

From this hall Sam called to his brother, "Fetch the lamp, Newt!"

So Newt took the lamp in his hand and followed, then preceded them up the stairs. He wondered if Cheatley were awake, wondered what Cheatley would think of this manifestation of his mother's unreason; but there was no sound from the room the doctor occupied. So Newt opened his mother's door, and while Sam and Mrs. Dunnack came in, Newt lighted the lamp beside his mother's bed.

Sam dismissed him gently enough. "You go on back downstairs, Newt," he directed. "I can take care of ma."

Newt was willing to go. This was outside his province, this hour requiring tenderness and sympathy. His mother, he told himself as he returned to the dining room, did not need to be coddled and made over; what she needed was someone to bring her to her senses, make her see what a fool she was. If Sam wanted to fuss over her, of course that was Sam's affair; just the sort of witless thing Sam would do. His mother would begin to think she was an invalid, to demand constant care and attention. Newt resented the thought. Old people who were forever demanding were a nuisance, unbearable. Even though she might not be insane, it was still so obviously the part of wisdom to send her to a hospital or to some similar establishment, where she could have the attention she seemed bent on demanding.



Even Though He Did Not Look Back, He Sensed the Fact That Sam Stood in the Barn Door, Watching Him

He sat down by the table and considered the situation, waiting for Sam to come downstairs again. From overhead came the low murmur of their voices, his mother's thin and querulous, Sam's steady and assuring; and gradually these sounds became less frequent till they ceased. Newt listened to hear Sam leave his mother's room and close the door behind him; but Sam's movements must have been noiseless, for Newt had no warning of his brother's coming till Sam spoke to him from the kitchen door.

"She's gone to sleep," he said quietly. "I put a cold towel on her head and she went to sleep."

"She was in a state," Newt declared impatiently, turning to face his brother.

Sam approached the table, but did not sit down. "Her head was bad," he told Newt. "She has headaches some. I figure her teeth are going back on her, prob'ly. The cold towel quieted her down."

"She wants waiting on all the time," Newt exclaimed.

Sam nodded. "Ma's pretty old," he agreed. "And she's lived pretty hard."

"I tell you, it's tough on me," Newt said complainingly. "You know as well as I do, Sam, that I come home to see what I could do to help you out up here, help you all get straightened out again. But ma's took a dislike to me. I can see that. She was mad because I had Doc Cheatley talk to her. She needs to go to a doctor, Sam; but just because I asked Cheatley to talk to her, she flared up at me."

"Ma's never been sick," Sam commented. "She ain't used to the idea of doctoring."

"Well, she didn't have to jump on me," Newt insisted. "She said things to me I wouldn't have stood from anybody else. She said I was trying to grab everything in sight around here, and she said I was trying to make her out to be crazy; and she laid into me till I was mad. I told her I wouldn't stand for it."

"I heard you," Sam agreed tolerantly.

"If ma's losing her senses, getting old, she ought to be looked after; that's what I say. But I was thinking of her own good."

Sam considered this briefly. "Too bad you and ma don't get along," he said sympathetically. "I figure it bothers her. She's changed since you went away, Newt. I can see that. She don't feel the way she used to, about pa and all."

"She don't have to take it out on me," Newt protested.

"Well," Sam reminded him again, "ma's old, and old folks have a right to be unreasonable sometimes."

"What I say," Newt declared, "she's crazy. She ain't right in her mind, Sam."

"Oh, I guess she's all right," Sam replied calmly. "I ain't worried about ma."

"Doc Cheatley says she's crazy as a loon," Newt argued; and at that Sam's countenance hardened a little.

"I wouldn't wonder if his being here didn't bother her," he suggested. "You better send him along back to East Harbor in the morning, Newt. Ma's better off without a doctor."

"I think he's right," Newt cried.

But Sam shook his head. "That's just because you're worked up tonight," he told Newt. "You'll look at it different in the morning. I'm going along back to bed."

Newt started to speak, but Sam was already moving toward the door and he changed his mind and held silence. From the doorway Sam said in his habitual mild tone, "Good night, Newt!"

Newt replied with a monosyllable, and Sam went on his way. The older brother could hear his quiet steps as he went up the stairs; and when Sam was surely gone Newt took off his trousers and shoes again, and blew out the lamp and lay down.

But he did not go at once to sleep. His thoughts were active, going over and over what had passed, estimating Sam's attitude and his mother's, and considering his own future plans. Newt was always a man to make many plans. So now before he slept he formulated what his course should be; and in the morning—Mrs. Dunnack was as composed as her habit was, and Sam's demeanor was cheerful and unconcerned—Newt drew Cheatley aside and told the doctor he might as well return to East Harbor.

"I'm going along," he said. "I want to talk to a lawyer about ma."

So after breakfast Cheatley announced his intention to depart; and Newt protested that he must not hurry away, but Cheatley insisted. Mrs. Dunnack made no protest, nor did Sam.

At the last minute, when Cheatley went out to get into his car, Newt suddenly exclaimed, "I guess I'll go along with you, doc. Got some things to attend to in town myself. I'll come back by Bissell's truck, Sam."

"Back tonight?" Sam inquired.

Newt nodded. "Oh, yes," he assured his brother. "Yes, I'll be home for supper."

So presently he and Cheatley drove away; and Newt told his friend what had passed during the night. "You must have gone at it in a fool way," he said accusingly. "She got onto you. Knew right off what you was up to."

"She's no fool," Cheatley retorted defensively. "She knows what's going on. You don't fool her yourself.

(Continued on Page 47)

They taste so *extra* good! —foods that are fried this way

"It's a flavor that's rightly prized," says a well known cooking expert, "that special delicate flavor that foods have when they are fried just so. A certain mellow, extra good taste that lingers in the memory and makes you long for more!"

It's a flavor that depends most of all on the kind of fat used for frying. That's why, for years and years, it has been a standard practice in so many homes to fry all kinds of foods in Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard. Rendered sweet and pure from choice pork fat, it fries crusts that are a real delicacy —they have such a specially appetizing taste!

On account of its purity, "Silverleaf" heats quickly and evenly, too. Therefore, it cooks foods thoroughly at the center, and browns them just right on the outside.

Try the recipe given here for clam fritters, and see what a real delicacy the crust is! Then you'll also want "Silverleaf" for the fine flavor it gives as shortening, in biscuits and muffins and pie crust.

"Silverleaf" comes in various quantities to suit your needs—in special one-pound measuring cartons and in pails of 2, 4 and 8 pounds. Ask your dealer today for "Silverleaf" in one of these convenient forms.

Swift & Company

"Best to buy for bake or fry"

This exclusive new "Silverleaf" carton saves you all the old bother of packing measuring cups and spoons. You just score the top of the lard as shown on the flap of the carton, and in a twinkling cut the exact amount you need

Clam Fritters

1 pint clams — *2 eggs*
½ cup milk — *1½ cups flour*
2 tsp. baking powder — *½ tsp. salt*
Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard

Clean the clams, drain and chop. (Canned clams may be used if fresh clams are not available.) Beat the eggs, add the milk, flour, baking powder and salt Mix in the clams and drop the batter from a spoon into hot "Silverleaf". Fry until golden brown

Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard

CONGOLEUM GOLD SEAL ART-RUGS

—mean fewer worries for busy mothers

A home where the family can have the jolliest kind of a good time—and yet everything be in apple-pie order in two jiffies! That's the home every mother of small children longs for.

Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rugs not only make such a home possible, but they are economical and beautiful as well.

Waterproof and Sanitary

These modern floor-coverings are waterproof through and through and absolutely sanitary. No matter what's spilled on them a damp mop makes their firm, smooth surface clean in no time.

They cling tight to the floor without a single fastening yet never have a ruffled edge or corner to trip unwary feet.

Wide variety of designs is another of the outstanding features of Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rugs. On this page are illustrated six of the most popular patterns. And remember, there are many other beautiful effects that will set off the furnishings of living-room, dining-room, bedroom, kitchen or hall.

Very Inexpensive and Durable

Important, too, is the fact that Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rugs are so remarkably durable and so very low in price. They range in size from the 18 x 36-inch mats to the 9 x 15-foot room-size rugs.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.

Philadelphia New York Boston
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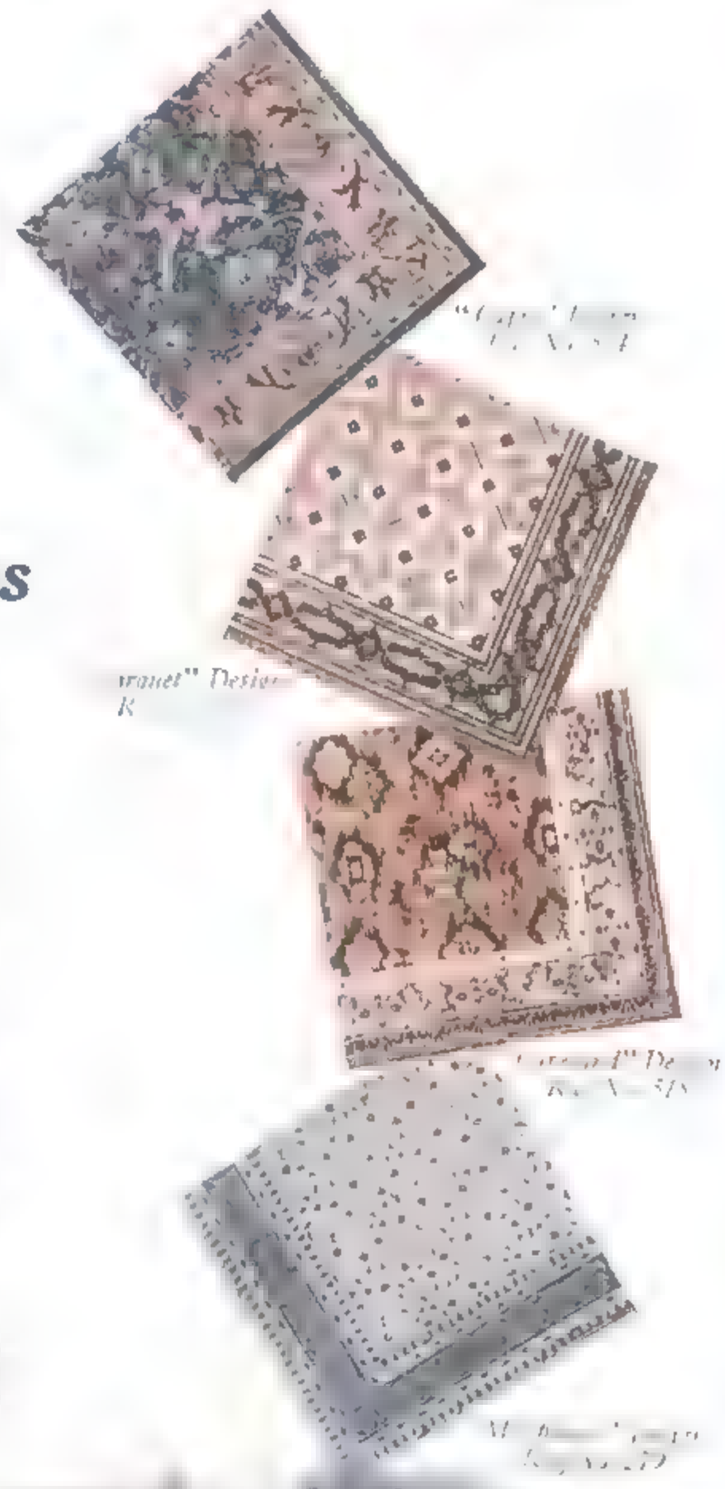


Chocolate frosting an inch thick—a perfect birthday cake! And that little mite is sure to drop his piece—frosting down, of course. But that won't spoil the fun for there's plenty more cake—and the Congoleum Rug can be wiped off in a twinkling! (On the floor is shown the "Lotus" Design—Rug No. 536.)

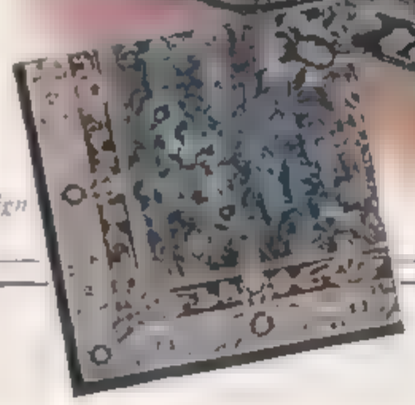
CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL
GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
OR YOUR MONEY BACK

$100 Reward!

There is only one "[illegible]" It is manufactured by Congoleum Nairn Inc., and identified by a Gold Seal pasted on the surface of every pattern. All "Seconds" are identified by a red label.

As the sale or represent[illegible] other make [illegible] goleum" is a violation of the law, we will pay $100 to any person securing evidence that leads to the conviction of anyone guilty of this practice.

If you want the genuine ask for it by the registered trade-mark name [illegible] and look for the Gold [illegible] on the goods you buy



"Wiltshire" Design Rug No. 574

(Continued from Page 44)

Newt. Not a bit in the world. No, sir, she's a wise old bird."

Newt brushed this aside. "Forget it," he directed curtly. "Or don't tell anyone else you think so. She's queer enough in a lot of ways. I'm going in to see a lawyer with you today."

"You've got to get hold of the right kind of a lawyer," Cheatley suggested shrewdly.

"I know a man," Newt retorted. "If he's still in East Harbor. He'll do anything you ask him to do. If he's paid enough."

"Well, if things go the way you want, you ought to be able to pay him," Cheatley remarked dryly

"A ten-dollar bill looks big to this man," Newt replied. "And he won't have an awful lot to do. If you know how to testify on the witness stand."

"I've been a witness before," Cheatley assured him. "What's this lawyer's name?"

"Morn," said Newt. "Simon Morn. We'll find out where his office is, soon as we get to town."

They found the attorney in an office on the upper floor of one of the old three-story brick blocks on Main Street. At the street floor a torn cardboard placard bore his name and a direction, and the two men climbed the worn stairs, each tread bitten deep by countless feet, and Newt opened his dingy door. The office was not prepossessing. There was by the window a roll-top desk, its interior littered with dirty papers and documents, the whole sprinkled with cigar ashes. Two straight chairs were set at random near this desk, and a cuspidor sadly in need of cleaning was on the floor between them. The place was heated by a small iron stove; and although this morning was not cool, the stove was going and the room was insufferably hot. Morn himself, a fat and sluggish man, sat in his tilting desk chair, overflowing the back with the bulging fat of his neck. His thick legs ending in ridiculously small feet were crossed primly at the ankles; his hands lay relaxed upon his knees; and when the two men came in his great head was tilted forward on his chest. He lifted at the sound of their coming a gross and swollen countenance shaped curiously like a great pear, narrow across the bald forehead where a single wisp of hair lay at an angle, widening at the jaw bones, and wider still across the jowls. This face was so fat that the mouth was small and prim between bulging cheeks, and the eyes were slits full of a malicious intelligence, evilly wise and viciously old.

Newt had made use of this man's services in that ancient matter of his grandmother's land, that bit of trickery by which he had won a comfortable profit for himself at the price of his own exile from Fraternity. He introduced himself now; and Simon Morn heard the introduction passively, nodding his great head.

"I remember the affair," he said heavily. "I remember it well. It had come to my ears that you were once more in this part of the world."

Newt introduced Doctor Cheatley; and the lawyer fixed for a moment on the young physician such a dry and appraising glance that Cheatley was uncomfortable, and his face, what with his embarrassment and the excessive heat in the room, shone even more than it was used to do. Newt himself felt something oppressive and menacing in the bearing of the lawyer; he attributed his discomfort to the great heat in the room and spoke of it and suggested opening a window.

But Simon Morn said mournfully, "I regret I cannot agree with you. My blood is old and thin; I require warm quarters. In any case, the windows are no doubt stuck in their present positions. It would be necessary to burst a pane."

Newt disclaimed any such intention, a little hurriedly; he drew one of the chairs to face the lawyer, and Cheatley took the other.

"We've got a piece of business," Newt explained. "I want to put it up to you."

"I continue the practice of my profession rather as a hobby than otherwise," said Morn slowly. "Nevertheless, as a matter of self-respect I am accustomed to ask a retainer before consultation."

Newt took alarm at this; no matter what his instinctive fear of the man might be, he was in the grip of a still stronger instinct. "I don't think that's necessary," he replied. "If you don't want to talk to us, just you say so and we'll go to somebody else. If you do, then I'll put the case up to you and see what you think. If there's anything in it, it'll pay us all; and if there ain't, I don't want to spend any money in advance."

The other waived the point with a scarcely perceptible movement of his great hand. "Ah, well," he said philosophically, "you interest me, Mr. Dunnack. In view of the fact that you have formerly been a client, you may proceed with your narrative."

In the discussion which followed, it was Newt who did most of the talking. He spoke eagerly and almost fluently, leaning forward in his chair, provoked by the impassivity of the other man to greater eloquence. Morn seemed at times not to be listening at all; his eyes half closed and he did not look at Newt. Cheatley, at Newt's prompting, now and then added a word or two, but for the most part he, too, was silent, while Newt explained the thing which was in his mind to do. And the lawyer permitted Newt to finish what he had to say; to fall silent; to continue once more; to stop; and finally in a sort of desperation to begin at the beginning again, before he was himself moved to speech.

When at last he did rouse himself, it was to say thoughtfully, "You are the eldest son, I believe?"

Newt nodded.

"Yes. Pa sent me away from home after that business of the land for the water company. He claimed I'd been too smart for his ma. But he's dead, and I come back to look out for my interests, you might say."

"I presume," Morn suggested, "that you consider your interests do in fact comprise the entire estate."

"Sam's no business man," Newt assented. "He'll be better off if he lets me run things."

"Sam is your younger brother?"

"Yes."

The fat man painfully moved his hands nearer together till the tips of the fingers touched.

"I am not convinced that your mother is in fact insane," he said slowly. "I could put this in legal terms, but it is not necessary to confuse you, so I will confine myself to phrases with which you are more familiar. I am not satisfied of her insanity."

(Continued on Page 74)

Newt Took Care to Sit a Little Apart From Linda and to Talk to Her Most Matter-of-Factly, Avoiding Giving the Least Alarm

THE TWO AMERICAS

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

PHOTO BY BURTON HOLMES FROM EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

The Christ of the Andes—Erected on the Andean Border Between Chile and Argentina to Commemorate Peace Between the Two Countries

IN THE ten preceding articles of this series we have made our way through the principal South American republics. We have shivered amid the icy peaks of the Andes and baked in the semitropical coastal lowlands. We have glimpsed Peru at the threshold of a significant epoch in her history and seen Chile in transition. Argentine progress has been unfolded and Brazil's unrest and vastness appraised. We have had picturesque human contacts that ranged from peon to president. We have touched the most astonishing blending of bloods anywhere in the world. Best of all, we have learned that after years of error, buffet and disillusion, our commerce has emerged as lusty competitor of the trade of the long-established European countries.

We now reach the final stage of the journey, when there must be a brief recapitulation as well as a look ahead. What is the lesson of these recent years of consistent economic advance? What does the future hold out for us in that vast empire beyond Panama with which so much of our material prosperity is linked? What can we do to cement the international ties born of propinquity and the common inheritance of a hard-won freedom?

Before the answer can be shaped, there must be a word about the other South American republics not already dealt with in detail. Each has a distinct national individuality. All are bound to us by an increasing commercial relationship. No depreciation of their resources in beauty or business is implied in the failure to devote more space to them.

A Market We Should Hold

FIRST in point of accessibility is Uruguay with her lovely capital, Montevideo, the city of roses, which is a port of call for all east-coast steamers. Here, as in Brazil, Chile and Peru, our exports exceed those of any other country, and likewise the extent of our purchasing. We have also taken over a considerable portion of Germany's prewar trade.

Venezuela, which is associated in the North American mind with the volatile Castro, produces much more than revolutions and dictators. Her oil, asphalt and coffee production is a factor to be reckoned with. So, too, with Ecuador, one of the chief sources of cacao and the principal factory of the panama hat. Colombia is rich in rubber and coffee, and Paraguay, with her unique ratio of nearly three women to every male of the species, vies with Argentina as a cattle land. Bolivia has marched to the fore as producer of tin, and her capital, La Paz, is the highest on the globe. It is literally among the clouds.

Since this series was conceived with the main idea of diagnosing South American trade possibilities and our part in them, perhaps it might be best to make this all-important phase the first step in the summing up. If you have read the earlier papers you know that we have taken first place from England as exporter to Brazil; that we are pushing her hard in Argentina, where her prestige was almost proverbial; and that in practically every other republic we have made an advance as seller, buyer and investor during the past three years.

What most people do not stop to realize is the intimate economic contact that exists between Europe and South America. Argentina, Brazil, and to a lesser degree Chile, are almost indispensable to the prosperity of England, Germany, Italy and France. For Italy and Germany the two first-named countries provide huge reservoirs for excess populations as well as markets for surplus manufactured products. It is only through selling goods overseas that Germany can pay her huge war debt. One of her principal trade drives today is in South America. The curious paradox is that though France and England are beneficiaries of reparations, they are at the same time in close competition in South America for the sale of the type of merchandise that will help to pay this indemnity.

The second angle of this South American trade situation is that the market south of the equator is also essential to our oversea commercial authority. For years we regarded it in very much the same way that the average provincial tourist looked upon a trip to Europe. It was a place where he went when inclination dictated. All the while we were almost unconscious of the fact that, owing to the expansion of our productive resources, South America provided the best possible outlet for our commodities. We have reached the point where we must export an increasing part of our output. Moreover, geographically and, therefore, logically, South America is a market that should be ours.

If we lose the position that we have gained during these past few years it will be necessary to open up new fields, and this is not easy. Just as Tibet and the grim polar reaches have yielded to conquest, thus wiping out the last forbidden frontiers, so has commerce unfurled its flag amid the ultimate wilds. Everything but bobbed hair and rolled stockings has penetrated to the cannibal regions. There are practically no new geographical trade fields to conquer. It is now a question of intensifying the offensive in the known ones. None offers, in some respects, the opportunities that South America holds out.

Cheering as is the record of our progress, we shall fail in our larger purpose to dominate South American commerce if we do not live with the job. Continuity of effort combined with intelligent knowledge of local needs and strict attention to packing and shipping comprises the one and only formula for foreign trade. We have learned much and we are doing much, but it is only by incessant application that we shall realize our logical destiny as chief purveyor to our neighbors on the south.

Part of that destiny lies in a continuation of a merchant marine. At the time I write, which is early in August, our shipping is in the throes of its annual travail. Having become a controversial center, it is liable at any time to succumb to political expediency or ill-advised economic procedure. No disaster could be greater than the furling of our merchant flag. Whether we make our marine permanent through government operation or national aid to private interests, the bigger fact remains that the Stars and Stripes must remain floating over an adequate cargo and liner fleet. Unaided, our ensign will almost vanish from the seas. This would mean a return to prewar conditions, when less than 10 per cent of our foreign commerce was carried in Yankee bottoms.

Perpetuity of our merchant marine not only concerns the exporter to South America and elsewhere but touches nearly every citizen in some way. Farmers, merchants and cattle raisers, to say nothing of bankers, insurance companies and travelers, all have a stake in it. It is necessary, therefore, that we maintain our representation at sea, especially at a time when competition is so keen, and when a fast and regular schedule for shipments has become as vital a consideration for goods as for passengers.

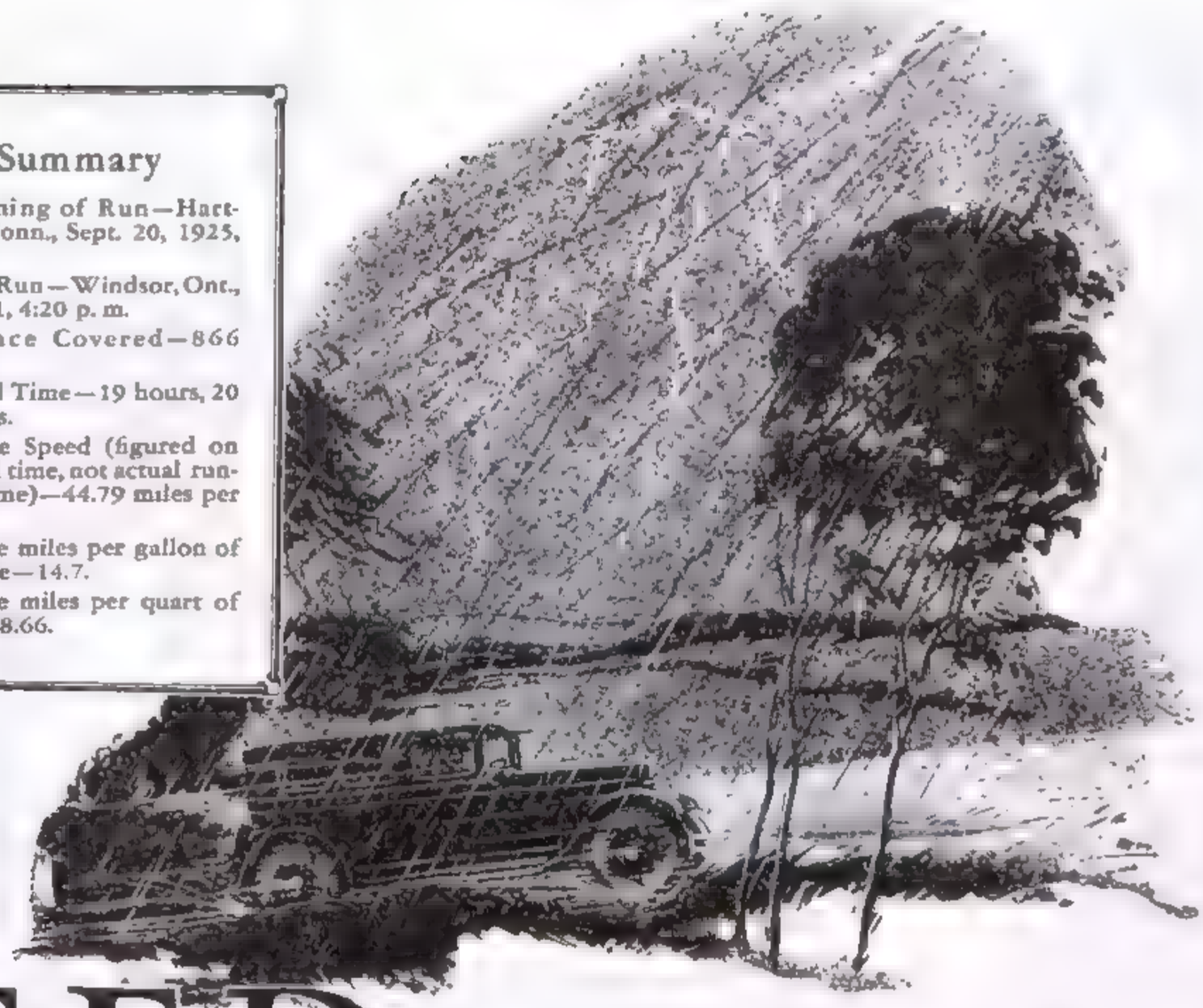
Precious and Political Minerals

NOT only does a considerable portion of our trade turnover depend on South America but the all-important matter of our future supply of food and raw materials is also bound up there. It is possibly only a matter of years before we shall be consuming Argentine beef and wheat. As the older European countries become more and more industrialized fresh supply areas for the support of life and industry must be exploited. The hope of the world rests with the new lands, such as Australia, sections of Africa, New Zealand, Canada and South America. None of these regions is so rich in the raw resources that we need as South America.

Let us first take oil, which has become the most precious as well as the most political of all minerals. Oil diplomacy is now an accredited phase of international relationships. After North America, the greatest areas of undeveloped oil lands are in South America. Development has been comparatively slow because of three reasons. One is that the petroleum sections on the east flank of the Andes are inaccessible from a world-market standpoint. A second is that the world prices of oil have been so low that there was no profit in a production burdened with such a high cost, especially to get it to tidewater. The third is that consumption throughout South America is comparatively small.

Venezuela heads the list with an annual production of something over 9,000,000 barrels. In Peru, which is second, we have a particular interest because a subsidiary of a subsidiary of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey dominates the field. Third in importance comes Argentina. Other producing countries are Colombia and Bolivia.

(Continued on Page 50)



Summary

Beginning of Run—Hartford, Conn., Sept. 20, 1925, 9 p. m.

End of Run—Windsor, Ont., Sept. 21, 4:20 p. m.

Distance Covered—866 miles.

Elapsed Time—19 hours, 20 minutes.

Average Speed (figured on elapsed time, not actual running time)—44.79 miles per hour.

Average miles per gallon of gasoline—14.7.

Average miles per quart of oil—288.66.

SPEED

Not an Hour's Spurt but a Thrilling 19-hour Stretch

Spectacular and convincing proof of the super-ability of the Hupmobile Eight was recorded in the thrilling dash of Major T. W. Campbell and C. E. Emery from Hartford, Conn., to Windsor, Ont., Sept. 20-21.

Schedule your run at any speed you like—all day long, if you like—and *make your schedule* with an ease and comfort you've never known before. Speed sustained mile after mile like a swift express train.

—From recent Hupmobile Eight Advertisements

The car, a standard Sedan owned by Major Campbell, was driven 866 miles in the elapsed time of 19 hours, 20 minutes.

Its road speed was continuously from 50 to 65 miles an hour.

Its average speed, on the basis of elapsed time, was 44.79 miles an hour.

This is three miles an hour faster than the swiftest limited train from Boston to Windsor and Detroit. The distance covered by the car is 120 miles farther than the train's route.

For eight hours, the run was made in the night; and for six of those eight hours, through blinding, pouring rain.

The schedule, laid out in advance, called for 170 miles every four hours. In spite of rain and slippery roads—in spite of towing a chance tourist's disabled car for 20 miles on a detour—this schedule was exceeded in the entire distance.

Though the speed was terrific, the car averaged 14.7 miles per gallon of gasoline; 288.66 miles per quart of oil—this from an eight.

The car already had more than 18,000 miles on its speedometer before this run was begun. The valves were ground—for the first time—and it was ready to go.

Not one car in ten thousand is ever subjected to such punishment. But in this magnificent performance is food for much thought.

To owners of the Hupmobile Eight, satisfying assurance that their car is superbly equal to even the most extraordinary demands of speed and distance.

To all others, equally satisfying assurance of what they will acquire when finally they come to the Hupmobile Eight.

For it demonstrates an endurance and a reliability which are peculiarly Hupmobile, and which translate themselves into long years of splendid service.

Sedan, Now $2195 Coupe, Two or Four Passenger, Now $2035 Touring Car, Now $1795 Roadster, Now $1795 Dual Cowl Sport Roadster, Now $1895 F. O. B. Detroit, tax to be added

GET ACQUAINTED WITH YOUR HUPMOBILE DEALER

HUPMOBILE EIGHT

The Largest-Selling Straight Eight In the World

Continued from Page 48

Almost equally important in universal need is copper. Chile had become the second largest copper-producing country on the globe. Here we are the most important factors in output because our investment in Chilean and Peruvian copper mining aggregates more than $300,000,000.

Embedded on the arid and bleak Chilean coast is a third mineral indispensable to civilization. As far as modern science has been able to discover, the world's entire supply of nitrate of soda is buried there. With nitrates, we have begun a production which will eventually give us a conspicuous place in the industry.

There was a time when Cornwall and tin were almost synonymous terms. Today Bolivia is the premier producer, with an annual output of nearly 60,000 metric tons, surpassing the Federated Malay States, which formerly led. Other essentials to industry to be found in South America are manganese, vanadium and iron ore. The reserves of coal in Argentina, Chile, Colombia, Peru and Venezuela are estimated to be nearly 40,000,000,000 tons.

These statistics, stated as such, merely mean that there is a vast amount of valuable raw material under the ground in South America. It is only when you invest them with their international significance in relation to both war and peace that their importance becomes striking.

Analyze this vital matter of raw materials and you uncover the fact that, as one well-known scientist put it, "there is a convergence of demand upon a few adequate sources." The World War proved how dependent the belligerent nations were upon a comparatively small area of this earth for the essentials of conflict. Chilean nitrates, which are used in the making of explosives, suddenly became more valuable than diamonds because there is only one source and German submarines infested the sea. Great difficulty was experienced in getting an adequate supply to Europe.

One-third of the world's mineral tonnage, of which iron and coal form 90 per cent—I use the estimate of Prof. C. K. Leith, of the University of Wisconsin—moves across international boundaries. Hence the power that lies in political control of raw materials. There is no more apt illustration perhaps of this international dependence than is presented by steel making in France. The valuable ore of Lorraine can best be refined with coke from the Ruhr. Geographically divided, the industry could not produce the best results.

The Bogy of Imperialism

NOW for the reason for the intrusion of these facts about South American resources. Those raw materials beyond Panama are indispensable to us because, as in the case of copper, they guarantee a future supply for our factories to meet the ever-widening scope of copper fabrication. According to the best experts we have a bare twenty-five-year reserve of ore left within the confines of the United States. Our advent into nitrate production writes an insurance policy to conserve our needs in some future war. Up to the time of our entry into the industry it was controlled by the British, Germans and Chileans.

Closely allied with any résumé of our South American trade, as well as with a forecast of future relations, is a matter which must be dealt with frankly, although it is liable to jolt some sensitive souls. I refer to the alleged economic imperialism, which has become an obsession with certain uplifters whose utterances tend, I think, to create ill feeling for us among all the Latin American republics at the cost of our commercial advance.

Just what constitutes economic imperialism, as far as our efforts in South America are concerned, is not altogether clear even to those who arraign us for it. The sad commentary on the campaign is that almost without exception the issue has been raised and fostered by misguided North Americans who go about preaching the gospel that our principal purpose is grossly material, and that the

The Principal Business Street of Rio de Janeiro

United States is an octopus with twenty hideous tentacles, one for each Latin American republic. They contend that the words "bonds and battleships" should be emblazoned on our coat of arms. They maintain that the bankers, manufacturers and business men generally who have risked their money, time, effort and sometimes their lives in building up trade, are men who only seek a pound of flesh. In short, we are mere dollar chasers.

The principal argument behind those who allege Yankee economic imperialism is that we have used the big stick, especially in Central America and the Caribbean, and instituted reigns of terror, all to the end that those wicked Wall Street financiers can make capital out of it. The horrible examples are Peru, Nicaragua, Haiti, Honduras, Salvador, Santo Domingo, Ecuador, Bolivia, Costa Rica and Guatemala. The Panama coup is held up as a particular instance of our ruthlessness. The Platt Amendment, which maintains our stewardship over Cuba and gives us the right to intervene for the preservation of independence and the protection of life, liberty and property, is cited as typical of our aggression.

You have only to take a swift survey of some of these countries to find that the Yankee fist has in reality been the benevolent hand that not only fed and clothed, but brought order and solvency out of chaos and bankruptcy. Cuba, redeemed from oppression and disease, is only one striking exhibit. On the day that I write this paragraph our marines evacuated Nicaragua after more than a ten-year tenure, leaving the country worthy of the name of an independent and civilized nation. Haiti has been pacified, and life and property made secure. So, too, with Santo Domingo. Our principal crimes in Peru, Bolivia, Guatemala, Salvador and Colombia are that we either installed financial missions, always at the request of the government, or loaned money in competition with other countries and employed the proceeds for constructive work there.

No unprejudiced person can visit any section of Latin America without discovering that, instead of being the so-called peril, we have provided a panacea for many of the ills that sap human life and sterilize national vitality. Our work in wiping out yellow fever all the way from Cuba to Ecuador and Brazil would alone be sufficient rebuke to the contention that we are selfishly material. Our naval missions to Peru and Brazil have set a standard of efficiency and honor that are striking object lessons for all the people.

Our Record of Reforms

IN PERU, for example, manipulation of contracts for supplies at grossly excessive prices was at one time quite common. When our naval mission took charge a central purchasing and disbursing bureau was established, which has wrought marvels of economy and honesty. It is one of many reforms that we have instigated. In Brazil the efforts of the Rockefeller Foundation have not only controlled hookworm and malaria, but made the former victims of these diseases into useful and self-respecting citizens. The system of district nursing introduced under the same auspices has given whole Brazilian communities new leases on life and hope.

This issue of imperialism would not be worthy of notice save for the trouble it foments for our nationals residing and doing business throughout Latin America. In these republics, as in China and Japan, there is a large body of opinion hostile to foreign enterprise of every kind. It is recruited in the main from unsuccessful, and therefore disgruntled, individuals whose lack of ability or initiative has put them in the employ of aliens. They lose no opportunity to abuse foreign effort, trade and capital.

The North Americans who prate about our mercenary motives and territory seeking in South America merely play into the hands of the dissatisfied. In every big city a certain section of the native press is more or less hostile to us. On all sides are chronic North America baiters. The bogy of economic imperialism is meat and drink to them. On the more practical side, every time the issue is raised against us it is capitalized by our commercial rivals. The Latin is impressionable and therefore easily influenced.

This leads to the question: What do the South Americans really think of us? To get the answer we must do three things. The first is to make a swift analysis of Latin American character. The second is to dissect the South American attitude toward the Monroe Doctrine. The third is to define Pan-Americanism. Out of this survey we may be able to get at the truth. Like every appraisal of foreigners, the truth may not conform to the ideas and the ideals of propagandists.

A preliminary observation, which applies to European as well as South American countries, is necessary. When you have had long contact with alien lands and peoples you discover that there are usually two points of view. One is what might be called the professional or political sentiment, which works overtime when the particular nation is in need of money or some other kind of help. On these occasions many virtues and kinships are suddenly discovered in the source of expected sinews. The long-lost brother is usually geared to a bank roll. A lender can do no wrong.

The other is the honest-to-God feeling which underlies all this camouflage of hot

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A Bridge in a Buenos Aires Park

In three months, public recognition of the value of the *better* Buick has been so sweeping that to-day *one* in every *four* cars sold for $1000 or more is a *better* BUICK

THE BUDGET TO DATE

By Martin B. Madden

Chairman House Appropriations Committee

A GOOD earnings statement from a sound financial or industrial concern is the expected sequence, because businesses are conducted for profit. No one is surprised when that happens, because that is their dominant aim. A government, operating within its proper sphere, is not conducted for financial gain. It has certain well-defined duties toward the collective citizenship which should be performed without any thought of financial return. The safeguarding of liberty, preservation of peace, maintenance of justice, defense against aggression and the promotion of general welfare, all should inure to each citizen with a maximum of efficiency and at a minimum of cost. Business produces and sells service or commodities for a money profit. Government renders service without a primary consideration of any pecuniary return. The success of government is measurable only by the character and quantity of service it renders, and the cost of service can only be metered by the tax burden placed upon its citizens for that performance. The Government of the United States has often been called the biggest business in the world. It has become a vast collection of varied activities—call them businesses if you like—which have been initiated solely for the sake of rendering unselfish service to our people, and therein lies the fundamental difference between the Government and business organized for financial gain.

Government is furnished at actual cost, and we cannot judge of the success of it by the regularity and size of a quarterly or semiannual dividend. We can pass opinion upon it by our tax bills and the conspicuity given to the cost of government by those who have the responsibility of administering its affairs.

Treasury Surpluses

THE war taught us many lessons that have proved profitable guides in the time of peace. One of them was that the cost of government should have a prominent place in policy and routine. That would be a comparatively simple task for a corporation. The duty would be assigned to one of the vice presidents, or perhaps the comptroller, and the work would start. Governments are unwieldy. They have to move slowly if they are democracies. To establish economy and efficiency definitely as a part of our Government, it was necessary to get the entire machinery of the Government committed and dedicated to that purpose. A law had to be passed which prescribed the duties of the President and gave him the instrumentality to take his part in the new plan. Congress had to reorganize its committee system to conform to the new procedure which had been established for the executive branch. The hardest and most difficult task was the job of breaking wasteful administrative habits. Not criminal habits in the sense that they were violations of the law, but careless, thoughtless habits that emanated from the desire of administrative officers to go their own ways independently of the course of other Federal activities. The new duties, the new instrumentalities, the changed habits and the new spirit toward the cost of government are in the essence the budget system. An essayist once wrote that efficiency in government decreased almost in the same ratio in which democracy increased. The science of government has made strides since that declaration, and especially during the recent years of the new methods and new spirit of administration. The best test of the efficacy of a method or system is not an enumeration of the details through which it functions, but a recital of the results which it has brought about. The fourth year of operation of the Government on a budget basis closed on June 30, 1925. What has been accomplished in the four years?

The Treasury Department recently issued a concise statement setting forth the results of the fiscal year which has just closed. It shows that our ordinary receipts exceeded the expenditures chargeable against them by slightly more than $250,000,000. Piling up a surplus is getting to be a habit with the Government, for such a situation has existed with regularity at the end of each of the past four fiscal years. The year 1922 yielded a surplus of $314,000,000; 1923 came forward with $310,000,000; 1924 with $505,000,000; and 1925 with $250,000,000. The best estimate that can be made now for the year 1926 is that a surplus approximating $300,000,000 will eventuate. In four years these surpluses have aggregated nearly $1,500,000,000. They have been made to serve the taxpayer in an efficacious manner through reductions in taxation and by decreasing the public debt.

Figures are tiresome and unromantic, but a story of finances cannot be told without them. Treasury surpluses, reductions in appropriations, decreases in estimates, curtailment of the public debt, elimination of interest charges, cutting of expenditures and all the economies that may be enumerated, are of little interest to the taxpayer unless he notes some concrete and tangible results from them.

Two general cuts in the tax burden have been made over this four-year period. The first decreased the annual levy by approximately $800,000,000, and the second by something over $450,000,000. A third is imminent. When the estimates of receipts and expenditures were made in October, 1924, it was thought that 1925 would bring a surplus of $68,000,000, and the outlook for further sizable tax reduction was not particularly bright. As the year progressed, receipts exceeded the estimate and expenditures were held below the predetermined figure, and the surplus mounted until at the close of the year it reached $250,000,000. Tax reduction will be recommended to Congress by the President in his next budget message and will be enacted into law.

The amount by which the annual burden is to be lessened cannot definitely be fixed now. Many factors enter into a calculation of the sum. The surplus of $250,000,000 for the last year, the present estimated surplus of $300,000,000 for the current fiscal year, and an improved industrial condition in the first six months of the calendar year, indicate that the minimum figure might safely be $350,000,000. If this proves true, it will make the total annual rate which has been lifted from the assessment roll more than $1,500,000,000, and this sum represents twice the amount expended annually for the maintenance of the entire Government, exclusive of the postal service, just prior to the war.

Waiting for tax reduction to take place, after it seems assured by the condition of the Treasury, is doubtless irksome to those who will benefit from it. Whenever a surplus appears at the end of any fiscal year, the only way by which the taxpayer can receive any direct benefit from that surplus is through tax reduction. Tax rates cannot be changed except by the passage of an act by Congress, and approval of it by the President. This process frequently takes considerable time, and often the alleviating rates cannot be put into effect until a year from the date when the condition of the Treasury unmistakably revealed that a reduction in the rates of assessment might wisely be made.

It is not impracticable to suggest that some statute of permanent character might be provided to give to the income-tax payers, upon whom the great burden of direct taxes falls, a chance to have the benefit of a refund whenever there is a free Treasury surplus sufficient to warrant it. It is proper that they should have such a refund, because a surplus normally would come about as the result of more money having been taken from them under the existing tax rates than the expenditures of the Government subsequently demonstrated was necessary.

A Tax-Refund Plan

THE President would have to be given the power in law to make such a refund. It would be necessary to vest in him the authority to determine when that was advisable and how much the refund could be. This might be accomplished through the issuance of a proclamation to the effect that there was, at the close of a given fiscal year, a surplus of a given amount which would not be needed for the current operating expenses of the Government. The relationship which the surplus bears to the total amount of the income taxes shown by the returns filed during the fiscal year in which the surplus occurred, would form a percentage which could be applied to each income tax in order to determine the amount of the refund. The authority to make such a refund, perhaps, should not be exercised where the total amount to be returned was less than $50,000,000. The returns show approximately 5,000,000 taxable incomes. A distribution of $50,000,000 would mean an average refund of ten dollars. Certainly no smaller sum than $50,000,000 should be attempted, and even that might be too small. Because of administrative difficulties, no refund should be made where the amount involved would be less than a dollar.

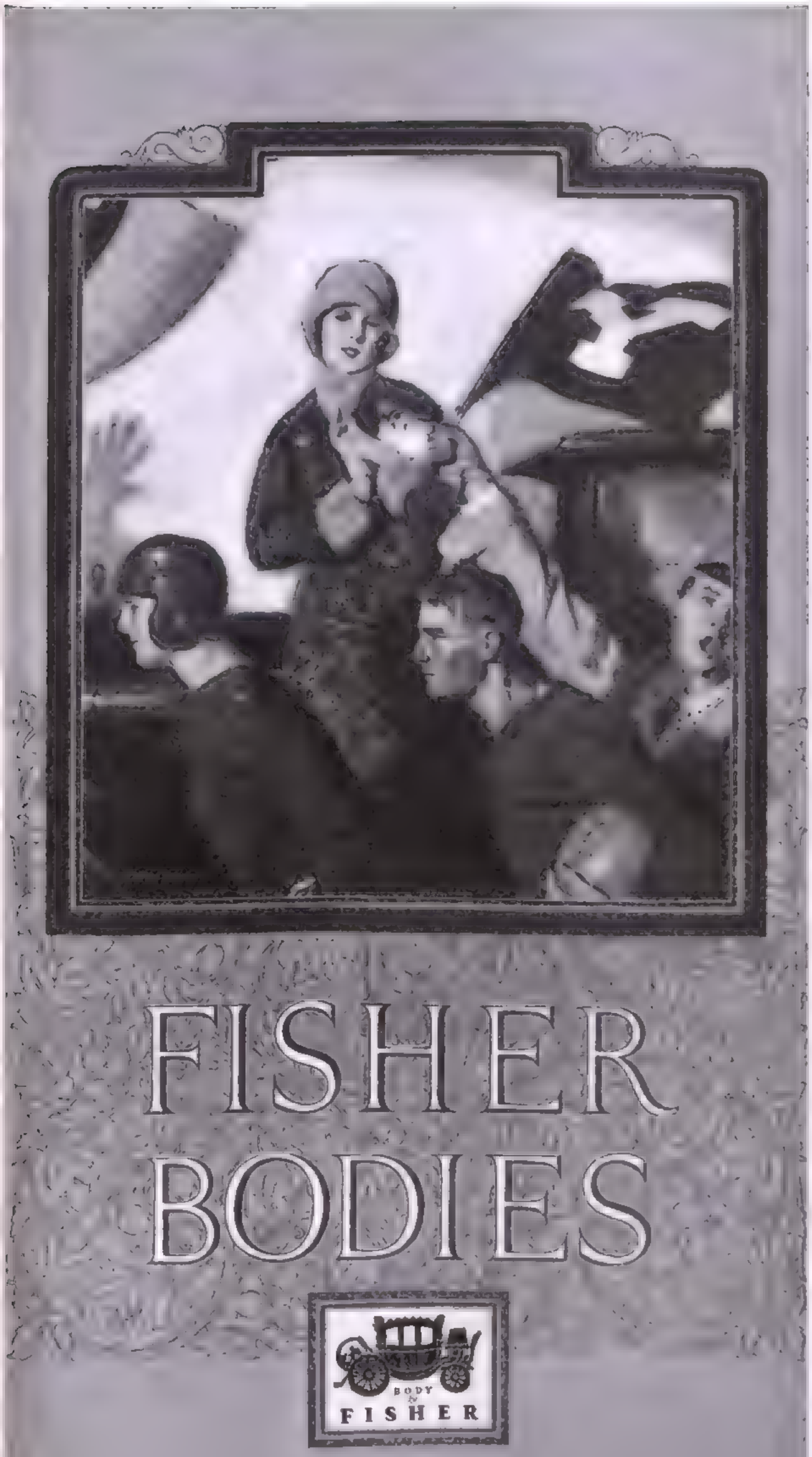
An illustration of practical operation will be helpful to an understanding. The fiscal year which closed on June 30th last showed a surplus of $250,000,000. This sum is not now available for use, because it has been consumed from time to time during the year for the purpose of curtailing the public debt. Suppose, however, that the authority had existed for making such a rebate and this surplus had been impounded for that purpose. The aggregate amount of all the income tax, individual and corporate, shown by the returns filed in the year in which this surplus occurred may be stated at $1,750,000,000. The amount of the surplus would be approximately 14 per cent of the total amount of tax shown by the returns. The taxpayer who made a return of fifty dollars would get a refund of seven dollars, one who made a return of $100 would get a refund of fourteen dollars, and so on; the amount of the rebate in each case being 14 per cent of the total amount of tax found due.

Permanent authority in law to order a return of this character may sound fantastical and be characterized as impracticable because it is a radical departure in government, but it would have an exceedingly practical effect. The feasibility of it was admirably demonstrated by the

(Continued on Page 54)

Trees at Night

THE OAK



FISHER BODIES

BODY BY FISHER

FISHER Body Corporation never had a sales department, and has none today.

For thirteen years after its foundation, however, its business increased at the average rate of 100 per cent each year.

Fisher Bodies created their own demand through the soundest kind of salesmanship—the salesmanship of finer quality and greater value.

That Fisher was able to satisfy such a tremendous demand is a fact remarkable and unique in American industrial annals.

Still more notable, however, is the fact that in meeting this demand, Fisher has maintained standards of manufacture so high that today they serve as a gauge by which all motor car bodies are measured.

∾ ∾ ∾

The Fisher organization came into being in the early days of motor car manufacture. Its beginning was small, but its growth in manufacturing facilities kept pace with the industry's insistence upon Fisher Bodies, and made possible a development unparalleled in industrial history.

Today Fisher stands foremost in the industry in ability to step up body production quickly in answer to the demands of the motor car manufacturers.

It is a matter of plain fact that, had it not been for production methods introduced by Fisher, together with Fisher's own amazing capacity to produce an ever-increasing volume of finely-built motor car bodies, the rapid expansion of the automobile industry would have been literally impossible.

That impresses upon you, in a measure, what Fisher has meant to the automotive industry as a whole.

Watch This Column

"The Calgary Stampede"

HOOT GIBSON

I have just seen HOOT GIBSON'S newest picture, *"The Calgary Stampede,"* and must confess that it is startling. I don't believe I have ever seen a more exciting Western picture and am sure you will agree with me. It differs from other Western pictures in that its background is the great Canadian rodeo held at Calgary, Alberta, Canada, to commemorate the establishment of the Northwest Mounted Police. You will see all the exciting incidents of that world-famous Wild West Show, for they have become part of the story of this picture.

GIBSON and his entire Universal company, together with their own horses and equipment, journeyed from Universal City, Cal., to Calgary and were given a royal welcome by the vast crowd gathered there. You will enjoy the picture because it is full of excitement, daring, and marvelous feats peculiar to the cowboy. Be sure to ask the manager of your favorite theatre to get it. You all know HOOT.

While you are talking with the manager of the theatre which enjoys most of your patronage, call his attention to Universal's magnificent, fantastic spectacle, *"The Phantom of the Opera,"* which enthralled New York and enthused the newspaper critics as no other picture has. You will see LON CHANEY in his most thrilling characterization.

Also tell him that *"Siege"* with VIRGINIA VALLI and EUGENE O'BRIEN is having a remarkable run; so also is Rex Beach's *"The Goose Woman"* with JACK PICKFORD, LOUISE DRESSER and CONSTANCE BENNETT; likewise *"Lorraine of the Lions"* with NORMAN KERRY and PATSY RUTH MILLER. The whole Universal White List is attracting universal attention and you can't afford to miss one of them.

I wish you would write me a letter about any of these pictures you see and tell me where they could have been improved—and how you liked them. Will you?

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Send for beautifully illustrated booklet on our second "White List" pictures, which comes without cost to you.

You can also have autographed photograph of Reginald Denny for 10c in stamps.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 52)

25 per cent horizontal reduction applied to 1923 incomes by the 1924 Revenue Act. The plan would not take from Congress any of the prerogatives connected with the levying of taxes. It would not interfere with any necessary tax revision which the President and Congress might deem advisable. It would be a helpful means toward that end by furnishing the legal authority by which relief could be furnished immediately while awaiting a decrease by permanent law. It would provide a simple and comparatively inexpensive method of administration by which those who bear the great burden of direct taxation might occasionally get a rebate.

The contacts of the average individual with the Government are generally all of one character. He is often told in his own conduct, and in that of his business, that he must not do certain things, he is told how and when he may do those things which he is not prevented from doing, and he must always contribute his share of the cost of maintaining the Government. The benefits which he receives through the national defense agencies, the postal service, the administration of justice, the promotion of commerce, the encouragement of agriculture, the conservation of human life and physical resources, and the countless other activities which the Government performs for the general welfare, seldom are sensed in the fullest degree by him. They come as a matter of course, and to the average person are so big and abstract that they do not establish that intimacy between the Government and the individual which is essential to perfect understanding. An occasional refund to the taxpayer would go a long way toward building up a relationship of the character much to be desired. It would have a salutary psychological effect upon the taxpayer. He would, perhaps, take a larger interest in, and be more insistent upon, the affairs of the nation being conducted in an economical manner if by that conduct it would be possible to aid in bringing about a surplus in which he could participate. He would feel that the Government had something of a direct personal interest in him.

A Program of Economy

The existence of a surplus in the Treasury too small to be made the basis of general tax revision, but large enough to make attractive the enactment of new laws imposing additional expenditure obligations, is not conducive to the best financial management. Ready money in the hands of governments, as in the hands of individuals, is apt to beget extravagant notions. The safest margin in management, whether for the Government or the individual, is that which makes necessary the exercise of caution, prudence and common sense in the expenditure of money or in the laying of obligations which will result in expenditures.

The Treasury surpluses have not come about magically. They have occurred mainly through a constant warfare against appropriations and expenditures in which the President and Congress have cooperated harmoniously. The details of this struggle for lowered governmental expenses are too numerous to mention. They are fairly typified by what has been done in two or three fields of endeavor represented by appropriations, expenditures and public-debt operations.

The total of the appropriations made during the two sessions of the Sixty-eighth Congress was approximately $7,900,000,000. This sum is almost $800,000,000 less than the total appropriated during the Sixty-sixth Congress and $375,000,000 less than the total for the Sixty-seventh Congress.

Four years ago we closed the fiscal year with expenditures totaling $5,538,000,000, which included payments under the sinking fund and other public-debt retirements chargeable to ordinary receipts. This year we closed our fiscal affairs on June 30th last, with expenditures aggregating $3,529,000,000. The reduction over the period is slightly more than $2,000,000,000.

The gross public debt on June 30, 1921, was $23,976,000,000, and on June 30th of this year the amount had been reduced to $20,516,000,000—a cut over the four years of $3,460,000,000. Accompanying this retirement of a large portion of our public debt has come a gratifying decline in the amount of interest which we have had to pay annually, the expenditure for that purpose dropping from $997,000,000 in 1921, to $882,000,000 in 1925—less by $115,000,000.

The operation of the budget system thus far has taken place through a fine spirit of coöperation between the President and Congress. There has been a mistaken impression, at times quite pronounced in certain sections of the country, that Congress has been guilty of extravagance and has not responded to the program of economy as outlined by the President in the budgets. At a recent meeting of the business organization of the Government, President Coolidge, after reviewing the splendid results under the budget, paid a deserving tribute to Congress when he said:

"Full measure of credit is due the Congress, which, as representing the people, has supported and aided the executive budget."

This is a well-merited encomium from one in a position to render an opinion. There are those in the country, however, who never see any good in anything that Congress does. They are chronic critics of the legislative branch, and, no matter what the records show, they would assail it on general principles and trust to luck and the lack of information on the part of their auditors or readers to get away with the slur.

The President said only what was just and fair of the record of Congress. In my long experience in the House, I have seldom seen a policy upon which there was such unanimity of opinion and action as there has been on the question of public expenditures. One noticeable feature has been the forbearance and self-sacrificing of local interest in favor of the common good. When one recalls the former days when appropriations were sought with avidity for local projects, and the worth of a member was often judged by the amount of the appropriations he secured for his district, it is appropriate to commend the change from local to national attitude. Not many years before the inauguration of the budget system an eccentric colleague confided to me his policy on appropriations and taxation. Needless to say, it was not an announced public platform, but a personal rule, action in accordance with which he found quite popular with his constituents. He always opposed any increase in taxation and always favored new and increased appropriations.

It was quite an inconsistent policy, but one that was admittedly effective in the playing of a lone hand. There is no place in the present scheme for such trifling with economic principles.

Congress Coöperating

The responsibility of the executive and legislative branches is readily discernible. It has been so for each of the years during which estimates have been submitted to Congress under the budget. There has not been a single year in which Congress has appropriated more than the President requested through the estimates. As a matter of fact the total of appropriations granted by Congress in the past four years has been less than the aggregate of the estimates by approximately $350,000,000. So close has been the margin between executive request and congressional approval, that in the past three years the difference between the estimates and appropriations has averaged slightly under $12,000,000 a year. No one can find any honest basis of criticism of Congress for such a performance.

Frequently the criticism leveled at Congress for its action on public issues is justifiable and helpful, but the sharp-shooting charges that it is chafing under budget restraint and bulging with suppressed desires to spend public funds for local projects and selfish political aggrandizement are a denial of the fairest and cleanest record that has ever been made by the National Legislature on any public question. Not only has Congress, functioning as a whole, reduced the budget estimates below the total which the President has submitted for consideration, but the individual action of the Senate and House has been uniformly commendable.

The House at the last session added a net of only $850,000 to the total of all the regular annual appropriation bills as they came to it from the committee in an aggregate involving over $2,000,000,000, though the Senate was guilty of increasing the total amount of the bills as they were sent from the House by $4,000,000! Examine the record of the Senate on appropriation measures for the last forty years and you will not find the equal of this. When one recalls the occasions in previous years when the Senate thought nothing of the addition of $100,000,000 or $200,000,000 to the House totals, it is indeed refreshing and gratifying to note this accomplishment as a part of our financial history. Those who traduce Congress through an ignorance of the facts will find this general record, and the minutiæ of commendable detail connected with it, an astonishing revelation.

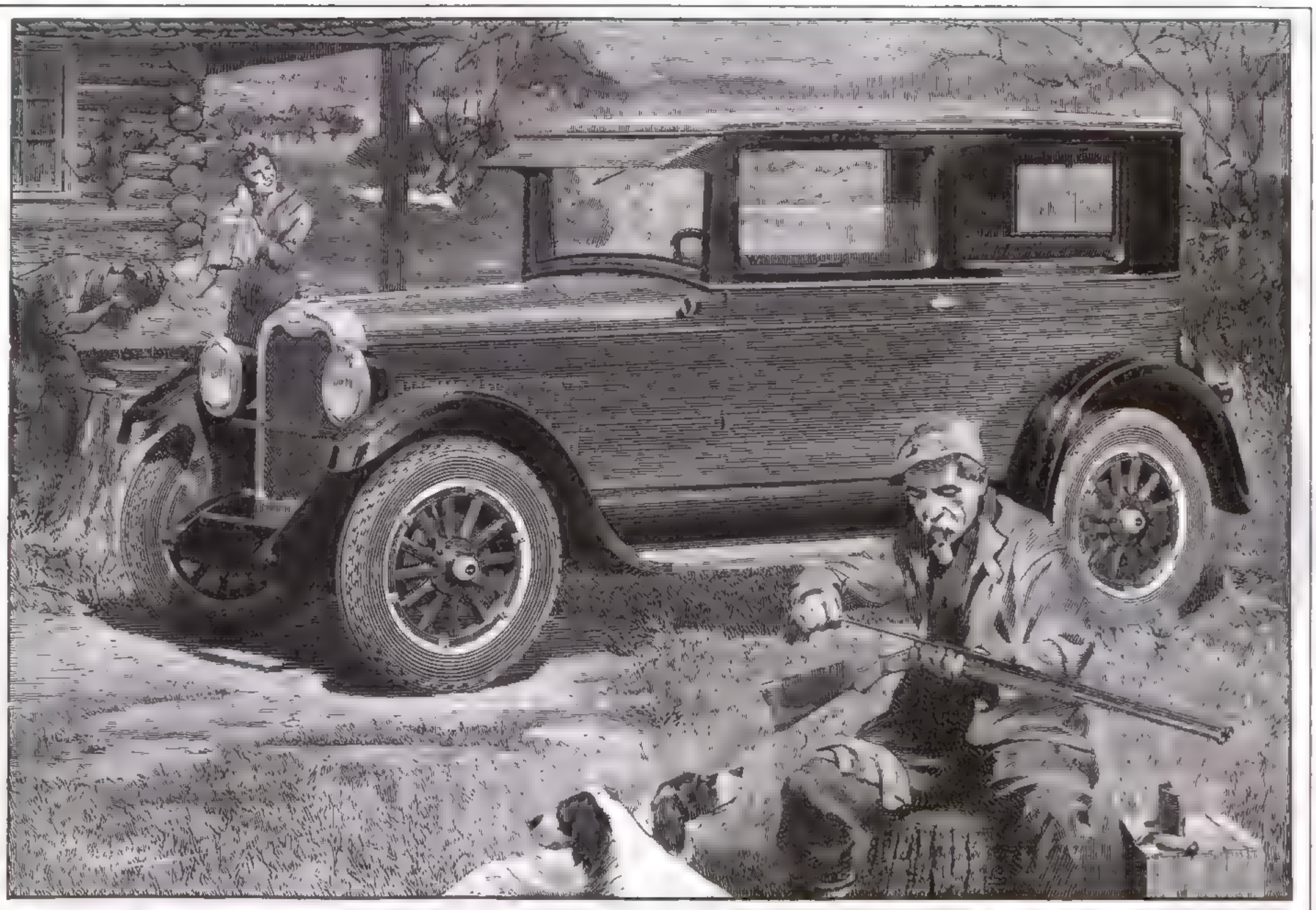
Budget Knockers

There were those who scoffed when the budget system was proposed and there are still some to whom its rigid requirements are irksome. They belong to the groups interested in the development of some particular activity of government which has been compelled to keep its proportionate place in the process of balancing the budget. I have not heard anyone bitterly criticizing the decrease in the grand total of expenditures. No one will say that the unusual decreases in the public debt have not been a great relief. Everyone has commended tax reduction. A very few have given voice to a belief that economy in the Government has injured business. This is the most amazing economic argument ever encountered. The drive for economy and reduced expenditures has made possible two general tax reductions, and a third is coming. The approval of the lifting of these burdens has been spontaneous and unanimous. Past cuts in taxes have been a great impetus to business and have been so acknowledged almost universally. The prospective decrease to be made at the coming session of Congress has already been an industrial stimulant.

Economy and tax reduction are as closely linked as the Siamese Twins. Hailing one as a boon and decrying the other as a bane forms a gross incongruity, to say the least. There are always some people whose actions resemble those of the razor-backed shoats in the mast. So long as the ground is covered with nuts they eat greedily and do not trouble themselves about the breezes which shake down the harvest, but when the forest carpet is bare they gaze longingly overhead for a wind to sway the boughs and replenish their feeding ground. So it is with those who cry out that economy is hurting business. They avidiously clutch the fruits of tax reduction and blandly stamp the cause of it as a business deterrent. Economy in the Government has not injured any businesses except, perhaps, a few which may have profited in some degree because of a lack of it in the Government. Some businesses may not have prospered during this period of retrenchment as they should, or as their owners thought they should, but they must look for reasons other than the fallacious one they have adopted. If they do not find other reasons they will never prosper.

The wholesome results from budget operation have not been confined to the

(Continued on Page 56)



The Oakland Harmonic Balancer

This new and exclusive feature imparts an unmatched freedom from vibration to the Oakland Six engine, and in a manner that is simplicity itself. Torsional vibration in any automobile engine is caused by the twist of the crankshaft under repeated piston impulses. The Harmonic Balancer—built into the Oakland crankshaft—exerts an equal twisting force in the opposite direction, which counteracts the twist of the crankshaft, thus stopping vibration at its source. This means new thrills of motoring pleasure, longer car life.

A. New Oakland Six engine with The Harmonic Balancer—uniformly smooth at all speeds.

B. Six-cylinder engine without Harmonic Balancer—not uniformly smooth,—having vibration periods.

Readings taken with the crankshaft indicator, a device for measuring torsional vibration.

Never has any car enjoyed a more enthusiastic reception. Never have people been more outspoken in their praise of any automobile. In many cities, sales have multiplied beyond precedent. In some localities, the figures for the first ninety days have surpassed those of the entire preceding year. More than 100 improvements and new prices—$70 to $350 lower—have created an unprecedented nation-wide demand.

Roadster	*Touring*	*Coach*	*Landau Coupe*	*Sedan*	*Landau Sedan*
$975	$1025	$1095	$1125	$1195	$1295
(Old Price $1095)	*(Old Price $1095)*	*(Old Price $1215)*	*(Old Price $1295)*	*(Old Price $1545)*	*(Old Price $1645)*

All prices at factory — — General Motors Time Payment Rates, heretofore the lowest in the industry, have been made still lower. You can now save as much as $40 to $60 in your time payment costs.

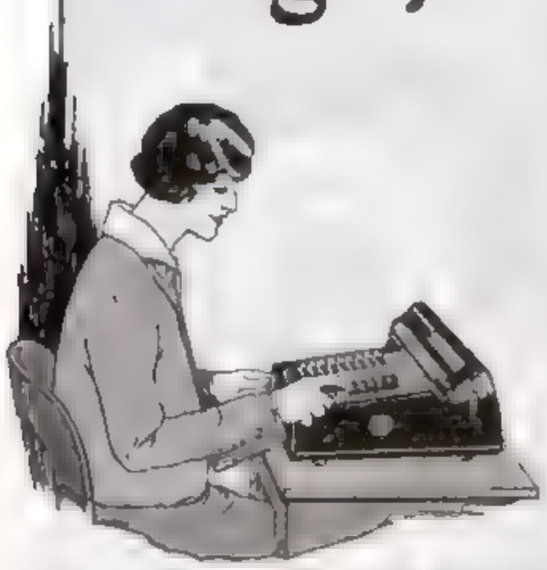
WINNING AND HOLDING GOOD WILL

OAKLAND SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

A DEVELOPMENT OF 50 YEARS

farewell to figure drudgery



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Every calculation—Addition, Subtraction, Multiplication and Division—is handled by the Monroe with lightning Speed and first-time Accuracy. No delay. No labor. No risk. Positive *figure protection.*

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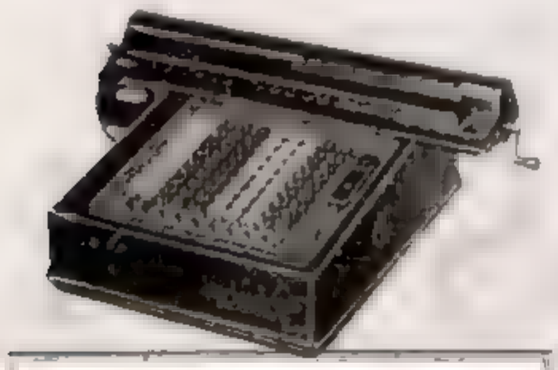

(Continued from Page 54)

Federal Government. Reduction in governmental expenditures and the ensuing decreases in taxation, accompanied as they have been by widespread public commendation, have spread an infection to the states and to industry, for a more systematic handling and a more adequate control over their finances. By this it should not be inferred that the exact system which has been adopted for the United States can be used as a model and fitted instantly to any state or industry. Far from it, for a budget system is not a patented article that can be purchased, instantly installed and put into operation. There are all kinds of budgets—national budgets, state budgets, county budgets, municipal budgets, institutional budgets, corporation budgets, family budgets and budgets attached to this, that, and the other entity that receives and expends money. Each entity, perhaps, requires a different system, but the principles are the same and the important factor in all is that in the conduct of these affairs a definite place has been found and a sustained attention given to the expenditure side. The aim of a budget is not necessarily a reduction in expense. It might even result in an augmented expense, but it invariably induces the exercise of foresight and balanced planning and the attainment of a better value for each dollar that is paid out. That in itself is saving in a very comprehensive manner.

The steady decrease in expenditures over the past four or five years, accompanied as it has been by decreases in taxation, has come to be the accustomed and expected occurrence in governmental finance. It has evoluted from the novel and unusual almost to the verge of the commonplace. It would, indeed, be wonderful if the downward progression could go on indefinitely, but unfortunately it cannot. The time will come, and at no very distant date, when our expenditures will have reached a level below which it will not be prudent or even possible to venture. The Government must do certain things and do them well for the direct benefit of 113,000,000 people, and the doing of those things will annually require a very considerable outlay.

Public Interest in Economy

Public interest in the budget and retrenchment in the Government was aroused by the excessive burden of taxation which the public was carrying. The budget system was instituted for several purposes. It was designed to reduce expenditures and effect a decrease in taxation, to prevent expenditures from increasing abnormally after they had been stabilized, to insure an economical distribution of the annual outlay, and to make the service rendered as efficient as possible under the handicaps incident to any governmental system.

The general public has been greatly interested in the budget, largely because of tax-reduction eventualities and possibilities. Will it continue that interest when there is no longer a prospect of further decrease in taxes, or will it lapse into its former attitude of indifference and allow the burden to accumulate gradually until it is again jolted by the very weight of it? I believe the public will have a sustained interest in the cost of government once it realizes that it is as vitally concerned in restraint in taxation as it is in reduction of taxes.

Restraint in Government Growth

It is possible to have reasonably normal and healthy growth in government without an increase in the tax rate on the individual. The population is constantly increasing, the wealth of the country is mounting, and we are progressing as a nation. If the annual expenditures of the Government remained stationary, the increase in population and in the income-producing capacity of the country would eventually lead to a reduction in the tax rate on each individual because of the larger number of persons among whom the burden would be divided. It is not consistent to assume, however, that with growing numbers the aggregate cost can be kept at the same level for any great length of time. It is logical to assume that the increase in revenue, because of the larger number of taxpayers and greater national wealth, will keep pace with whatever consequent increase may come in the cost.

The task of the future will consist largely in preventing a disproportionate increase in the cost of the Government. This sounds like a simple problem, but compared with it, all other budget perplexities pale into insignificance. The solution lies in keeping the Government out of new activities into which it should not enter, in preventing existing activities from becoming unduly magnified, and in getting a maximum of efficiency at a minimum of cost from those services which are maintained.

The general public little realizes the extreme importance of restraint in the growth of government. What is everybody's business is generally nobody's business, and while the general public is interested in the problem from a nationalistic standpoint, it is composed of many subdivisions of individuals interested in some phase of governmental activity which deals in matters of everyday interest to them. Agriculture, manufacturing, labor, mining, transportation, scientific research, human welfare, conservation of resources, national defense, these and many others, each represents a cross section of the public which is vitally interested in the maintenance and development of some particular unit or units of the Government, and has little or no specific interest in the rest of the Government activities, except as they exist as a part of the abstract whole. Practically every unit has its special champions among groups of citizens who want it to develop, and who regard it as the most meritorious portion of the whole organization. These protagonists are enthusiastic and industrious, often without realizing what their efforts mean so far as cost is concerned, and without sensing what the united efforts of all the champions of the different government activities can do to the Federal Treasury and the tax rate if they persist too enthusiastically.

On every hand we hear commendations for tax reduction and reduction or restraint in government expenditures from which tax reduction results. Everyone with general acclaim favors them, but when we come to be specific and apply the reduction or restraint in expenditure, very ingenious arguments are concocted and advanced as to why the reduction or restraint ought not to be applied to that particular activity or enterprise of the Government, and the suggestion is offered that it be made operative at some other point, and when you arrive there you are met with the same arguments and suggestions for further removal.

This attitude toward Government expenditure brings about many incongruous and curious situations. Frequently those who are most vitally interested in a decrease in taxation become the most insistent upon an increase in the funds for the support of some particular branch of the service. In their enthusiasm they forget, for the time being, that there is a relationship between the two which must be reconciled. They see only one side at a time. It used to be a not infrequent practice for zealous administrative officers of the Government to endeavor to build up a public sentiment for the expansion of the activity with which they were directly concerned and inspire the petitioning of Congress to influence that end. The practice became so obnoxious that a law was passed making it an offense punishable by fine and removal of any officer of the Government found guilty of using public funds or his official position to solicit support for funds or legislation for the advancement or aggrandizement of the service of which he was the head. The statute has had the effect of greatly minimizing the abuse.

The Budget of the Future

The budget of the future, once expenditures have reached a level and the spur and allurement of further tax reduction are no longer a probable factor, will need a sustained and thoughtful public interest and support. Individuals and groups of individuals who rather perfunctorily lend their aid to movements for increased appropriations, can render a great service by pausing and critically examining the projects which they are asked to indorse, by pondering upon the possibility of increased taxation when they consider the request to support the enlarged outlay, and by keeping in mind the burden of taxation under which they formerly suffered, but which was removed. The future cost of government depends upon the interest and attitude of the public as a whole, and more particularly upon the public as organized groups of citizens interested in special developments.

Cut down waste

A warning and a promise

At this writing, there are 235 national bodies—manufacturing, industrial, technical and Governmental—working to reduce various wastes in American Industry.

Never before has War on Waste gained such impetus. Here is a movement that carries both a warning and a promise to every plant executive.

Wastes cut sharply into your margin of profit. When you accept a dependable means of reducing waste you protect your present margin and give it a chance to grow.

No phase of waste reduction is more far-reaching than the correct lubrication of plant machinery.

Correct lubrication is perhaps the most important single factor in keeping machinery running at maximum efficiency and in prolonging its life.

Correct lubrication is a scientific problem. It demands not only wide experience with machines and changing operating conditions; it demands wide knowledge of the range of oils available—their characteristics and fitness for many purposes.

Only thorough study of lubrication can equip anyone to solve the lubrication problems of all industry.

The Vacuum Oil Company, the world's leading authorities on lubrication, stands ready to put its experience and its correct lubricating oils at your service.

With the coöperation of your plant personnel we will gladly assume the full responsibility of prescribing correct lubrication throughout your plant.

Upon request to our nearest branch office, we will send an experienced representative to discuss this further. No obligation is entailed.

New York (*Main Office*), Albany, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Dallas, Des Moines, Detroit, Grand Rapids, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, New Haven, Oklahoma City, Peoria, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Me., Rochester, St. Louis, Springfield, Mass.

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NEW YORK

GARGOYLE

Lubricating Oils
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IF the Vacuum Oil Company lubricates your plant, you use an organization which has specialized in lubrication for 59 years, whose engineers and field men visit over 200,000 plants yearly, whose treatises are recognized engineering text books. Gargoyle Lubricating Oils are approved specifically by 225 foremost machinery builders, and lubricate industries the world over.

Just when my ego begins to get comfortably inflated, I usually get a letter like the following:

Dear Jim:

You modestly pin the title "salesman" on yourself. How much do kids need to be "sold" on going to the circus? Would it require "salesmanship" to dispose of iced drinks in the Hot Place?

Mennen Shaving Cream is a priceless boon in an otherwise cruel world. It is one human product that has attained perfection. It has changed the slavery of shaving into a mere pre-breakfast gesture.

Salesmanship? Huh! When a man has once felt that creamy, gorgeous lather on his face, seen (not felt) the razor zip off the whiskers, experienced the refreshed after-sensation—you couldn't keep him away from Mennen Shaving Cream with a shot-gun!

Disrespectfully yours,

R — — — S — — —

In a chastened mood, I only add that Mennen Shaving Cream comes in two types of tubes—50c at drug stores.

And Mennen Skin Balm—the remarkable new preparation for after-shaving—costs the same in the same stores. Have you met Skin Balm? Have you felt its pleasant bite, experienced the sensation of refreshing coolness it gives, smelled its stimulating odor? Forget all your prejudices—try a tube of Mennen Skin Balm and you'll thank me! And don't forget it has real antiseptic value, too.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

Regular type tube with threaded cap

YOUR CHOICE OF TUBES 50c

New-style tube with non-removable top

PHILANTHROPIC MR. TRUMBLE

(Continued from Page 19)

"I expect to," said Mr. Trumble.

Next he went to the bank. When he came out he was perceptibly plumper in the region of the pockets and about him hovered the pleasing scent of crisp new bills, and as he walked, chest out, up Fifth Avenue, he jingled. On his face was the broad, happy smile that comes only to the faces of those who are about to do good, with no ulterior motive whatsoever.

Around the corner, just off the Avenue, Mr. Trumble spied a man helping support a lofty building by leaning against it. There was something infinitely dejected about that man. He quite obviously had neither a wardrobe nor a razor. He was watching the crowd pass him by, watching with hungry, anxious eyes the New York faces set, unsmiling. The man stroked the stubble on his chin with a despairing thumb and huddled his worn overcoat closer about him.

Casually Mr. Trumble drew near him. With a quick motion Mr. Trumble pressed a twenty-dollar bill into the man's hand. No grateful words came from the man's lips. His expression was a neat combination of leer and wink. One of his hands dipped into a side pocket, brought out a roll of bills that would have made a comfortable pillow for a baby, and from it he peeled a ten and two ones. These he handed to the amazed Mr. Trumble. Then dexterously he produced from his other pocket a bottle which he thrust under Mr. Trumble's coat.

Mr. Trumble stood gaping

"Gwan," said the man in a friendly growl, "or you'll queer my game."

The bottle was labeled ginger ale. It wasn't.

Thoughtfully Mr. Trumble pursued his philanthropic way. In front of a department store he halted. The window was filled with toys. That alone was enough to have stopped him, but there was something more. Close to the window was a child of the sort described as a tot in Christmas stories, and, quite in accordance with the rules, the tot was pressing its nose against the window and gazing wistfully at the toys. Also it was blubbering a bit.

"Well, my little man," said Mr. Trumble, "do you see something you want?"

"Wanna pig," said the little man.

In the window there was a pig, a magnificent pig, larger than many living pigs and infinitely pinker. It gazed out at Mr. Trumble with pensive blue eyes.

"Does Santa Claus come to your house?" asked Mr. Trumble.

The little man gave out a dismal "Naw."

"You poor little fellow! What's your name?"

"Abie."

"Oh," said Mr. Trumble. "Well, anyhow, come with me, Abie." And taking one of Abie's mittens, Mr. Trumble led him into the store.

"I want," said Mr. Trumble, glowing inwardly, "that pig in the window. The big one with the blue eyes."

It was brought. On seeing it at close range, with its eyes almost on a level with his own, Abie was seized by fear. He began to howl. And he knew how.

"There, there," soothed Mr. Trumble. "Pigs don't bite little boys."

At that moment Mr. Trumble felt himself whacked on the back. It was a sound and lusty whack and it was administered by a large matron whose face was as red as the stove in a country store.

"Keedneper," screamed this lady, whacking Mr. Trumble again. "Keedneper"

"Momma," screamed Abie.

"Loafair wot you are," screamed the lady, addressing Mr. Trumble. "Keedneping my Abie."

"Madam," said Mr. Trumble, with as much dignity as a man in the act of being whacked can muster, "I am not a kidnaper. I was buying your son a pig."

"A peeg?" The lady seemed even more irate. "Hah! Bummer! For why should you buy him peegs? You wanna steal my dolink, low-life you."

A crowd was gathering fast. It was eying Mr. Trumble hostilely. A large store policeman shouldered his way through the throng.

"Wot's this?" he demanded.

"Peegs he was buying my Abie," said the lady to the officer. "Keedneper," she said to Mr. Trumble.

"Oho," said the officer darkly. "That looks bad."

The crowd made truculent sounds. Mr. Trumble was very red and very damp.

"He wanted a pig," he said limply.

"Benena hoil," said the lady. "I sippose if he wanted a life helephant, you'da boughten him one, hah? Come with momma, Abie dolink."

"Better beat it, you," said the officer to Mr. Trumble.

"I want my pig," bellowed Abie.

"A slep in the snoot I'll give you," said the lady, and as she dragged her offspring away she cast a scornful "Keedneper!" at Mr. Trumble.

His exit from the store could hardly be described as triumphant.

The fresh air and the gratifying fullness of his pockets revived, somewhat, the crestfallen Mr. Trumble. He stopped again, this time before a jewelry store, whose windows were dazzling with a display of pearls. They were not the kind of pearls that have oysters for foster mothers, but, the sign said, they were so much like real pearls that only an oyster could tell the difference. There was that string at three hundred dollars, for example. Could you tell it from a ten-thousand-dollar string? Mr. Trumble, for one, couldn't.

On beholding the pearls Mr. Trumble thought of Katie. She had a passion for pearls, indeed for ornament of any kind, and this taste she was unable to gratify to any large extent out of her salary as cook at The Willows. Once, three years ago, when Mr. Trumble had been mildly ill, Katie had made him special poached eggs and had been solicitous about his temperature. He was not one to forget a kindness. The pearls, he decided, would please Katie, who was portly and mature and needed artificial ornament, since the best nature had done for her was a liberal endowment of extra chins. So he went into the store and bought the three-hundred-dollar string of pearls.

"Will you give me your name, sir?" the clerk said. "We want to send you our booklet, Poitenent Pernters About Poils."

Mr. Trumble obliged.

With his pearls in his pocket, he went on his way. Lunchtime was at hand. Mr. Trumble headed for a glittering and costly restaurant. As he drew near it, his eyes, on the lookout for opportunities for altruism, lighted upon the man with the green derby. The hat had not always been green; the years and the suns and the rains had given it its verdant hue. The man and his garments were middle-aged, and he had the lean brooding face of a seedy Hamlet. He was sitting on a bench in a scrap of public park, watching two sparrows fighting over a crumb. To Mr. Trumble it seemed that the man was contemplating entering the battle himself.

Subduing his diffidence, Mr. Trumble took a seat on the same bench and presently said, "Watching the birds?"

"Why not?" said the man in the green derby. The conversation languished. Then Mr. Trumble began again.

"I was just going to get a bite of lunch," he said.

"Don't let me stop you," said the man in the green derby.

"I thought"—Mr. Trumble hesitated—"I thought you might like to come along and have a bite with me."

"I wouldn't," said the man.

"My party, of course," said Mr. Trumble.

The man appraised Mr. Trumble with suspicious eyes.

"Say, what's the game?" he demanded.

"No game at all," answered Mr. Trumble. "I don't like to eat alone, that's all."

"I do," said the man.

"Then you won't accept my invitation?"

The man smiled a crooked smile.

"No, thanks," he said, "and I won't buy the Brooklyn Bridge either. But," he added, "I might swap you the Grand Central Station for it."

"I'm not a con man," declared Mr. Trumble. "I sell necktles."

"Got one," said the man. He was not wearing it.

"But," protested Mr. Trumble, "I'm not trying to sell you a necktie or anything else. I'm simply offering to take you to lunch."

There was an amused disdain in the man's crooked smile.

"Listen, Mr. Rockefeller," he said, "I'm no hick. I was born and brought up in this man's town. I know it inside out. I'm on to it. New York, N. Y., ain't no something-for-nothing town. What you get you gotta pay for. Usually a lot more than it's worth too. The first words a baby says in this burg are 'Gyp, or get gypped.' Don't try to pull any come-on game with me. I'm no sapadill."

"How could you be gypped if I bought a lunch for you?" inquired Mr. Trumble, curious and troubled.

"I don't know," said the man, "and I don't want to find out. But I know New York well enough to know you got something more up your sleeve than your elbow. They all have. Whatever your graft is, it must be a good one: I see that from your scenery. But—follow this—all I got in the world is four thin dimes and a package of fine-cut, so you're wasting your time trying to thimblerig me."

"But," Mr. Trumble began, "I tell you I'm not ——"

"Be your age," cut in the man in the green derby. "If it ain't my fortune you're after it's something else. I've been up against this free-meal racket before. Just as you and me had finished tucking away the duck soup, you'd spring some proposition for me to help you crack a crib or shove a few homemade grands. I tell you you'll lose weight trying to fall-guy me. Save that stuff for some Silas in Pumpkin Center, but don't try to pull it here. New York, N. Y., is the original hard-boiled village."

"I'm afraid," said Mr. Trumble sadly, as he rose to go, "that you are a cynic."

"So's your old man," said the owner of the green derby.

Mr. Trumble ate his lunch alone. The excellence of the French pastries filled him with a new zeal. He strolled up Broadway. It was matinée time. He bought two good seats for an entertainment proclaimed by the posters to be the whirliest, girliest show in town. He lingered about the lobby of the theater seeking an object for a fresh benevolence. As he waited, the man in the box office hung out a sign, Sold Out. He hung it in the face of a youngish man with an expectant, holiday look. Disappointment erased expectancy on the youngish man's countenance. He stuffed his money back into his wallet and turned away.

Mr. Trumble was at his side.

"I've got a ticket—fifth row," said Mr. Trumble.

"How much?" said the youngish man.

"Nothing."

"Huh?"

"Not a cent."

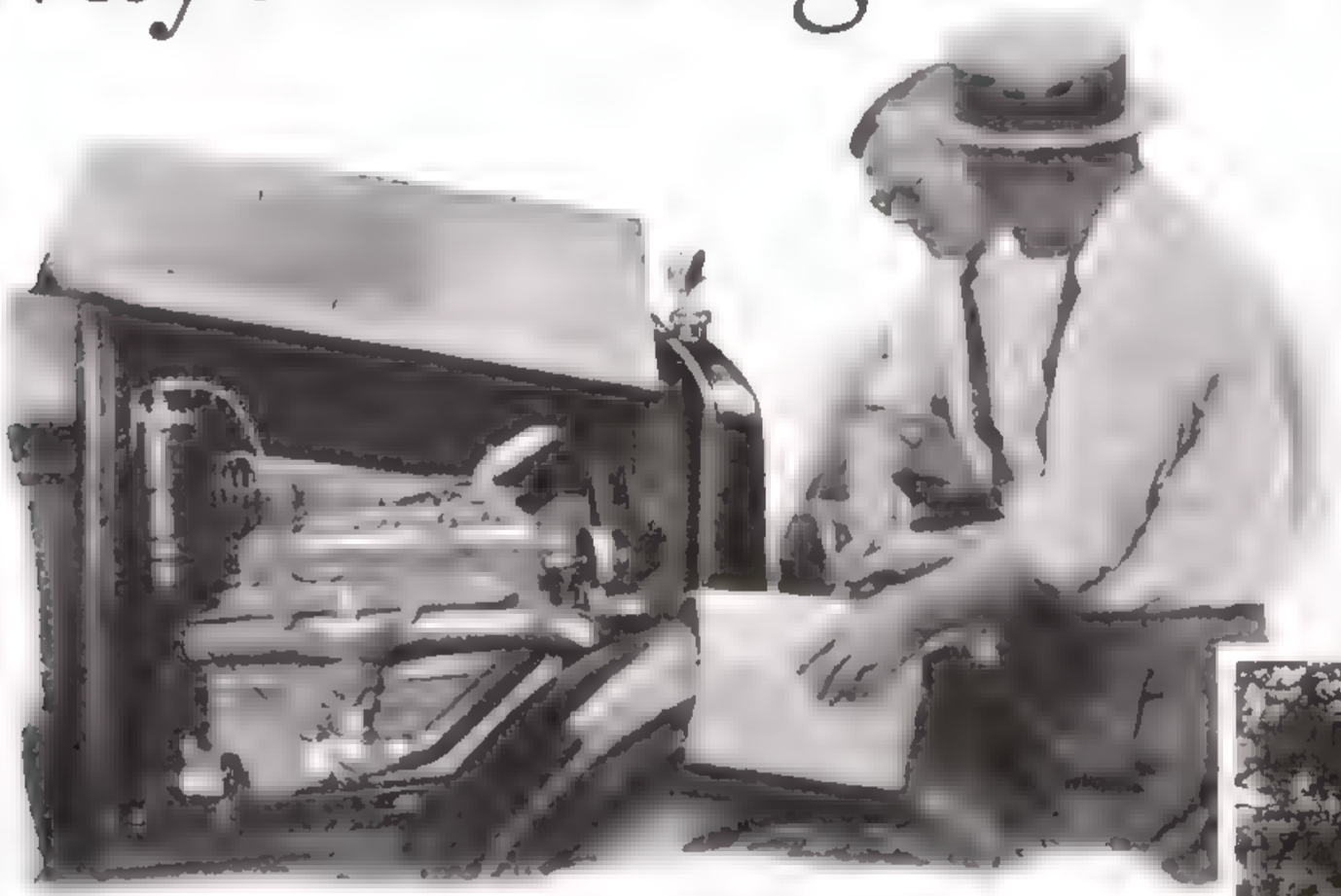
"What's wrong with it?" asked the youngish man.

"Nothing. It's an extra one. Friend of mine was coming. Couldn't make it," invented Mr. Trumble.

(Continued on Page 60)

Always making them *Finer*

Harry M. Jewett



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Paige-Jewett Engineers Work Unceasingly for you

Such motor cars as Paige and Jewett are not simply born of inspiration. It has taken years of hard, unceasing work. Testing, tearing down, rebuilding and testing—over and over again. All this that the Paige or Jewett car you buy shall give you service and satisfaction.

Paige and Jewett cars are designed by engineers with a lifetime of experience.

Our chief engineers have been with us since the beginning of Paige—seventeen years ago. They have seen the Paige motor carriage of years ago develop into the beautiful, powerful Paige of today. And from their wealth of practical experience they have perfected the remarkable Jewett of today.

Paige-Jewett engineers employ all the gruelling laboratory tests known. But that is only the beginning. For no laboratory tests however exacting can duplicate the severe conditions of driving. So our great engineering tests are conducted in the open where conditions are worst.

TO HILLS FOR POWER

Paige and Jewett cars must perform on hills—however long or steep. So our engineers take them to the hardest hills—and perfect them there. Distance is no barrier—Paige and Jewett cars must maintain their reputations for performance. Our engineers see that they do.

COOLED ON THE MOJAVE

An example of the kind of engineering you buy in a Paige or Jewett. Our cooling system was perfected in the intense heat of the Mojave desert, and in the nearby Sierra Nevada Mountains. Paige-Jewett engineers worked five weeks in the blazing desert sun to give you perfect cooling. There isn't a grade in all North America that will overheat the Paige or Jewett.

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A quart of milk a day means glowing health

No Food on Earth will do as much for you as milk. Drink a bottle a day. For your own sake, use bottled milk capped with Sealright Pouring-Pull Caps—three times more useful:

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Sealright Co., Inc.

Dept. K 9 FULTON, N. Y.

Largest Plant of Its Kind in the World

(Continued from Page 58)

The youngish man peered at Mr. Trumble with wary eyes.

"Want it?" asked Mr. Trumble.

"I guess not."

"Why?"

"I ain't taking any chances," said the youngish man, and left Mr. Trumble with abruptness. Mr. Trumble, disheartened, stood there. A uniformed doorman tapped him on the shoulder.

"None of that here," said the doorman.

"None of what?"

"Ticket scalping."

"But I wasn't," said Mr. Trumble. "I was trying to give a ticket away."

"Oh, was you?" The doorman emitted a snort of sardonic laughter. "That's a warm one. Look here, you. Inside or outside."

Mr. Trumble went inside. The show was nearly over before he began to enjoy it.

Twilight was on the city when he came out of the theater. A doggedness was on Mr. Trumble. He had won his place in the necktie world because he was a man not easily thwarted when he set out to do something. He took from his pocket a brilliant new ten-dollar gold piece. He selected a rather elderly man with a discouraged gait and walked at his side.

"Friend," said Mr. Trumble, "I got a little bet on. A pal of mine has bet me I can't give away ten-dollar gold pieces on Broadway. Will you take one?"

The elderly man grinned.

"I'm workin' this side of the street, myself," he said. "That's a new idea for a parley, ain't it? Better try it farther uptown, brother. This section is full of plain-clothes dicks."

And the elderly man turned down a side street, leaving Mr. Trumble feeling very much misunderstood.

It was not until he had gone several blocks that Mr. Trumble recaptured his determination sufficiently to try again. This time he selected a woman. She had the white hair and patient visage of a screen mother.

"Madam," said Mr. Trumble, "I'd like to give you a ten-dollar gold piece. I'm doing it on a bet," he added hastily.

"I'm a good woman," said the lady, "and I'm going to call a cop." She looked about purposefully. Mr. Trumble fled.

The gold pieces were still in his pocket when he reached The Willows. He went out to the kitchen, and, as Katie wasn't there, he left her pearls for her. On the box he had written, "To Katie, from an appreciative friend."

When he came down to his evening meal, it was apparent to Mr. Trumble that an unusual excitement reigned in the dining room. The tables hummed. Mrs. Menken, imposing proprietress of The Willows, was in a state and she came to Mr. Trumble's table to tell him about it.

"I'm in such a state," she declared.

"Anything wrong, Mrs. Menken?"

"Is there? It's Katie. She's all upset."

"What's the matter?"

"Somebody," said Mrs. Menken, "has sent her pearls!"

"I don't see," said Mr. Trumble, feeling that his face was as red as the tomato soup he was then consuming, "why that should upset her."

"But," said Mrs. Menken, "these are real pearls. And Katie's a decent girl."

"I still don't see ——" Mr. Trumble started to say.

"As a man of the world," said Mrs. Menken, "you must know that nobody gives a woman pearls for any good reason."

"Who—who gave them?" faltered Mr. Trumble.

"That," said Mrs. Menken, "is what the police are trying to find out."

"The police?"

"I sent for them. I must protect Katie. It's clear that somebody has designs on her."

"But she's fat and cross-eyed," said Mr. Trumble.

"That," said Mrs. Menken, "makes it all the more sinister."

"Maybe," offered Mr. Trumble, "somebody just wanted to give her a little present."

"A string of pearls is no present," stated Mrs. Menken. "It's a bribe, that's what it is. The detectives think maybe some gang of crooks wants to rob The Willows and hopes to tempt Katie to help them. Or it might be even worse than that. Mark my words, Mr. Trumble, there's something wicked and mysterious in this business."

Mr. Trumble was waked early next morning by Tessie, the upstairs maid. Tessie was frightened.

"Someone to see you in the parlor," she said, and fled.

In the parlor a bulky man with the eyes of a squirrel awaited Mr. Trumble.

"You Wesley Trumble?" asked the bulky man.

"Yes."

"I'm Detective Keefe."

"Oh! Have a seat."

Detective Keefe fastened an eye on Mr. Trumble.

"Did you or did you not," questioned the detective, "purchase one string of pearls to the value of three hundred dollars from the Itsa Pearl Company yesterday at eleven minutes past eleven?"

"I —I believe I did," said Mr. Trumble

"And did you, or did you not, leave same with an anonymous note for one Katie Comiskey, domestic, employed at The Willows?"

"I did," said Mr. Trumble.

"Why?"

"Just as a little present."

There was pointed skepticism in the squirrel eyes.

"Why?" he asked again.

"Well, you see," explained Mr. Trumble, "I wanted to give her a little something because she's been cook here a long time and has been kind to me ——"

"Sounds fishy," said Detective Keefe. "Mrs. Menken."

That lady had been waiting within earshot. Indeed, Mr. Trumble noted, the other boarders had neglected their breakfasts to cluster in the hall within easy hearing distance.

The landlady came in.

"Mrs. Menken," questioned the detective, "have you noticed anything else peculiar about the behavior of this man?"

"I can't say I have. He always pays his board."

"Aha," said the detective. He made it sound ominous.

At that instant another bulky man entered the parlor.

"I looked round his room," said the second bulky man, "but I didn't see anything that looked like swag. I did see something suspicious looking, though."

"What?"

"Disguises. Indian, cowboy, pirate and what not."

"Aha," said Detective Keefe. He wheeled toward Mr. Trumble, who was perspiring copiously. "What's the idea of the disguises?"

Then it was that Mr. Trumble remembered he was a descendant of the hardy Green Mountain Boys, who hated to be put upon. He got to his feet and spoke with considerable warmth.

"I won't explain anything," he said. "I'm an honest man. I haven't done anything wrong. You go way and leave me be, or I'll make it hot for you."

The two detectives rubbed their chins. Mr. Trumble's defiance seemed to have made them thoughtful. They held a whispered conference.

"There's nothing," opined Detective Keefe, "in the statue books or the city audiences against giving things away, or having strange clothes in your own closet."

"Couldn't we mebbe prove it's committing a nuisance, or something?" suggested the second bulky man hopefully.

"I'm afraid not." Detective Keefe turned to Mr. Trumble.

"That's all," he said. "Here's your pearls. We don't want you. But remember, we got our eye on you."

"Take it off," bristled Mr. Trumble, as the two bulky men withdrew.

Even a less sensitive man than Wesley Trumble would have noticed the chill atmosphere of disapproval in the parlor of The Willows that evening. He was looked at askance. He was not urged, as on other nights, to join a bridge game. His opinion on the singular crispness of the weather was not asked. Those who nodded to him did so with curtness. Some did not nod to him at all. He surmised that the whispering groups were whispering about him. He sank into a chair in a far corner of the back parlor, overcome by a bitter bewilderment.

Pride would not let him retreat to his own room. He would show them he did not care a snap for their aloofness, although he knew perfectly well he did. He pretended to be engrossed in a stray copy of a magazine about the care and feeding of cattle. Dully he stared at a page headed Fascinating Facts About Heifers.

"Mr. Trumble."

He looked up, defiantly. Miss Phœbe Doremus was speaking to him. In her hand was a book, and she was looking at it rather than at him.

"Yes, Miss Doremus?"

She spoke with a nervous rapidity.

"I was wondering, Mr. Trumble, if you had a book you could loan me tonight, because you see, Mr. Trumble, I just finished the one I'm reading, and it's too late to go to the library for another, and I always read myself to sleep, so I was wondering if ——" She ran out of breath.

"Well," said Mr. Trumble, "I'm afraid I haven't any book that would interest you. I—I'm not much of a reader."

"Any book would do. Really it would," she said. "I just have to have one. If I haven't a book, I just lie there and think and think."

"Well, that's odd. So do I," said Wesley Trumble.

"You'll loan me a book, then?"

"Why, yes. I'm afraid, though, you won't think my library very —— highbrow."

He led Miss Doremus to his room, leaving the door ostentatiously open, that being the rule of The Willows.

"You see," he apologized as she examined the shelves, "you won't find anything you'll like."

Miss Doremus looked from the books to Mr. Trumble. She said nothing, but she held out to him the book she had been reading. He took it in his hands and stared at it. It was Little Women.

Mr. Trumble and Miss Doremus stood looking at each other. Then for the first time that day Mr. Trumble began to smile.

"You, too?" he said.

She hung her head. Then they both began to laugh.

"I understand now," said Miss Doremus.

"What?"

"The cowboy suit—and the pearls."

"You do?" He didn't seem to believe that she did.

"Some people," said Miss Doremus, "never had a chance to be young, so I guess they have a right to try to be young when they're old."

"But you're not old."

"Thirty-one."

"Look here—are you an orphan?"

"Yes."

"Who brought you up?"

"My aunt."

"Was she good to you?"

"No."

"You ran away?"

"Yes."

"Look here, Miss Doremus." Mr. Trumble was finding it hard to speak. "Will you take these pearls? And wear them? They'd look nice on you."

She was silent for seconds.

"I understand," she said, "why you are giving them to me, Mr. Trumble, and I'm very grateful but ——"

(Continued on Page 62

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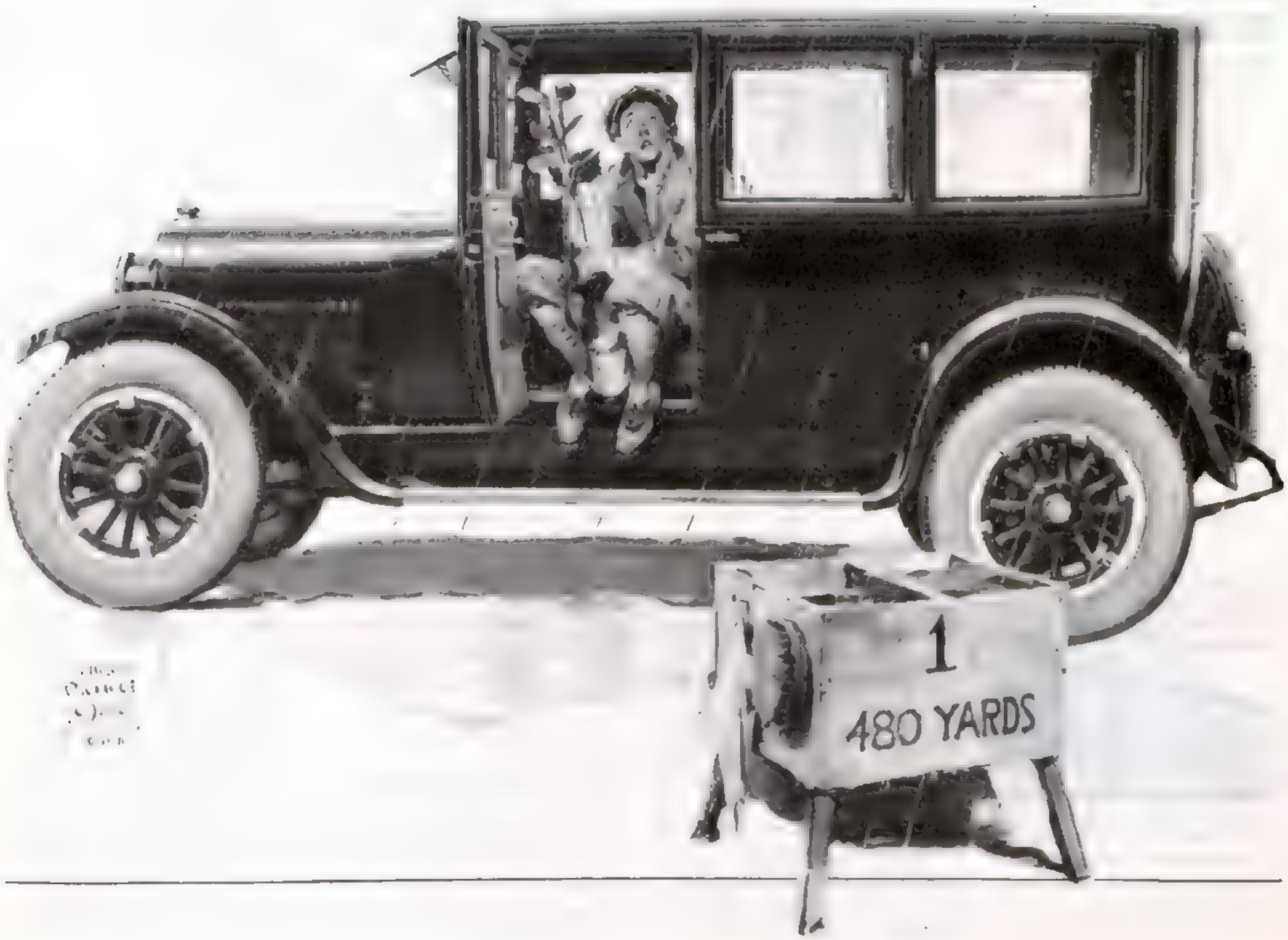

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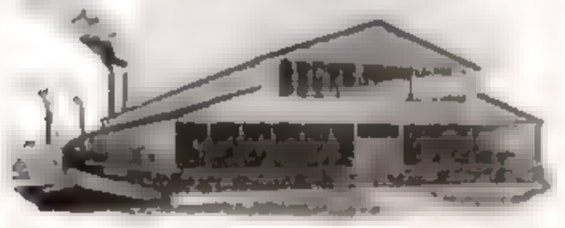

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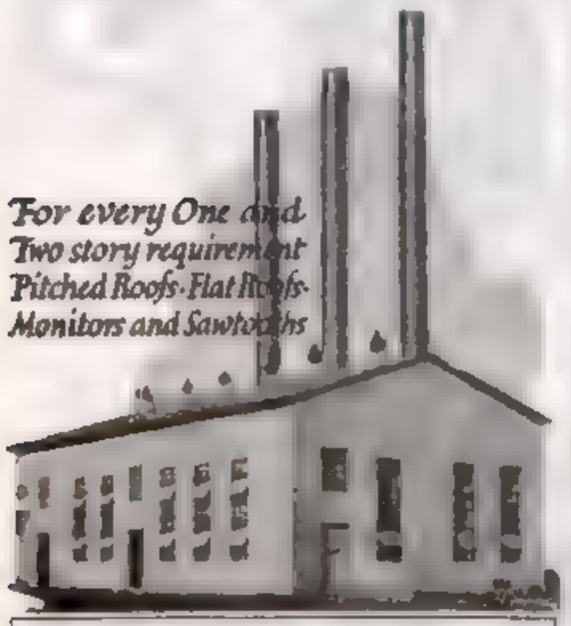

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(Continued from Page 60)

"You won't take them," he said miserably.

"I couldn't."

He paced to the window and back.

"Look here, Miss Doremus."

"Yes?"

"The other night I heard you telling Mrs. Menken that the dream of your life was to go abroad and see the English Lake Country."

"Yes"

"Will you go?"

"How can I?"

"I'll send you—as a present. I'll get you a ticket and everything. Will you let me do that?"

Again she was silent. Then slowly she shook her head.

"What would be the use?" she said. "I'd only have to come back—to the same old life. You're very kind, Mr. Trumble—but no, I guess—I guess I don't really want things like pearls—and trips ——"

Mr. Trumble took another brisk walk to the window and back. Then he wrecked his reputation for being a conservative man. He took her hand.

"Miss Phœbe Doremus," he said, "there is something I know I really want to give you. It isn't worth much, I guess, but will you take it?"

"What is it, Mr. Trumble?"

"Me," said Wesley Trumble.

She didn't nod, or shake her head, or move at all. She looked at him. Wesley Trumble did something impulsive and instinctive. He gave Miss Doremus a kiss. He gave it in a frightened way, but he gave it; and when he dared look at her he discovered that there are some things one can give away, even in New York, N. Y.

THE BIRDS IN THE BUSH

(Continued from Page 16)

New Jersey, who got turkeys from Mr. Blutz. Last year he had had ten orders from Seaside and three from Park Heights. Mr. Blutz may have known rib roasts, but choosing tenderly luscious and yet flavorsome turkeys was with him more than a science; it was inborn artistry. To Mr. Blutz Thanksgiving Day was the crowning day of the year and the turkey was the crowning perfection of the day. When he sat down to his own Thanksgiving turkey he was a happy, proud man. Just so brown and crisp of skin might every turkey he had sold be; just so tender of flesh and joint, juicy and firm in the white meat of the breast, that it sliced in moistly delicious slices and did not flake off in too tender strings, and yet so tender that the edge of a fork could sever it across the grain on the plate. And the flavor must be the flavor of turkey and not a nondescript flavor that might be chicken or veal or what not. Juicily tender his turkeys must be, with the true turkey flavor; his turkeys must be and always were perfection. His customers were the aristocracy of turkey eaters and Mr. Blutz knew he had made them such; he pitied the customers of Schultz and Benno & Wirtz and Hessels and those crude fellows who bought turkeys in bulk as a contractor buys cement.

Mr. Blutz went to New York once a year, and once a year only, and his going was invariably the Monday before Thanksgiving Day. His going was almost an event in East Westcote. On Monday before Thanksgiving Day Mr. Blutz was always on the East Westcote station platform by ten A.M. He looked as if he was going somewhere too. He looked as only a butcher can look when he is going somewhere and has dressed for it.

People who had known him only in a white apron with a bib noticed Mr. Blutz on the station platform, all dressed up, and spoke to him.

"Going in town?" they would say.

"I go in to buy my turks," he would say, and he would draw out a roll of bills big enough to choke a rhinoceros.

"Fine! If you get me one as good as the one you got me last year my wife will talk about it for a week."

That was incense to Mr. Blutz. It is a fine thing to be a butcher and know turks and be appreciated. Perhaps there is nothing finer in the world. It is a fine thing to be a poet; but, after all, we do not sit down before a poem when we are hungry and eat it. Once there were wine dealers who could give delight to thirsty connoisseurs, but they are no more. Once there were Thackerays and Balzacs, but they are no more. The butcher is all we have left of those great men, and there are few of him who are mighty men in their art. As Mr. Blutz stood on the station platform, waiting for the 10:10 train each year, he felt himself what he was—an honest benefacting genius in rib roasts and turks.

East Westcote had, for its share, done well by Mr. Blutz. It had recognized that he was indeed a butcher.

"Honestly," his customers, the ladies, said, "there's no butcher like Mr. Blutz. I can telephone an order to him, and he sends better meat than I could get anywhere else in Westcote if I went and picked it out. We do get wonderful meat from Mr. Blutz."

So Mr. Blutz, out of his earnings, had put up the Blutz Building, two stores on the street and flats upstairs—everything good. And now, as he came down the outside back stairs, he saw it was good. He felt the world to be good; over in New York, Cantry Brothers would have put aside the best of the best in turks for him, and Tom Cantry would greet him as usual.

"Well, well, well, Mr. Blutz! And here we are again! And you talk about turks, Mr. Blutz, we've got 'em this year! You never saw such birds!"

"Yes? Well, I look 'em over, just the same as always," Mr. Blutz would say.

He opened the back screen door and entered the shop. It was like coming home as he entered the narrow passage alongside the big refrigerator—all glowing yellow oak and nickel plate—and saw the huge meat hooks all gleaming nickel, and the counter top all gleaming porcelain, the gleaming scales, the chopping block bound with gleaming nickel, and smelled the fresh clean sawdust of the floor.

"Henny! Papa!" exclaimed Anna, drawing a deep breath.

"Gosh!" exclaimed Henny.

"You let me handle him," said Anna hastily, and when Mr. Blutz reached the broader area of the shop: "Papa! A sight for sore eyes! And all dressed up like a Christmas tree! You feel able?"

"Fine! I feel good—pretty good. Place looks good; you keep it nice, Henny. How many turks we got on the books?"

"They don't order so quick, such hot weather, pop," Henny said. "How many orders we got, Anna?"

"Hundred sixteen so far, papa," said Anna, taking a paper from her drawer. "I got them all listed, weights and all."

"We should go to two hundred, yes?" said Mr. Blutz. "Maybe I buy me two hundred twenty-five this year. With such a refrigerator we could keep turks all winter, huh? Figure me out, Anna, how much is two hundred twenty-five, sizes like we need, at the market."

"Nine hundred eighty dollars, papa," said Anna.

"My! Every year it gets more, huh? Well, so is it! If you don't spend any money you don't make any money. Anna, write me out a check for nine hundred eighty dollars and I get the cash as I go by the bank."

"Papa! You ain't strong enough to go to New York yet!"

"Oh, sure! Strong enough? I'm all right again. It does me good to move around some. Hurry, please; I got to catch me that 10:10."

But Anna made no effort to take the check book from the drawer. She drew a deeper breath.

"Papa," she said, "it's a shame. It's awful. We ain't got nine hundred eighty in the bank."

"*Aber himmel!*" exclaimed Mr. Blutz. "Ain't I always fixed it to have plenty turk money in the bank? Henny, how comes it? How much have we got in the bank then, Anna?"

"Now please, papa, take it quiet," Anna urged. "We ain't got no money in the bank."

Mr. Blutz stared at her.

"What?" he cried.

"There's no money in the bank."

"Is the bank busted?" demanded Mr. Blutz.

"No, papa; we got overdrawn at the bank. We got checks sent back on us yesterday even. Now please, papa, take it calm."

Mr. Blutz' face slid from red into a dangerous purple. He put his hand on the top of his head and closed his eyes. His vast chest heaved.

He leaned against the counter and slowly his color receded to red. He became quite white. He opened his eyes.

"What you mean, Anna?" he asked weakly.

"We bought a new delivery auto, papa," she said. "You know—Mr. Deltour, 445 Elm Avenue."

"You bought it from him?" asked Mr. Blutz, surprised.

"No, papa, from Hench & Durman; sixteen hundred cash. You know you was going to buy a new delivery auto when you got sick. So Henny bought it."

"I ain't seen it," said Mr. Blutz. "Looking out of the window, I ain't seen no new delivery auto."

"No, papa," said Anna, just a little nervously. "It burned up."

"Burned up?"

"When it hit Mr. Deltour's auto, of 445 Elm Avenue," explained Anna. "So Mr. French, the lawyer, he gave us advice. Only fifty dollars it cost us. He said we should save money if we gave Mr. Deltour eight hundred dollars cash and don't fight it out in the courts. He says maybe if we fight it out in the courts ——"

The telephone bell rang and Henny went to the instrument.

"Yes, ma'am," they heard him say. "Yes, ma'am, a twelve-pound turk. Yes, ma'am, we don't have but the best turks. Yes, ma'am."

He hung up.

"Anna, put down for Mrs. Heany, 786 South Ninth Street, a twelve-pound turk," he said.

"Anna," said Mr. Blutz heavily, "make out a note, three months, to the bank for a thousand dollars. To borrow I hate, but turks we got to have. . . . What ails you?"

Anna was shaking her head.

"They won't lend no more," she said. "Cosgrave, the builder, he got sick and went to California on a sudden-like, papa, and we had to pay him what was coming to him on the new store and all, so we put a note in for it. Two thousand, papa. Mamma signed it, and me and Henny. We had to do the best we could; we didn't know but you would die, papa."

"And better I had," groaned Mr. Blutz. "No turks, and the books full of orders. No money, no notes good at the bank."

"When you were sick, papa," said Anna gently, "we had to do the best what we could. It ain't so easy to know what to do when you are sick on your back, papa. You know that. All the time you run things by yourself alone, and when you are sick and sort of loony in the head—why, what can we do? I went to Mr. Jenks, at the bank, and Henny went with me, and what else

(Continued on Page 65)

Every day new thousands of men and women are making this test and joining the millions who prefer Postum

They find this delicious all-wheat drink an easy step toward health—and economy

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We are learning the bitter penalties of being "the most nervous nation in the world." We are realizing the foolishness of wasting our energies in a few years of concentrated, feverish effort followed by longer years spent in self-denial.

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Street

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Blueprint sketch of Goodyear Sand Suction Hose G. T. M.-specified for Texas Sand and Gravel Company, Waco, Texas, with insert photograph of one of that Company's pumping plants

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100,000 Yards of Sand—and the G. T. M.

When a single piece of suction hose stands up to the handling of as much as 75,000 yards of sand, its owner feels he has good cause for satisfaction. Most hose gives out long before that point is reached. But Goodyear Suction Hose, built with an understanding of the strenuous life it must live, and scientifically specified to its work by the G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man—is making records of 100,000 yards and more on the hardest dredging jobs.

For the past five years, to cite an example, the G. T. M. has been specifying suction hose and dredging sleeves for the Texas Sand and Gravel Company, Inc., of Waco, Texas. He has visited the Company's Pumping Plants repeatedly, and analyzed expertly the requirements of hose and sleeve service under varying conditions.

"During that time," writes Mr. T. J. Palm, Vice President, "we have been using Goodyear Suction Hose and Dredge Sleeves almost exclusively. We give our hose very hard service—but we put out the stuff. The amount of material moved through a hose varies considerably with the conditions of service, but we have used a piece for six months after we expected it to give out. We have pumped as much as 100,000 yards through a section of Goodyear Hose.

"While we have had other hose that gave good service, we have never had any that could compare with yours—you seem to have hit on the proper way to make it!"

And Mr. Palm has hit on the proper explanation of the long life and troublefree service of Goodyear Hose and Sleeves. The duty these products have to perform is very severe. It calls for the special qualities of proper materials, proper construction and expert specification provided by the Goodyear product and the Goodyear Analysis Plan.

Goodyear Hose is built extra strong from the tough, abrasion-resisting tube clear through to the tough, abrasion-resisting cover. It is constructed to eliminate such grief as the drawing out of the tube by suction; it is bodied with a copperized steel-spring round wire that resists crushing and provides a high degree of resilience, and it is specially reinforced at the nipple connections. Goodyear Dredging Sleeves are designed with the same attention to the requirements of actual service.

All Goodyear Mechanical Rubber Goods—Belts, Hose, Valves and Packing—are expressly built and expertly specified to give troublefree, efficient and economical service. For further information about any of them, or for details of the G. T. M.'s work and Goodyear Analysis Plan, write to Goodyear, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

VALVES · PACKING BELTS · HOSE

GOODYEAR

(Continued from Page 62)

could we do? Right away he says his directors have been talking how you have bit off more than you can chaw with this new building, and only half the flats full and the store next door not rented to anybody yet. You ain't a good risk any more, sick and all, and maybe dead any minute, and such a lot of mortgages and liabilities for the assets what you got. You're a risky loan, papa, Mr. Jenks says. You got a right to crash any time like."

"Any time! Crash! Blutz to crash!" groaned Mr. Blutz. "Anna, ain't you been taking in some cash right along?"

"Sure, papa! But when the meat men shut down on us ——"

"Huh? The meat men shut down on me?"

"Well, ain't Henny got to ask them for a little extension of time on the bills when we got to pay Mr. Deltour, 445 Elm Avenue, all that money?" asked Anna. "So, right away quick, they ask the bank how good we are, don't they—and shut down on us except for cash. And we got to have meat, ain't we, papa? Could you run a butcher shop without meat?"

Mr. Blutz groaned again and put his hand to his forehead.

"Anna," he said—"Anna, ain't we got some accounts on the books we can collect?"

"Sure," she said; "on the first December. We got a swell chance collecting accounts before first of the month, papa, and you know it."

"And by then Thanksgiving is by," said Henny gruffly.

"Yes!" cried Mr. Blutz angrily. "And when I don't have them turks for my trade on Thanksgiving Day, what is it? The bank is off me, the meat men is off me, my customers is off me. I am gone up for good! My building goes, my trade goes, my butcher shop goes! Busted Blutz, the no-good cluck, I am then! Yeh, for years I work and for years I build me up my business, and it comes to this! Better I was dead before I was born, Anna! Like a slave have I ——"

The telephone bell rang.

"Mrs. Lamoor?" said Henny into the mouthpiece. "Yes, Mrs. Lamoor, a twelve-pound turk should be plenty for that many folks. Yes, ma'am; we don't have any but tender turks, you know it. All right, I put you down a twelve-pounder."

"*Ach, Gott!*" cried Mr. Blutz. "And no turks!"

The telephone bell rang again.

"Yes, ma'am, this is Blutz; this is Henny talking. What is it the name again? Tusser? Yes, Mrs. Tusser, I hear you good—a nine-pound turk, early Thanksgiving morning. I put it down right now. No, ma'am, I don't forget."

"Turks!" groaned Mr. Blutz. "And there ain't no turks!"

His eyes were bloodshot, as if he had been on a long hard spree. He buttoned his overcoat with trembling fingers.

"Anna," he said with angry quaverings in his voice, "I go me by the city. Turks we got to have—we got to have! Somewhere I get me turks. Where is my hat? Where did I put my hat?"

But Anna was not looking for his hat. Glancing through the front window of the shop, she saw young Wilhelm Kranz, white-aproned, come to the door of the rival butcher shop and look across the street. He hesitated there a moment, but Anna knew only too well what he would do next. Yesterday she told Wilhelm it was sure to be fully a week before her father could be out, and Wilhelm was certain to stand there until Henny went out with the morning orders. Then he would come across the street and up to the cashier's cage for his morning chat with Anna. And now Henny was carrying his baskets out to the battered old delivery car!

"Maybe I could find your hat," Anna said.

She came out of the cage and walked to the shop door. She looked back to see that her father was not looking, and shook her head vigorously at Wilhelm Kranz. Henny climbed into the delivery auto and dashed away with a sputter of gas pops. Wilhelm crossed the sidewalk and stepped down from the curb.

"Back!" Anna said with silent lips, but to Wilhelm the lips seemed to be making kisses, and he raised his hand and threw Anna an airy kiss. Mr. Blutz, looking up, saw the kiss thrown and froze where he stood, his eyes bulging, his face turning from red to purple. He trembled with anger.

"So!" he shouted in a voice that almost shattered the plate-glass windows. "Kisses you throw to that -that ——"

He put his hand on the top of his head and slumped to the floor, his eyes closed. His head fell in the sawdust and he lay motionless and supine. Only his left hand moved, waving up and down like the fin of a fish in mute protest to this disloyalty of Anna. His daughter ran to him and tucked her arm under his head, raising it.

"Ah, papa!" she cried. "Please don't go sick again! Look up, papa; open your eyes!"

"Let be, Anna!" said Mr. Blutz weakly. "Better I go ahead and die and get done with it. No turks! No money! And you go and throw kisses with that—that ——"

Wilhelm Kranz stood in the door.

"Go away, Wilhelm," Anna said. "Can't you see?"

But the young fellow did not go away. He entered the shop and hurried to where Mr. Blutz lay.

"Go away!" Anna repeated, this time with anger. "Ain't you got eyes? Ain't you got sense? Already he saw you and has this fit over it. You want to make him so mad he dies? Go away, I told you!"

"Here, let me!" said Wilhelm Kranz, bending over Mr. Blutz. "He's goin' to choke to death with this tight collar on him. I ain't goin' to hurt him; hold his head back till I get the collar loose. There! Boost him up more, Anna; I get him a drink of water."

Mr. Blutz would not open his eyes. He would not do anything. He lay like one who has finished with life and all its troubles, and there can be no doubt he felt pretty sick.

"We got to get him upstairs, anyway," said Wilhelm Kranz, "if he likes it or if he don't like it. Could we make it up the back way, do you think, Anna?"

"I guess so," Anna said. "It ain't going to be so easy, only the two of us, and him hanging loose so flabby-like, but we could try it. Papa, could you help any? Could you stiffen up your legs some?"

Mr. Blutz could not, or would not, stiffen up his legs, and his weight was too much for Anna and Wilhelm to manage. They got him under the arms and they boosted, but he plumped back on the floor in a dead weight like a huge sack of oats. Three times they tried and three times he bumped back. They slued him around so that his back was against the counter and Anna telephoned to Doctor Untermann.

"Anyhow," she said, when she returned from the telephone, "he ain't got yellow yet; that's something."

Mr. Blutz, if he heard, said nothing.

"Say, ain't it the worst!" exclaimed Wilhelm Kranz. "Now he's got it in for me all the rest of his life, ain't he, Anna?"

"And my fault," Anna said sadly. "I shouldn't have let you come running across every day, and then you wouldn't be running across today. We could just as well have waited a year or so until he got calmed down over having a butcher shop starting up across the street. Now he ain't ever going to let us be together, Wilhelm. It's got to be all over with us now."

Wilhelm looked down at the seemingly unconscious Mr. Blutz and shook his head.

"Ain't it the way things goes!" he exclaimed. "Twenty times I come over to chin with you and nothing happens, and the first time I come over on a business matter he has got to spot me!"

"Business?" inquired Anna, surprised.

"Turks," said Wilhelm Kranz. "I put my foot in it good and plenty. Two months ago I says to my old man, 'Pa, turks is goin' up; you take my advice and buy plenty of turks right now and we make some good money on them.' And look how the weather goes, Anna—hot! Look how the market sticks low. Yes, and nobody buys hardly a turk off us—they got to have Blutz turks or none. And here comes all these turks in on us—Grade A, first-class turks—and we got an ice box big enough to hold a sausage, maybe! So I thought maybe, if I shade the price, say two cents a pound, your old man ——"

Mr. Blutz, retaining his collapsed position, opened one eye. It might almost be said that one ear bent a little forward.

"Fine turks," said Wilhelm Kranz. "I says to Cantry Brothers, 'These turks has got to be the kind Blutz buys off you; we got the same neighborhood,' and Cantry picked them out himself for me. Beautiful turks, Anna! If you could use maybe fifty ——"

"How many you got, Wilhelm?" Anna asked.

"Well, five hundred, Anna," said Wilhelm, blushing at this admission of his folly, and Mr. Blutz opened his other eye.

"Oh, fifty!" Anna scoffed. "The Blutz shop never bothers with a few turks like fifty. Maybe if you make the price right, two hundred or so I might take, Wilhelm."

"Cash?" asked Wilhelm.

"Sure! Right after the first of the month. Blutz always pays cash," she said proudly.

"Well, cash ain't so important," Wilhelm said. "I got to get out from under these turks before the after-Thanksgiving slump hits me. I truck over two hundred, then ——"

"Two hundred and twenty-five, while you are about it," said Anna. "A few turks one way or the other don't hurt the Blutz butcher shop none. And, Wilhelm ——"

"Yes, Anna?"

"We pay you what they cost you. I ain't going to make no profits off of you, Wilhelm. It ain't right I should stick you for a loss when we are engaged and all."

Mr. Blutz's mouth opened, but he closed it again. He knew when to keep silence. He knew that when it came to turks, a bird in the hand was worth two in the Kranz shop.

The telephone bell rang again and Anna hurried to the instrument. She placed the receiver to her ear.

"Mrs. Durkee?" she said. "Yes, ma'am, we'll have some nice turks this year."

Mr. Blutz raised his head. He leaned forward and placed the palms of his hands on the floor and hoisted his hips upward and got to his feet. He straightened up.

"Hullo, Kranz," he said to Wilhelm; and then, to Anna: "Anna, wait! I talk to Mrs. Durkee about turks; I know better what she wants"; and a moment later he was saying, "Yes, Mrs. Durkee, like always, this year Blutz has the best turks anybody could get in Westcote."

Wilhelm Kranz moved toward the door.

"Kranz, wait!" Mr. Blutz said, as he hung up the receiver. "You want to see me? Anna, put down for Mrs. Durkee a ten-pound turk for Wednesday afternoon. And, Anna, go up and get me a bottle of mamma's beer; I feel weak-like. And, Anna, get a bottle for young Kranz while you are about it; maybe he likes a drink too."

"Sure! Why not?" said Wilhelm Kranz. "Anything in the Blutz family looks good to me!"

And Anna laughed and blushed.

"And some day," said Mr. Blutz to Wilhelm Kranz in quite a friendly way, "you get to be a good butcher, young man, and know as much about turks as I know."

Colds, Colds

Colds

One right after the other. Here is a way you can avoid most of them.

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That sneeze tells you that you have been neglecting a very important duty—the regular, systematic care of nose, mouth and throat.

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Glyco-Thymoline cleanses the irritated or congested membrane thoroughly. It removes excess mucus. It washes away the germs and objectionable matter that the mucus contains. At the same time the antiseptic properties make it hard for germs to multiply.

Make up your mind today that you are going to enjoy greater freedom from colds. Get a bottle of Glyco-Thymoline from your druggist. It has an agreeable taste. It refreshes. It soothes.

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Name

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SCAPEGOAT

(Continued from Page 11)

week, discovered that the whispers were revived again. Some professed to have seen Owens falter at critical moments, hold back, spare his driving charges.

"He's pulling his punches," one of Glade's assistants declared.

"Get in front of one of them and see," Glade advised. But the matter stayed in his mind.

He had other reasons for concern. The game had been won easily enough, but Glade was not satisfied. The team, he thought, moved half-heartedly, without heat, too smoothly for so early in the season. They had precision but not zest; and Glade would have preferred to see them ragged but ferocious. A second game failed to reassure him. He began to seek out individual players, to talk with them, to weigh the temper of the men. They were, he discovered to his consternation, already overconfident. The fault, he recognized, was his; their training had gone smoothly; their technic was good; they had won without effort and without committing glaring faults. There had been only one fumble in two games, and the ball in that case was recovered. The interference had worked like a machine, effectively but coldly. Before the third game he had a talk with Morris, the quarterback; and after a safe lead had been acquired Morris began to make mistakes, confuse the signals, so that when the ball was passed men made false starts and the play was thrown into confusion. Glade wished to see the team made angry by these mishaps; instead they took them with a confident good humor which he found depressing and discouraging.

During the following week, for the first time in his work with them, he abused the men in merciless terms, deriding and insulting them. They took his words, to his dismay, like lambs.

The night after that game he had gone to the room shared by Owens and Al Shorter; and when he knocked it was Al who called to him to enter, who got to his feet when he recognized the coach.

Glade nodded to him, said, "Where's Owens?"

"Out," Al retorted, so bitterly that Glade, who knew the close friendship between the two men, was surprised. He sat down, settled himself in a chair.

"Bother you if I sit here a while?" he asked. Al shook his head.

"Help yourself," he assented.

"Come through the game all right?" Glade inquired.

"Got a kick in the leg," Al confessed. "Be all right by Monday."

"How's Buck?"

"Oh, he's all right."

"Not worrying, is he?" the coach asked, groping in the dark.

"Not worrying enough," Al retorted.

"What is there to worry about?"

"We ought to have had two more touchdowns today," Al reminded him.

"We got enough," Glade replied. "I was satisfied."

"The team's satisfied," Shorter exclaimed rebelliously. "Evan's satisfied. That's the trouble."

"He hasn't slowed down any," Glade protested. "I heard some talk. They said he would. I've been watching him."

"He can slow down a lot and still be good," Al conceded. "But he ought to be better. He's been different since Perrine got hurt."

"Different?"

Al hesitated.

"Not so hard-boiled as he used to be," he confessed awkwardly.

Glade nodded, but he did not push the matter. He stayed half an hour longer, and left at last with something to think about. The alliance between Shorter and the captain was of old standing, was already almost a tradition; and the discovery that there was ill feeling between these two seemed to Glade a matter worth considering. Before the next game, in line with this thought, he spoke a word aside to Owens.

"Take it easy today, Buck," he said quietly. "Save yourself."

Owens looked at him in quick surprise, suspiciously. He had a momentary thought that Glade's tone was sardonic, wondered whether the coach had heard and credited those whispers. The effect of this suspicion showed in his early play; it was fierce and irresistible. But in the middle of the first quarter Glade called him out, kept him idle; and at the beginning of the second half, when he permitted Owens to go in again, he said more severely:

"I told you to save yourself, Buck. Do as I say. Take it easy. Play it safe. I don't want you banged up."

"I'm all right," Owens protested. "They can't hurt me."

"You don't have to break your neck against this bunch," Glade insisted. "Mind, Buck!"

The captain was bewildered but obedient, and the team caught the infection. In the last few minutes of play the opponents, taking heart and strength, scored a goal from the field. Newspaper comment next day remarked upon the change in the team in the second half.

"Captain Owens showed a disposition to stop when he was tackled," one man wrote. "There were times when he might have gained another five yards."

Now a lesser word than this has damned good men before and will again; and the whispers which had been dying rose a tone or two, became words, outspoken and forthright. Overnight the college was divided in two camps; and Al Shorter was driven by his own loyalty to Owens to fight and soundly whip two men who clung to their assertion that Captain Owens' nerve was gone.

But though Al might fight for his friend, yet he was heartsick, and between the two that week there was none but the most formal word of football. This in spite of the fact that it was the breath of life to both of them; that it filled their waking hours and pursued their dreams.

Owens felt all around him the murmuring of the whisperers, and it goaded him to a sullen and increasing irritation. Al, not so sensitive, yet understood the other's mood, and kept his tongue to himself.

Only on Saturday morning before the game, while they were dressing, he said with an attempt at heartiness, "Well, Evan, plaster them today." Owens looked at him angrily.

"What do you think I'm going to do?" he challenged. "Powder their noses?"

"That's all right," Al protested, ill at ease. "Can't I open my head?"

"Anybody'd think you were wet-nursing me," Owens told him bitterly, and Al's temper flared.

"You need somebody," he retorted. "You act like a sick kid."

Owens made no reply save silence. Each would have been happier for the healing unction of an interchange of blows, but they were forced to nurse their ill humors. And again in the game that afternoon, when the issue was no longer in doubt, Glade told Owens to slow down, to save himself, to spare his energies.

To Owens' fierce protest, the coach said sharply, "I know what I'm doing, Buck. This is vital. Do as I say."

The boy, bewildered and unhappy, nevertheless tried to obey; and after the game his fellows on the team spoke to him with a studied politeness more maddening than insults. If it had not been for that matter of Perrine in the past, they would have raged at him. That and the whispered prophecies which had since then been current had prepared them to look upon Owens with sympathy, but also with a faint contempt. So a little circle of courtesy ringed him round.

Only Al was not courteous; but Al held his fire till these two were in their room alone that night. Then opened with heavy guns.

"What's the matter with you, Evan?" he demanded. "Getting soft, are you? I told you to lay into those babies today."

Owens hesitated for a moment, wishing pitifully that he might tell Al that he had acted under orders. But also he was wounded that Al should doubt him; felt bitterly that his friend should have been loyal.

So stubbornly he held his tongue, kept the matter hidden, answered only, "Who the devil gave you a license to talk?"

"That's all right," Al replied. "I played the game, and you know I did. But you laid back like a balky horse. What's the matter? Afraid of hurting some of those babies?"

"Your job is in the line," Owens told him curtly. "You 'tend to your business and I'll look out for mine."

"My job's playing football, in the line or anywhere else," Al insisted angrily. "If I see a back laying down, I'm going to give him a boot!"

Owens' teeth set hard and his smile was icy.

"You are?" he asked politely. "Well, try it on." Al laughed.

"Say, Evan, don't try to scare me. I tell you, if you lay down on us I'll break you in two, and I can do it."

Owens was goaded to his feet; he strode toward the other man, leaned over him.

"This is a good time," he told him steadily. "We can start right away."

Al swung upward, grappling, thrusting him back. In another moment the blow would have been struck; but they were checked by Glade's rap on the door, fell back from each other as the coach came into the room.

Glade knew his men, and he knew to what an edge nerves may be whetted by the rigors of training. He looked from one to the other, and when he spoke it was to Al.

"Shorter," he said, "take a walk. I want to talk to Owens."

Shorter hesitated, then moved toward the door.

"He needs it," he commented.

"Go on," Glade directed. "Get out. Stay away an hour." And he crossed to shut the door behind the big guard. When he turned again, Owens had dropped into a chair at his desk and his fingers drummed moodily upon the chair arm. Glade came to his side and touched the captain on the shoulder. Owens, looking up, was astonished to discover that the coach was smiling, his eyes full of satisfaction.

He asked bitterly, "What's the joke?"

Glade sat down facing him.

"What do you think of the team, Buck?" he asked. Owens considered.

"Pretty smooth," he replied.

"We'll win next week," Glade predicted. "That leaves only the big game."

"They're good this year," said Owens. The coach nodded.

"As good as last year," he agreed. "But we're better than we were; know more football—if we can play it. What's the matter with the team, Buck?"

"Sir?"

"What's the matter with the team?"

Owens thought about this for a long time; he looked back through the games already played, through the contest of the afternoon just done; and he began to see, as Glade already saw.

"They don't get mad," he said. Glade nodded.

"Here's the case, Owens: Between you and me, the other fellows are a great team. They're going to lick us."

"No!" Owens cried.

"Yes!" Glade retorted coolly. "Oh, I know what you're thinking; but you're wrong, Buck. They're good. If we played them today they'd have us demoralized—the way they did last year." He hesitated, considering. "They'd beat us five or six touchdowns," he predicted.

"No, sir," Owens said hotly.

"There's only one way to hold them," Glade said steadily. "If I can get our men mad enough or scared enough, they'll fight; and if they'll fight, they can hold them—maybe win."

"They'll fight," Owens promised sternly. "They've got to."

Glade nodded. "They've got to," he agreed. "It's up to you and me, Buck, to make 'em—principally up to you."

For a moment the room was very still, while Owens weighed the other's words, his thoughts racing.

"What do you mean?" he asked at last.

The coach leaned toward him and his voice was very gentle.

"Here," he said—"here's what I want you to do."

An hour later, when Shorter came back, he found Owens alone, Glade gone. Owens, busy at his desk, did not turn his head when Al came in; and Al moved restlessly around the room, wishing to find some way to make amends to this old friend of his, helpless for lack of words. To attempt to placate Evan would be to confess weakness, and he was not strong enough for such a confession.

He said at last, provocatively, "Well, Glade lay you cold, did he?"

He expected anger, but not such a raging bitterness of fury as he saw blazing in the other's eyes. Owens came out of his chair with a leap; he crossed the room with a bound; he crouched above his friend.

"Blast you," he whispered, "will you shut your fat head?"

So Al morosely shut his fat head.

Youth is a time of high emprise; and nowhere is this more true than in the world of college, where the affairs of the moment seem incredibly important, fit to inspire any audacity or any sacrifice. But though youth has the valor for great deeds, it lacks the philosophy of age. An older man than Evan might have comforted himself with the knowledge that what he did was a fine thing; but for Owens the succeeding fortnight was a long pillory and shame. Save on formal and impersonal affairs, Al did not speak to him at all; and outside their room he met polite indifference or impersonal courtesy. Little groups which he approached fell silent at his coming, so that he knew they had been speaking of him; companies which he joined insensibly fled away, departing by ones or twos, with lame excuses, till he was left alone again. Twice in the first week he went to Glade, resentful and rebellious, refusing to carry on the plan the coach had proposed; but Glade was insistent and persuasive; he bullied and he pleaded, and he held Owens to the line.

In the anticlimactic game of the season, against an opponent usually strong, Owens started the game; and in the heat of the conflict he forgot Glade's instructions, bore through the opposing tacklers with a ferocity so great that Glade abruptly called him out, warning him to remember the part he was expected to play.

"We'll win this game anyway," Glade assured him. "I'll guarantee that, Buck. It's next week we've got to think about, and that's all up to you."

"Damn it, Dave, I can't," Owens protested. "I can go in there and win for you next week; but I can't do what you want me to."

"You'll do what I say," Glade told him. "You know I'm right, Buck. Don't be a kid. It's the only way, isn't it? Anybody can use their beef. I want you to use your heart, old man."

"What do you want me to do?" Owens cried; and Glade said implacably, "Just what I told you. When a man tackles you, fall."

(Continued on Page 71)

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While waiting for a well-known surgeon in a Southern city to dress my infected finger, I asked him what he used on his hands before and after handling infections, etc. He held up a cake of "Lifebuoy."

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Take 1 person, preferably yourself. Peel off all covering, then place in tubful tepid water. Soak well. Add 1 cake Lifebuoy. Mix all ingredients thoroughly, and see that the person is well saturated with the soft, creamy suds. After 10 minutes, rinse person with cold water; then remove and apply rough towel, rubbing rather briskly until warm, ruddy glow appears. Add 1 Grand and Glorious Feeling and serve with dressing—

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Across the Footlights

Cleanliness is next to Godliness! Put Lifebuoy next to your skin. You'll love it! Lather up—rinse it off—Boy, that's the life! Lifebuoy *always.*

EDDIE CANTOR
New Amsterdam Theatre
NEW YORK CITY

remarkable soap

to win friends like these

Here are *mothers* who just know that Lifebuoy cleanness is a precious safeguard to the health of youngsters—*men* who strive to put into words what the tonic pep of a Lifebuoy bath means to them—*young people* enthusiastic in praise of Lifebuoy as the modern soap—just suited to the high-speed, splendid freedom and activity of their work and play.

The use of Lifebuoy has increased enormously because Lifebuoy *proves.* The first time you try it you *know* it is the finest soap you ever used—amazingly cleansing, wholesome, efficient, sensible.

When rosy health glows through your cheeks—when you come from your Lifebuoy bath tingling and with your skin sparkling with new, breathing life, you, too, will share the fine enthusiasm of these Lifebuoy friends and of the thousands and thousands who have written just such letters as these.

The Health Doctor

"We resented its presence....*but now....*"

The first time Lifebuoy came to our house, a visiting guest, devoted to its use, brought it to our bathroom. Accustomed only to white soaps—odorless—we resented its presence.

But now the odor is simplified spelling for cleanliness, and the color is the danger signal to dirt and disease.

MRS. GRACE T. MAST
Roland Park
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

"Practical experience *my guide*"

The chemical ingredients of a soap mean nothing to me. Practical results are my only guide in buying soap. I always demand Lifebuoy because—

—it cleanses thoroughly, leaving no dirt to rub off on the towel.

—it is economical, lasting longer than similar bars of other brands.

—in summer it neutralizes the odor of perspiration, leaving the body sweet and clean.

—in winter it prevents chapped hands and cracked skins.

—at all times it invigorates the skin, giving it a natural, healthy color.

MRS. PAUL B. NEES
Independence
KANSAS

In the North Woods where "men are men" and soap is scarce

Were you ever without soap, and where you could not get it by stepping out to the store on the corner? Did you ever have that "dirty feeling"?

If you have never had these experiences, it is possible that soap is "just soap" to you—any old kind will do.

There are men, however, who sometimes go without soap because they haven't got it—and can't get it unless they journey miles to buy it.

Such men as lumber-jacks in the North Country; men who swing an axe or twist their bodies to the monotonous stroke of a saw in the heat of the woods. There are forest rangers who watch over your forests; lean young woodsmen who hike long, rough, fly-ridden trails each day in their everlasting vigil against the ever-present enemy of the woods—fire.

There are many other men who know the value of soap because they know what it is to go without upon occasion. Campers, hunters, explorers, surveyors, almost any type of man who lives in or feels the call of the great out-of-doors.

These fellows realize that a good soap will rid their body of the sweat of long trails, cleanse the skin of poison where flies and mosquitoes have done their bit toward making life harder to live, and make them eager for a sound sleep and a tough "next day."

When such a man does get to a country store, with his healthy tan barely visible beneath the grime on the face of him, do you hear him ask for "a cake of soap"?

Not much!

The first item on his list, and he grins with anticipation as he says it, is: "Half a dozen cakes of Lifebuoy."

HENRY G. GILBERT
Forest Fire Watchman, Belknap Mountain
LACONIA, N. H. R. F. D. No. 4.

"I have a very sensitive skin"

Until I saw the lovely "Lifebuoy families" in recent magazines, I never thought of trying Lifebuoy. But I could not resist those pictures of mothers with wee, ruddy children, glowing with health and beauty, and I wondered if Lifebuoy measured up to the advertising it received.

I bought one cake—I am conservative—and tried it on myself. Somewhat to my surprise, for I had clung tenaciously for several years to ——'s, a high priced soap (and I thought I simply could not change), I found Lifebuoy superior. I have a very sensitive skin, so I do not like to experiment with soaps. I shall experiment no further. Lifebuoy not only cleanses, but soothes my skin, and is therefore mild enough for Baby.

I feel *radiantly* clean after using Lifebuoy; Husband likes it better than any other soap he ever tried (he is more of a scientist than I, and can tell you *why* he likes it). He says it is chiefly for the antiseptic value of Lifebuoy, and that is really the most important reason—now that wee Son is creeping about into every corner, and making a little human dust-mop of himself. We shall never again be without Lifebuoy.

GWYNNYTH JANE GIBSON
(MRS. FLORIAN GIBSON)
420 Tennyson Ave.
PALO ALTO, CALIF.

The super-power "A" Battery for all radio dry cell tubes

When the radio engineers designed and perfected the dry cell tube, they picked the Eveready Columbia Ignitor for the uniformity, dependability, capacity and endurance of its electrical energy—and then made the tube to fit this standard. To enjoy the convenience of dry cell tube operation at least expense and with greatest satisfaction, use the battery on which dry cell tubes were founded. They last longer. There is an Eveready Columbia dealer nearby.

Manufactured and guaranteed by

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
New York San Francisco
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Sold in England and Colonies under trade name COLUMBIA

Popular uses include

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- calling Pullman porters
- firing blasts
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- running toys

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EVERY TUESDAY AT 9 P. M.
Eastern Standard Time

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WJAR	Providence	WWJ	
WEEI	Boston	WCCO	
WFI	Philadelphia		
WGR	Buffalo	WOC	
WCAE	Pittsburgh	WCTS	

(Continued from Page 66)

He sent Owens in again to start the second half. The game was by that time, barring a miracle, won. And Owens drove himself under a curb, held his bounding strength in leash, welcomed release at last when Glade called him once more to the sidelines. The coach bade him watch what followed; and Owens saw for himself that the team seemed to take on a new ferocity; show at last that fighting soul which thus far it had lacked. It drove no longer with precision, but irresistibly; and tired as it was, scored again and conclusively in the latter end of the game.

Owens had that to remember when he needed strength to live through the week ensuing—a week more bitter than the last had been. The memory upheld him when on Thursday the team left for New York for the final game. It supported him in the semi-solitude in which he moved, surrounded and walled in by politeness when he longed for harsh abuse. Even from Glade he had to accept, in public, averted glances and indifferent regard; but the coach found opportunities to be alone with Owens, to hearten him and strengthen him. And when the final moment came, in the dressing rooms waiting for the signal to run out upon the field, he sank his finger nails in his palms to hold himself under control.

Glade was saying a last word to the team. Owens, sitting on a bench across the room, seemed not to listen.

"We're going out there in a minute, men," Glade said, and his voice was cold and harsh. "I've just this to say: You're going up against a great team. You can't beat them. You haven't got the bowels. You know as much football as they do, but they've got something you haven't got.

"I'm about sick of you. And I've made up my mind to one thing. Any man that stays in the game today has got to fight. When a man slows down, I'm going to pull him out. I'm going to get eleven men in there that will fight if I have to use the whole squad. And if that won't do it, I'm going to call men out of the stands and put them in uniform. I'd rather have one man in there fighting than eleven just going through the motions. Get licked if you want to; but go down fighting."

He hesitated for a moment, looked across the room to where Sanborn stood—Sanborn, the sophomore, a fullback.

"Sanborn," he said stridently, "you'll start in place of Captain Owens. Shorter's acting captain. That's all. Get out of here."

He waved a compelling arm; and the players, momentarily paralyzed, obeyed him automatically. Only Al Shorter stood for a moment motionless, and his broad face was purple with dismay and with rage. He took a quick stride toward Glade, hesitated, looked toward where Owens sat inertly.

"Coach!" he cried.

"Go on, Al," Glade told him. "Get your men out there."

For a moment their eyes met; and Al looked at Owens again, but Owens did not raise his head. Al laughed harshly, and he swung around.

"Give me the ball," he said bitterly; and a moment later he thrust through the mass of players and led the first team, at that swift sprint which is so thrilling a spectacle, out across the chalk-lined sod.

Owens was the last man to leave the locker room, and he walked. He walked with head hanging, the picture of shamed dejection.

Three teams had run onto the field to trot through signals; the other members of the squad, those substitutes whose chances of inheriting a place were most remote, moved along the sidelines to their places on the benches at midfield. Owens went with them; and when they settled themselves under their gray blankets he was at the end of the line, a little space between him and the nearest man. He looked neither to the right nor to the left; his eyes were on the ground between his feet, nor did he raise his head during that interval when the second and third teams came to find places on the benches, while the first team adjusted head guards and grouped together for their final word. Then Al Shorter jogged to midfield to meet the opposing captain; and Owens raised his head at that and watched, while his eyes burned. Al won the toss, he saw.

When the teams spread for the kick-off, his heart pounded against the roof of his mouth; he felt intolerably that throbbing agony of waiting for the whistle; and his hands twitched and his knees trembled and his lip bled beneath his teeth. Then the tremendous thump of toe on ball; the oval sailing end over end high through the air; the rushing pack; the crash of bodies and thudding feet along the sod; and the whistle again when the ball was downed.

He watched thereafter, watched with a strained attention, a bitter hunger in his eyes. And at each charge his muscles leaped, and at each tackle his body twisted to this side or that. Once he caught himself mumbling words between his teeth; and he was afraid someone had heard, and looked at his neighbor. Young Bailey, a sophomore, a guard; a hard worker, but no football player. He would strive for three long years and get an honorary letter at the end. Owens grinned bitterly at the thought that he and Bailey sat here side by side; but also he was relieved that Bailey had not heard him muttering.

He followed the play in detail, but not as a whole; his concern was not so much with the movements of the ball as with the men on the team. He saw Shorter, bareheaded already, moving like a behemoth among the ruck of players. Shorter always lost his head guard in the first scrimmages, never bothered to replace it. His flaxen head was continually in motion; was usually to be seen emerging from beneath the thickest heap of men. Owens could hear Al's exhortations, bitter and furious and profane; his words had a scorching whip in them; and he buffeted the crouching men at either side of him resoundingly.

They were fighting, Owens saw; fighting as they had never fought before. He felt hopelessly that they could not maintain such a pace. The enemy, he perceived, met their fury with a cool confidence. They were used to opposition, but also they were used to victory. Such spasmodic effort as this never lasted against steady pressure; they had only to keep up the pressure, and they kept it up with methodical and unemotional persistence.

It was their confidence, Owens thought, which made them so invincible. Where other teams reserved the forward pass for midfield or beyond, they tried it anywhere; where other teams played a punt safely, they caught it at any hazard; where other teams punted on third down, they waited till fourth. He wondered, abstractedly, what the effect would be if this confidence could be shaken. Merely scoring against them would not shake the other team, he knew; they had been scored on before; had overcome a lead of one touchdown, or of two, with the same dispassionate persistency. Yet they must be somehow vulnerable, must have their weakness if it could be bared.

He found himself abruptly on his feet, with the thousands all about him and in the stands behind. Al Shorter had broken through to block a punt, one of those punts on fourth down; blocked the punt and fallen on the ball, within striking distance of the enemy goal. Owens had a sudden inspired thought. If he were quarterback, he told himself, he would not seriously try to score. The enemy was still fresh; they would be sure to prevent success, and failure might dishearten the team, make them doubtful of their own powers. He shook his head as he watched; for they had tried, with a quick forward pass. Batted down. A drive at tackle got two yards. Another pass failed. A run from kick formation almost made the distance. While the linesmen measured, Owens found himself trembling with exhilaration at the valor of that play; the sheer effrontery of it, trying to run the ball for an eight-yard gain when a field goal had been a better gamble. That was not the demeanor of a team accepting defeat, but rather of a team expecting victory. The fact that the play had failed, that the ball was the enemy's, did not mar his exultation at the moral strategy involved.

That was Morris, he reminded himself; Morris, the quarterback. A great player and a daring one.

On his feet again. An enemy run had gained three yards, but Lecker's tackle was so fierce that the runner dropped the ball and Burke had it, was downed. Another chance.

Jay took it into the line; Sanborn took his turn. Two yards for each of them. A pass to the side gained almost the full distance; there was left half a yard for first down. Another plunge by Sanborn would do that. Owens gripped his hands, watching. But Morris chose to try another pass, and it was batted down in turn. The chance was lost again. The roaring stands behind Owens faded into silence as the enemy, as confident and sure as ever, once more took the ball. Owens felt his hope slackening; such rebuffs shook the morale of any team. Yet this team, his team out there, was fighting still; raging against the dull red line, sifting through. One runner down for a loss, another in his tracks. The enemy would punt this time, play it safe. He sprang up, screaming—the back had taken the ball for a wide run, and Burke was forcing him further and further out, dropped him at last on the sidelines for a loss. A great man, Burke, playing like one inspired. He checked himself, looked around in astonishment. Someone was sprinting out across the field, and Owens recognized the man. Jasper, replacing Burke. Replacing Burke! He saw Burke come slowly toward the sidelines—heard Glade's rasping voice.

"Get down here, Burke. I want a man in there that will fight."

Owens could see Burke's color rise, and he had a momentary impulse to seek out the man, comfort him. Held himself rigidly in check, turning his eyes again to the field.

A moment later his throat ached with pain at the fierce and rasping cry he raised—another punt blocked. Bullman, this time, and he had the ball safely under his great body. A third chance for a score and the game not ten minutes old.

He found himself shouting "Get them! Get them! Get them!" Became conscious of his own voice and in confusion fell silent. Hall around the end, a yard. Morris himself taking the ball now. Two yards, down, crawling, smothered under a mass of red jerseys. Hall again, at tackle. A yard to go and fourth down. Hall at tackle. Held!

He cursed under his breath, snarling with rage. He could see Hall's chest heave with his sobbing breath. And—Hall was coming out. Wallmer going in for him.

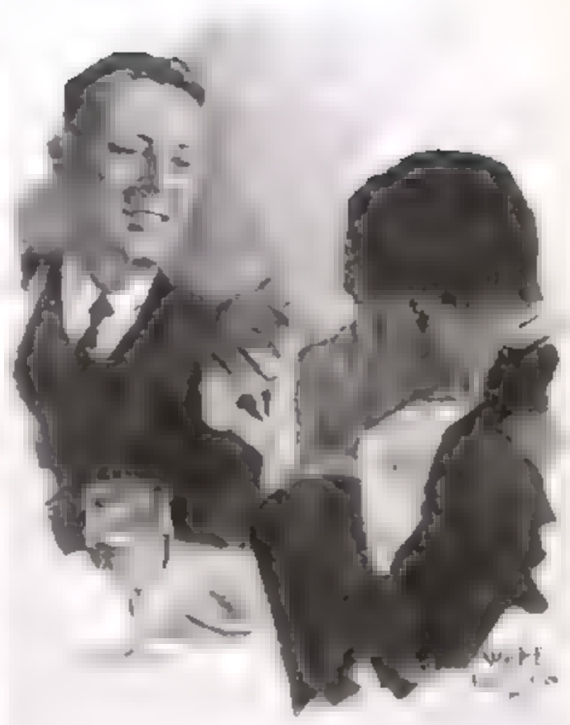
Glade shouting after Wallmer, "If you want to stay in there, fight!" To Hall, "Sit down with Burke. You're a pair."

And the indomitable enemy, cool and sure, rushing the ball again, standing in the very shadow of their goal. Held once, held twice, held thrice. But this time, through Bullman's very fingers, the punt got away, far down the field. Morris was in midfield, could not get under it. The ball struck, bounded backward into enemy territory, and a red jersey infolded it where it lay. Owens grimaced. Bullman had touched it, then. He cursed Morris. They were on the defensive now.

To his amazement the whistle blew; the period had ended. Two minutes' respite. He saw the enemy team dabbling with water, rinsing their mouths. Glade sent no water to his men, nor did they seek it out. Instead they moved sullenly across the field to where play would be resumed, lined up there behind the ball, in position, waiting. After a moment the enemy came on.

Owens heard the quarterback call cheerfully, "Well, let's start, boys!"

Shorter bellowed his truculent retort, "Come my way, you red legs!"



"That's where you are wrong, old man," said Porter.
"Razor blades are as good as they ever were."

"Then why can't I get a decent shave." asked Stewart.

"Your own fault, my dear fellow. If you would strop your blades on a Twinplex they would shave like a dream."

"You wouldn't strop a new blade, would you?"

"Sure thing! That's where you fellows slip up. You think a new blade is ready to shave with. As a matter of fact, it needs the finishing touch of a good strop immediately before shaving."

"Why don't they strop them at the factory?"

"They do, but the edges of a good blade are as sensitive to temperature changes as is the mercury in a thermometer."

"I get you," said Stewart, "The stropping must be done just before shaving."

"Right-O. That's the only way you can get a keen edge for a comfortable shave."

"Think I'll try it," said Stewart, "Where can I get a Twinplex."

"At any good store. You can't lose—Twinplex is guaranteed for ten years. If it doesn't make your blades shave better you can get your money back."

"That's fair enough."

"And what's more—Twinplex will make a blade last so long you'll soon save enough to pay for it.

Send for this unique Home for Old Blades

Once inside this tiny house with green bands, blades can't get out to harm anyone. Send the name of your razor and we will send you a Doll House and a sharp new blade made keen by stropping on Twinplex. We would not dare to show you what Twinplex will do to a new blade.

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Take a good look at the diagram below, read each of the descriptions, and you will get some idea of what the Square Simplex really is. It is a distinguished looking clock, not limited to use as an alarm, but suitable for any room. So well made it lasts practically a life time.

(Height 5¼"—Width 4¾")

Either antique gold or platinum-like finish $6.00
Mahogany case, dull rubbed finish (Serenade) $10.00
Radium hands and numerals, $1.25 extra

Prices in Canada are a bit higher.
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At Jewelers, Department Stores and Drug Stores.

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Makers of Fine Clocks for Half a Century
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ANSONIA *means* CLOCKS

The quarterback grinned, and nodded.

"Whatever you say," he replied. Shorter enfolded the plunging back and spurned him to earth. He did the same again. On the third play, Jasper hurried the back who would have tried a pass. The punt that followed went over the goal line, and they came out twenty yards and formed for battle once more.

A moment later Jay had made first down and the stands were screaming. Then Morris flung a pass to Carroll and the ball was at midfield. Owens found himself sprawling on the ground. He had slid off the end of the bench in his blind concentration, and he picked himself up with a sheepish grin, eyes never leaving the play. The game degenerated into a series of fruitless plunges, successful punts. To and fro, to and fro, and Owens felt in his own muscles the long weariness that must be descending on those men out in the field. It was this endless, fruitless striving which wore a man down; this desperate endeavor without reward.

Abruptly there came one of those plays when every man finds his allotted place exactly; when the confusion on the field becomes order, as the pieces of a puzzle fall into their places. The enemy had punted to midfield, and Jay took out his end, dropped him, sprawled across the other man's body. Shorter, following the punt back, got the opposing tackle, and Morris was free with the ball, running at a long slanting diagonal across the field and down. The sidelines forced him to straighten out his course. Tacklers gathered before him, and he reversed the field and came this time toward the side where Owens sat. Owens was on his feet; his heart stopped. For Morris was clear. An even sprint, one man coming to cut him off, one man with a chance. Morris reached the sideline and swerved, and his foot slipped a little so that he staggered. Owens, looking along the line, saw that Morris had kept within the field; saw him a moment later meet the tackler, the momentum of his own run carrying them both across the goal. And knew madness for an instant till he saw one of the officials calling for the ball.

The man ruled that Morris had stepped outside; the score was lost. Owens, beside himself, would have run that way, but Glade called to him, stopped him with a word. The teams were already lining up, and he heard Morris calling signals.

"Let's get it again!" Morris screamed at his men. "Let's get it again!"

They had better than a dozen yards to go. They made one, then five, then lost a yard, then, by a hair, first down. Two or three yards to go, and four downs to make it in. This time, Owens swore to himself, this time they would do it.

But the half ended before the next scrimmage could be begun. Ended, and the men went trooping, jaded, toward the locker rooms. Owens, as much exhausted as though he himself had played that bitter thirty minutes, followed them with the others; followed them this time with a lifted head. This, for all the fact that he sat inert and useless—this was his team.

Glade did not talk to the men during that intermission, save for a single word at the end. Ominous his tone.

"Mind what I said," he warned them. "I want fighters in there. You can't lick them. I know that. But you'll fight, if you want to stay in the game!"

The team went back unchanged, but immediately disaster befell them. By one of those currents occasionally perceptible but beyond explanation, the right and left wings of the charging line of tacklers parted and the enemy runner came through. This on the kick-off. Through and on to midfield and beyond before Morris got him. Then upon the heels of one catastrophe, another; for Morris tackled with such bitter vehemence that the ball left the runner's hands, and one of his own men scooped it up and was away again and scored. Such a bitter turn of luck as happens once in years; sufficient to dishearten the stoutest fighters. Instantly Glade struck. Put Burke in for Jasper, Gray for Sanborn, Ruth for Jay. No comment this time, only scorn for the three men who came drooping to the sidelines. His eyes turned keenly on the fray beyond them in the field.

Jay came to Owens' side, willing to find any companion in his misery. But Owens offered him no word; his attention was all upon the game. Yet there was not now much for them to see. Simply the spectacle of a confident team with a comfortable lead, content to hold that lead, to hold some strength in reserve, to fling back the desperate charge of desperate men. The long quarter dragged through and only weariness came of it. The last began, and the minutes fled, and the ball clung to midfield stubbornly. Lassitude descended upon Owens. He was exhausted by his own futile prayers and entreaties. Glade was replacing the tired men now, meeting them as they came out with brief and bitter words.

The long pass from Luther to Carroll that scored their touchdown came at a moment when he was scarce watching the play at all. The game had reached that stage when the beaten team resorts to desperate measures. The ball was in enemy territory; the pass was marked before it was begun. But somehow Carroll found an open space toward which to take his way, and somehow Luther, fighting off those who sought to hurry him, held his hand till the appointed moment, and somehow at last the pass went true into Carroll's very arms and was held and borne on, and downed securely at last behind the enemy's line. Owens was almost too jaded to exult, and when the goal was missed, leaving the enemy still in the lead, his head drooped. He looked toward Glade, a prayer in his eyes, beseeching his chance, begging for even these last brief minutes of play—but Glade seemed not to see.

They had the ball again, flinging hurried passes, time pressing on their heels. And abruptly Owens, watching, saw an astonishing thing. He saw that the enemy was no longer confident, and this perception brought him to his feet, his tongue clinging to his teeth. They were beaten—those red jerseys were beaten. Not on the score, little chance of that perhaps. But beaten just the same. Their knees sagged. Fresh men were coming in. They moved slackly to their places. The resistless pressure of this fighting team had pushed them back. Another pass succeeded, brought the ball to midfield. The enemy held there, desperately enough. And at last Owens saw Lecker coming back. He knew what that meant—a last stab—a try for a field goal. Morris to hold the ball.

Owens looked at the markers on the lines—too far. Fifty yards at least, and Lecker had never done that distance even in practice. Also they were hurried; the time must be very short. Incredibly soon he saw the ball coming back into Morris' hands, saw it poised, saw it rise slowly and slowly, terribly high; saw it hover there and begin to descend. From where he sat it seemed to him for a moment that it would carry the crossbar. He thought for an instant it had done so, till by the confusion of rushing players he knew the kick had failed.

The ball landed three yards within the field, and the enemy waited for it to bound across the goal line. But the perverse thing bounced the other way, bobbed to and fro, rolled slowly toward the chalk mark. Owens, watching, saw it roll so slowly, saw the enemy waiting, saw his own men charging down. It was Lewstader who got there, who fell and gripped the ball, a matter of inches from the line.

The stands lifted their cry, "Block this punt! Block this punt!" It boomed down the field.

Owens could not utter a sound; he watched breathlessly, moving with little nervous, twitching jerks of his feet. He saw, abruptly, that they would not punt; they meant to run the ball. The backs were clustering close behind the center, the quarter exhorting them. He nodded, recognizing the strategy of delay. It continued interminably, this exhortation, but at last the men snapped into position. The ball moved. Owens could not see what happened. He did not know till afterward that it was Bullman who broke through and dropped the runner in his tracks, behind the line.

Back in college, Owens found himself forgiven; but forgivingly. The condescension of his fellows, the joy which embraced even him seemed to him intolerable. Al Shorter, exuberant with delight, flung an arm about him, cuffed him between the shoulders, but Owens brushed him aside. Youth finds at times a certain happiness in pain.

He would not, he told himself, go to the mass meeting of celebration on Monday night. He thought of leaving college—thought with moody relish that after he was gone they might find out the truth. Al went to the meeting, angry at Owens' sullen refusal to join him. Left Evan in their room.

But after Al was gone, Owens could not bear to stay where he was alone. He went out on the campus and walked about, meeting no one, lonely and miserably content with his loneliness. From the Hall he could hear the booming of cheers that greeted speaker upon speaker. Imperceptibly his steps drifted that way, and so he came at last to a spot beneath one of the windows—a spot from which he could hear. His lips twisted grimly at what he heard.

"The usual bunk," he told himself. "A great team, a great victory, a wonderful year; the old ascendancy restored." Owens was full of bitter scorn. He heard Dave Glade called to the platform, and he hated Glade—Glade who had shamed him.

Glade was speaking. Owens listened angrily.

"You've got that game under your belts," Glade was saying. "A right to be proud of it. Know what won it, do you?"

There was a momentary silence; and then someone roared, "The old fight!" A thousand voices took up the cry, it swelled and bellowed and then abruptly was stilled again. Glade's voice once more.

"Right," he agreed. "The old fight. But there's something you don't know."

He had their attention now, and even Owens listened without scorn.

"One man won that game," Glade said.

Somebody called "Don't be so modest, Dave," and the roar of laughter drowned him out and stilled again.

"Nobody ever called me modest," Glade retorted. "But—I didn't win that game." He hesitated again. "The man that won it isn't here," he said. Owens could hear them stirring uneasily. "You know who I mean," the coach continued. "Buck Owens won that game!"

Owens cringed with shame; cringed again when someone uttered a jeering cry.

Then other voices rose, "Shut up! What do you mean, Dave?"

"The team wouldn't fight," Glade said crisply. "I had to make them fight—scare them into fighting. Buck played my game; he let me make a goat of him—to scare the rest of you. You've been saying he'd lost his nerve. Boys, he's got more backbone than I have, and I'm proud to say it."

Owens moved back, poising for flight.

Someone inside shouted, "Where is he? Where's Buck?"

"Go find him," Glade retorted. "That's up to you."

Owens heard their feet moving, gathering speed. He ran away then; ran cravenly. But of course they found him in the end.

Hours later, he and Al were alone at last in their room, and upon these two sat a great embarrassment. They spoke briefly, of unimportant things, each trying to find words for what was in his mind. Big Al Shorter at last had a try at it.

"Well, you big slob, you think you're a hero, don't you?" he challenged.

Owens grinned. "Oh, shut your fat head," he retorted.

But the words of youth must be read with a glossary.

Above is Gold Seal Inlaid Universal Pattern No. 51-80. In the hallway, Gold Seal Inlaid Universal Pattern No. 53-146

A beautiful kitchen floor of Gold Seal Inlaid

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A MAN OF PLOTS

(Continued from Page 47)

"I can tell you ——" Doctor Cheatley exclaimed; but Morn silenced him with a bleak glance.

"It is not necessary that you tell me anything," he replied. "It is not even necessary that I be convinced of her insanity. It is only necessary that the court be convinced. I am of the impression that many of the old women of this countryside are as eccentric as she; yet no doubt they might all be proved—legally proved—to be insane. It is only necessary to put that proof in the proper form." He gave Newt a slow glance. "Do you propose to ask her commitment to an institution?" he inquired.

"I'd have to pay her board, wouldn't I?" Newt asked cautiously.

"Unless you were unable to do so."

"That ain't right," Newt protested. "I pay taxes. She's paid taxes, anyway. All her life. She ought to be entitled to her keep for nothing, now't she's old."

"If you wished her committed to an institution as a public charge," Morn advised him, "the matter would be difficult. If you wished to bestow her in a private institution at your own expense, it could be more easily arranged. The physicians in charge of some institutions of that sort make valuable witnesses in the case of a prospective client. But if you merely wish to be appointed her guardian, in control of her person and property, that is no doubt the simplest step of all."

Newt was immensely relieved. "Why, I guess that'd take care of her, all right," he agreed. "Be too bad to have her locked up less'n I had to."

"If that is your wish," Morn advised him, "it would be well to have the assent of your brother Samuel. In fact, he should be made a copetitioner with yourself, and should share the guardianship. From what you have said, I have gathered that Mrs. Dunnack would not so bitterly oppose a measure which he suggested, as if it came from yourself alone. This is worth consideration, since it would simplify the court proceedings. But even in the face of her opposition, if your brother can be induced to join with you in your plea, the matter would be most easily arranged."

"Why, I can do that," Newt declared definitely. He had some faint misgiving, but stifled it. "Sam takes my advice," he told them. "Sam'll do anything I say."

"You have reason to believe that in such an arrangement you would yourself be the dominating force?" Morn suggested.

Newt assured him this was the case. "I'd have to handle Sam right; but I can do it," he replied.

Morn cleared his throat. "In that case, my services to you will be on the basis of a very nominal fee; but this should be supplemented by a confidential agreement between ourselves, to be carried out by you and individually, after the fact is accomplished."

"I guess we won't argue about that," Newt assured him.

"Very well," the lawyer replied. "Come to me with your brother. We can then plan more definitely. We shall not then be obliged to depend on your—physician." He glanced at Cheatley; and the doctor twisted uneasily in his seat. Morn added in a tone of finality, "I bid you good day."

Cheatley and Newt, on the stairs descending to the street, wiped the perspiration from their faces; and Cheatley said petulantly, "He's a fine old pirate. Trying to shut me out of this. You can't get away with that, Newt."

Newt reassured him volubly. "Don't you worry about that, doc," he advised. "I'll take care of you."

But later that day, after he had ridded himself of Cheatley, he remembered their interview with Morn with satisfaction. If there proved to be no need of using Cheatley he would be able to save a considerable item of expense; an item that might well compensate for the amount he might be forced to pay Morn. Cheatley was, he assured himself, a blunderer; it was the doctor who had by his manner given Mrs. Dunnack warning of what Newt planned. If Cheatley could be excluded from participation in the profits of the scheme it would be no more than the physician deserved. He was, Newt told himself virtuously, an unscrupulous character and a disgrace to the profession of which he was a member.

So Newt went home definitely encouraged by his interview with Morn. It was only necessary that he should enlist Sam in support of his project, and he had no doubt that he would in the end be able to accomplish this design. Sam was always so easily led along the way Newt wished his brother to go.

XV

A DEFINITE impatience began about this time to lay hold of Newt and drive him onward. He was ordinarily a man willing to go deliberately about his designs, finding a definite pleasure in their formulation, and the delight of an artist in their accomplishment. These were satisfactions which he was usually willing to protract. But he had begun to feel that he was making little progress; his interview with his mother the night before had revealed to him the firmness of her hostility toward him; he perceived the uselessness of delay and the possible advantages of making haste.

So he chose the first opportunity to precipitate the interview with Sam, which in spite of his confidence in his own success he dreaded.

The occasion which he selected came about the following morning. The day was Sunday, so that the mill was idle; and after breakfast Newt, glad to escape from too close association with his mother, went out of the house and down toward the mill. He moved to and fro about the somewhat dilapidated building, and he saw unwillingly that the floor was in fact in very bad shape indeed and must soon be repaired as Herb Faller urged. But he told himself stubbornly that the longer he waited the longer a new floor would endure. He stayed in the mill until he began to feel a little uneasy; there was in the silence of the old structure, so full of shrieking tumult when the saw was at work, something vaguely sinister and mocking. It was as though a malignant personality dwelt in the rotting boards and sills and laughed at him from the gleaming metal of the saw's flank. He had become more and more conscious of this feeling as his stay in Fraternity continued; found himself unable to put it completely from his thoughts. So now when he saw Sam leave the house and go to the barn, he was glad of the excuse to follow. As good a moment as another, he told himself, to persuade Sam to his own ends

He found the younger man at work cleaning out the horse's stall; and Newt stood near by, watching, exchanging a casual word or two with his brother. He tried to contrive a natural opening for what he had to say, but none occurred to him, so at last he chose to end a considerable silence by himself suggesting the topic foremost in his mind.

"I been thinking about ma, Sam," was what he said.

Sam seemed to find nothing surprising in this statement. "I'm kind of worried about her myself, Newt," he agreed. "She seems unhappy to me lately."

"Queer?" Newt suggested.

"Why, like as if having you around bothered her more'n she let on."

Newt tried to laugh at this. "That's queer enough," he told Sam. "I been as good to her as I know how."

"Ma worries a pile," Sam agreed.

"The thing is," Newt remarked, "she's getting old and broody. She sets around and thinks too much. And things bother her that there ain't any need of. And she has to work pretty hard. It ain't right she would work as hard as she does, Sam."

"Ma wouldn't be content if she wan't working," Sam reminded him.

"She's been taking care of other folks all her life. It's time we started taking care of her."

"Well, I aim to take care of her," Sam replied mildly.

Newt shook his head. "She's lonely," he suggested. "Nobody her own age to talk to. I been thinking we ought to make some arrangement for ma, Sam."

"Oh, ma gits along," Sam objected.

"Well, she gits along; but that ain't all she's a right to expect. Here she is old, and got a lot of money, but she won't spend it, make herself comfortable. We ought to make her, Sam. Ought to make her buy things she needs, and give herself some ease before she dies."

Sam chuckled. "You can't make ma do a thing she don't want to," he reminded Newt. "You'd ought to know that as well as me."

Newt said good-naturedly, "That's you all over, Sam. You can always find a reason why you can't do a thing. But a man can do anything he wants to do. Easy enough to get around ma."

"I never found out any way, except to be good to her as I could, and try keeping her contented so."

"Well, there are other ways to get around her," Newt insisted, and so at last forced Sam to ask, "How, Newt? What you got in your head?"

Newt watched his brother closely, said in a swift word, "Get us appointed to be her guardians."

"What good'd that do?" Sam inquired.

"We could buy her what she needs, then, and see to't she had some comforts."

"She wouldn't let us."

"If we was her guardians she couldn't help herself."

"You mean, go to court about it?" Sam inquired slowly.

Newt nodded. "Get a court order, yes. And that way she couldn't stop our making her comfortable."

Sam said thoughtfully and soberly, "Ma said you were fixing to claim she was crazy, Newt. That what's in your head?"

Newt said reassuringly, "Lord, no, Sam. That ain't necessary. All we got to do is go to court and show that ma don't have what she needs, because she's so in the way of not spending anything, and then the court will give us the custody of her and her prop'ty and we can look out for her."

"That's same thing as saying she's crazy, ain't it?" Sam's tone was level, and he was watching Newt now.

"No, not crazy," Newt insisted. "Just incompetent. Just means she don't know enough to take care of herself."

Sam studied him for so long that Newt began to be, curiously enough, a little afraid of his brother. He felt perspiration on his brow. But Sam at last said only, "I guess there ain't any need of that, Newt. I guess I can take care of ma without an order from the court."

Newt's fear made him faintly reckless. "Well, I don't agree to that, Sam," he retorted. "I've been thinking it over. I'm satisfied we got to look out for ma. You may want to let her go along the way she is, but I want she should have some nice clothes, and the right kind of food, and someone to do her work for her and keep her company."

"I guess we'll stay the way we are," Sam repeated positively.

Newt shook his head. "I was talking to a lawyer in East Harbor, yesterday," he replied. "I've already gone ahead, Sam. I knew you wouldn't have the sense to do the right thing, so I didn't wait for you."

Sam's face slowly colored; and Newt observed this phenomenon with a dispassionate curiosity.

He had never seen Sam angry, had begun to believe there was no capacity for honest rage in the other man.

"You talked to a lawyer?" Sam repeated unemotionally.

"Yes, I did," Newt told him.

"To git ma declared insane?"

"Incompetent," Newt corrected. "So's we can look out for her."

The two men were standing a dozen feet apart, Sam in the horse's stall with a manure fork in his hand, Newt in the disused tie-up once devoted to the uses of the cows. Sam now dropped the manure fork and strode toward Newt so purposefully that Newt gave ground; and Sam came up with him and gripped his brother by the shoulders and shook the fat little man; and Newt saw that Sam's face was purple.

"Why, blast you!" Sam cried in a controlled voice. "Why, blast your snake's hide!"

Newt's teeth were chattering in his head; he twisted himself free and backed away, and he cried quickly, "Stop it, Sam! Have some sense into you!"

"You fixing to have it said around that ma's crazy?" Sam ejaculated.

"Have some sense, Sam," Newt repeated. "You listen to me a spell."

"I've a mind to lay you out," Sam told him passionately.

"Use your head, 'stead of your hands, for once," Newt retorted. "You don't have to be a blamed fool, Sam. If you had any sense you'd see I'm right. You're the one that's wrong, wanting ma to go slaving and suffering the rest of her days. You ain't got eyes enough to see that's why she's so miserable half the time. I been home here just about two months, and you been here ten years, and I have to show you what's been right in front of your eyes all the time."

Sam said, no relenting in his manner, "I ain't a-going to let you do it, Newt."

"I tell you I've figured it all out," Newt repeated. "And matter of that, I've already done it. You can't stop me now. But it's the thing to do, Sam. For ma's own good, so she can have some rest in her old age." He added shrewdly, "It was Linda made me see it, much as anyone."

Sam was struck by this word, was for a moment silenced. "Linda?" he repeated.

"Linda see long ago that it wan't right," Newt assured him. "The way ma has to work and do without, and all. But she said you never would see."

"She never said anything to me," Sam protested.

"You're as dumb about Linda as you are about ma," Newt assured him, his confidence all regained. "You wouldn't let her tell you anything."

Sam was shaken. "You mean t' say Linda thinks ma's crazy?" he demanded uncertainly.

Newt laughed again. "You keep hanging on to it that I say she's crazy," he exclaimed. "I never said that, Sam. All I ever said was that she don't have sense about her business. She's been saving all her life; and she can't get over it; and now she's old and needs things and won't buy them for herself because she's so in the habit of counting every penny. All I ever said was you and me ought to see to't she got what she needs; and that means having us appointed her guardians, legal, so we can sign papers and all."

Sam shook his head. "Newt," he said steadily, "you can't fool me. I know you too blamed well. You're just figuring out a way to cheat ma out of everything she's got."

"I don't say I ought to be her guardian," Newt reminded him. "You're in it with me. Matter of fact, you're the one to have the say-so. When Linda and me come to get married ma'll be living with you, naturally. You'll have to look out for her; and this way you can see she gets what she needs." (Continued on Page 79)

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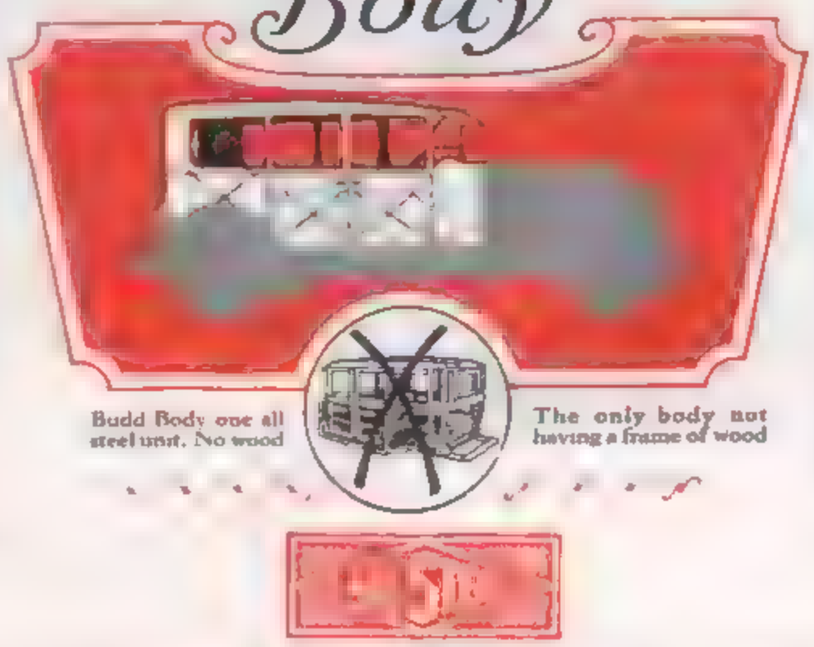

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(Continued from Page 74)

"Ma'll always live with me," Sam agreed.

"I knew you'd want it so," Newt assented. "I told Linda that."

"Told her what?" Sam asked uncertainly.

"We were talking the other day," Newt explained, "about where we'd live when we married. She didn't say as much, but you know as well as I do two women in the same house is bad. She couldn't come here to live long as ma's here."

"Here?" Sam echoed.

"Sure," Newt replied. "This is the place for a Dunnack to live, I should think. You ain't ever married, and like as not you won't; and you don't care anything about the mill or the farm anyway. But Linda and me'll be getting married pretty soon; and when ma dies you and me'll have the farm and all, anyway, so this is the place for me to live. That's natural, seems to me. It's ma's old home and all. We don't want it to run down and go to rack and ruin; and I can keep it up better than you, Sam."

Sam was profoundly disturbed; he looked uncertainly about as though appraising his surroundings.

"I never thought much about it," he remarked unsteadily.

"Ma'd want it that way," Newt urged.

"What makes you think so?"

"She'll want the old place kep' up."

"But she'll want to stay here," Sam insisted. "You can look after her well as me, Newt; and I'll be over here right along."

Newt understood that his brother was slowly yielding ground; he could afford to be amiably persuasive, and he was. "Have some sense, Sam," he urged. "Linda and ma wouldn't get along; and ma don't like me. She'd be always fretting here. I'll have all I can do, bringing the mill back to where it amounts to something, and the farm, and the land and buildings ma owns, without watching her all the time. She'd ought to be watched all the time, Sam, or she'll do herself a harm some day when she's low in her mind."

Sam looked at his brother in dismay. "What makes you think that?" he asked in a startled tone.

"I've been watching her," Newt replied. "She broods too much. She told me the other night there's times when she gets to thinking about pa and the way she treated him till she can't hardly stand it. She needs to be made over, Sam; and you can do that better than me. You'll have to take care of her. I can't do a thing with her. That's why I say you'll have to be the main guardian."

"I ain't going into court and say ma's crazy," Sam protested.

"It ain't that," Newt reminded him impatiently. "Besides, it's just a formal thing. So we can sign papers for her and all, and not have to bother her." He hesitated, considering what he said. "More'n that, Sam," he urged. "The way ma feels to me—oh, I don't fool myself any about that—she's apt to make a will and leave me out of it; and then I'd have to go into court and prove she was out of her head, to get my share of things. I could do it easy enough if I had to; but settling things now will save that, and make it easier for ma the rest of her life. It's the sensible thing to do."

"I don't mean but what you should share and share with me," Sam protested.

"I know that," Newt agreed. "But ma'd figure you to be that way, and the chances are she'd fix it so you couldn't share up with me if you wanted to. Naturally, I could break a will in court by proving she was crazy; but I don't want to have to do it, Sam, after she's dead."

"You're ready enough to do it now while she's alive," Sam reminded him.

"It'd be called being incompetent now," Newt urged. "That's better than being called crazy then." He had abruptly an inspiration, and acted upon it at once. "Besides, Sam, if we can fix things up without, we don't have to go to court at all. I hate it bad as you do; and Linda feels mighty bad about it, even if she does see it's the only thing to do. But you and me can fix it."

"How can we?" Sam asked cautiously.

Newt chose his words. "Why, we can agree about things," he explained. He became more expansive, pleased with his own idea. "Here's what we can do," he suggested. "You're figuring to build a place to live in, over at the orchard anyway. Well, you go ahead and do that, and ma can live there with you; and Linda and me'll live here. Then you can get ma to give a power of attorney so we can handle her business for her. Then I won't have to go into court at all."

"You said you already had," Sam reminded him.

The confusion of his thoughts was clearing, and Newt perceived this; but at the same time he knew the weapon with which he could control his brother.

"I can stop that," he replied. "Linda and me thought it was the way to do, but I can put a stop to it."

Newt's recurrent mention of Linda's name fell on Sam with increasing weight, and Newt had calculated upon this.

Sam, after a moment, asked now, "You and Linda planning on marrying soon?"

"November," Newt said definitely.

Sam digested this, turning a little away from his brother, his eyes going out through a window of the barn to rest upon the still surface of the river above the milldam. And Newt watched him, almost reading his brother's thoughts. Newt had no illusions; he felt sure that Sam estimated him correctly, understood his determination to assume full control of Mrs. Dunnack's affairs. But Newt had put the matter in such a fashion that Sam could persuade himself there was no present danger in the situation So long as they were joint custodians of the property, Sam might tell himself, Newt could do no harm. And Newt understood quite well that Sam loved Linda; that he would be powerfully moved by the desire to contribute to her happiness and comfort. From Sam's point of view, Newt assured himself, the issue resolved itself into a question whether he should agree to an arrangement that would please Linda, that would give him and Newt both responsibility and power, and that would undoubtedly make it possible for him to supply his mother with comforts which she would never take for herself.

So Newt waited for Sam's reflections to arrive at this point; waited for the younger man to see for himself how reasonable it was that he should yield, and how little apparent danger such a surrender implied. But when Sam remained silent for an interminable time, Newt was at last forced to speak; and when he did so it was to put the proposition in his own words.

"That's all there is to it, Sam," he urged. "If you and me can't agree, I'll have to go ahead with what looks to me the thing to do. But we ought to be able to agree. It'll let us take care of ma the way she ought to be took care of; and it'll give you the say-so on her business; and it'll make Linda happy."

Sam turned then and looked at Newt. He said slowly, "You don't fool me, Newt. Or I don't think you do. This is what you've been working for. But I figure it'd make ma unhappier to fight you than any other way. She knows you well as I do; but if you was to come out and say she was crazy, so everybody knew what you were saying, in court, the way you talk about, it'd make her feel worse. Just knowing that folks knew what you'd do to her."

Newt cried angrily, "If you're a-going to talk that way ——"

"I'm fixing to save ma all the misery I can," Sam said steadily. "And if I can do that, I'm willing to let you go about so far. I don't want a row with you, Newt. I don't want it because it would fret ma; and then—I don't want it anyhow. We're brothers; and we ought to get along. I don't want a row, so I'm willing to go ahead the way you say."

Newt's surface good humor returned. The fact that Sam appraised him so justly made him inwardly furious, full of a vigorous determination to even the score with his brother when the time should come. But his victory was for the present sufficiently complete. By persuading Sam, he had achieved his ends, achieved more than he had expected, and this without being forced to call upon either Cheatley or Morn for his sinister assistance. He would not have to use them; and by the same token he would escape the necessity of paying them.

So while he was venomously angry at Sam, he presented an amiable countenance and said heartily, "That's sensible. Then Linda and me'll plan on living here."

"If she wants to," Sam agreed.

"She does," Newt assured him, "if ma ain't here too"

"I'll take care of ma," Sam promised, "if Linda marries you."

Newt chuckled. "I'll answer for Linda," he assured the other, "if you can do the same for ma. You'll have to talk her into it, Sam. She ain't likely to listen to me."

"She's too old for a row," Sam replied steadily. "I ain't going to let her row with you or anybody, Newt."

"She'll listen to you," Newt assured him.

Sam nodded. "I'll have to build, over at the orchard," he said, half to himself. "Hadn't figured on doing that right away. I'll have to borrow from ma for that."

Newt's nerves tightened at this; he had no intention of permitting any part of his mother's property to slip through his fingers thus. But it was, he thought, unwise to offer any open opposition to Sam at this moment.

Instead, therefore, he said suggestively, "It'll pay you, that way, Sam. You'll be able to do a lot for the orchard when you're in charge of what ma's got."

Sam colored slowly, groping for words. "I guess I'll borrow somewhere else," he decided.

Newt was always quick to perceive opportunity; he saw an opening now. "I've got some saved up," he said in a friendly tone. "I'll be glad to lend you, my own self, Sam. When you figure out what you'll need."

"Well," Sam agreed, "I'd just as soon borrow from you."

Newt thought, when Sam had turned away and gone out of the barn and left him alone, that he had gained far more than he would have supposed possible. He had eliminated the necessity for payments to Cheatley or Morn; he had acquired—jointly with Sam, it is true—control of all his mother's affairs; and he had taken the first step toward entangling Sam in a snare of debt out of which his brother would hardly be able to escape without the loss of the orchard and all else that was his.

The man pounded his knee with a doubled fist, full of controlled but triumphant exultation.

XVI

DINNER that day was a silent meal. Mrs. Dunnack was never much given to loquacity; she served them in silence and sat in silence while they ate. She and Newt, as their habit was, ate sparingly; Sam with the more robust appetite which was natural to him, and which not even the mental distress resulting from his conversation with Newt could seriously modify. Sam was never talkative at table; Newt usually bore the burden of the conversation, finding a certain pleasure in the sound of his own voice. But today even Newt kept silence, in part because he was a little fearful that an incautious word might evoke from Mrs. Dunnack some damaging retort, but more because he was absorbed in the consideration of the state of his affairs, in estimating the results of his conversation with Sam, and in planning what his next step should be. He was full of a thrilling triumph; full of an intoxication born of the fair progress of his projects and of the fact that a definite and complete success seemed well within his grasp. The fact that he had been able to eliminate Doctor Cheatley and the lawyer, Morn, from his plans gave him a repeated gratification. He had been willing to use Cheatley, because he could control the physician; but he could not help feeling a certain very definite fear in the presence of Morn, and it was a relief to be rid of the necessity for enlisting the man. He found an additional and stimulating satisfaction in the knowledge that he had acquired, or would shortly acquire, a financial weapon with which to reënforce his mental dominion over his brother. It was something to be able to outwit Sam, to persuade him and control him; but it would be infinitely more to be able to command. Newt had no illusions about his brother; he knew quite well that Sam was constitutionally unbusinesslike, and that once Sam was in his debt, the younger man would never be able to escape from the bonds which Newt meant to wind around him.

Thus far, then, well! There remained the future; and the future, obviously enough, involved Linda. Linda, Newt was sure, was his for the taking; but it was necessary that he see her, that he receive her surrender in form, that he persuade her to accept a definite date for their marriage. That ceremony would mark, Newt felt, the climax of his achievements. On the day he and Linda were married, Mrs. Dunnack would yield to him this house, would yield to him and Sam jointly the control of her affairs and this would leave only Sam to stand between him and all that he desired, and Sam would be in his debt, would owe him money he could never repay. To the achievement of this consummation, then, it was only necessary that he push forward the day of his wedding with Linda. He had told Sam they would be married in November, but it seemed to him now unnecessary to wait so long. By mid-October or the latter part of the month she should be ready. Thus considering, he became filled with impatience to have the matter all arranged.

So as they finished dinner he asked Sam, "You figuring to use the horse and team this afternoon?"

"I thought some of going over to the orchard," Sam replied. "There's some Gravensteins I might be getting ready to pick; getting the barrels ready and all."

"I'll carry you over," Newt suggested. "I want to stop in and see Linda."

Sam considered this. "Well," he said, without meeting his brother's eye, "I guess I don't have to go."

"You better stay and keep ma company," Newt agreed; he added in a tone full of meaning, "You better stay and talk to her." Sam looked at him, and Newt nodded faintly; and then he perceived that Mrs. Dunnack was watching them, so he looked away again.

"I guess I will stay here," Sam decided. "I can chore around."

So after dinner Newt went to harness the horse, and Sam came out to look on. Newt amused himself, as he often did, by playing upon his understanding of Sam's character.

He bungled the small task so that Sam at last said, "Here, let me fix that right!"

Newt yielded without demur, drew aside and let Sam do the work; and while Sam was thus engaged, Newt said, "You might start in on ma this afternoon, while I'm away"

"I'll talk to her sometime," Sam muttered, without turning his head.

"Linda'll be glad to hear it's all settled," Newt remarked. "But she'll want to know ma's satisfied too."

"I'll be working around this afternoon," Sam said. "But I'll get at it, time enough. I figure ma'll do what I say's right."

Newt grinned mirthlessly, with a faint surge of anger at Sam. "You've got her trained, have you?" he challenged.

"Ma's sensible," Sam replied. "And we get along." He stepped back. "There!" he said.

Newt got into the vehicle and took the reins. "I'll prob'ly not be home to supper," he explained. "I'll prob'ly stay and set with Linda this evening."

(Continued on Page 81)

The Extra Value Certain-teed Puts in All its Products is made possible through Unusual Savings in Buying, Manufacturing and Selling

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LINOLEUM AND FLOORTEX (FELT BASE) IN ROLLS AND RUGS
OILCLOTH
GYPSUM PLASTERS AND BUILDING BLOCKS

(Continued from Page 79

Sam laid his hand on the wheel; his head was bowed and his voice thoughtful. "Newt," he said slowly. Newt looked at him and waited. "Newt, I want you should look out for Linda."

Newt hesitated only momentarily; his tone when he spoke was reassuring. "Why, Sam, I aim to," he declared.

"I aim you should," said Sam steadily; and Newt laughed, faintly discomfited.

He clucked to the horse, and Sam released the wheel, and Newt drove out of the barn. Even though he did not look back he sensed the fact that Sam stood in the barn door, watching him; watching him with a certain grimness in his eyes, a just appraisal of Newt's faults, and a cold determination that Newt should not overstep the bounds. Newt realized that though he might control Sam, it was not likely that he could ever deceive him. He grinned angrily, told himself that Sam's opinion of himself was of small account so long as the younger man did what Newt required of him. Yet he felt that level gaze upon his back and it irked him; he glanced to the right and saw his mother's stern face at the kitchen window; he looked to the left and his eyes fell upon the old mill sprawling there, shambling, decrepit, shabby, yet wearing that intangible air of menace which he had felt more than once before, as though within it something lurked, waiting for him. He thought angrily that the mill suggested his father in the indolence of its outward seeming, the strength of the hostility which it seemed to bear toward himself. He had meant to let the horse walk slowly out of the yard, thus to convey to Sam his disregard of any threat behind the other's last word; but the still malignity of the old mill disturbed him and he clucked to the horse and loosed the reins and the creature went at a jog trot down the slope to the road and turned away toward the village. Once the mill was out of sight behind him, Newt felt a definite relief; went more easily upon his way.

The man made no haste toward Linda that afternoon. He had many things to consider, and needed time for thought, and he allowed the horse to take its own gait, an easy stroll. The hush of a Sunday afternoon hung over the village. Few people were about, and those he saw were in some cases clad in the unaccustomed rigidity of their best garments. Freeland and Will Bissell sat on the steps of the store and gave him nods as he passed them. Beyond the village, crossing the bridge over the outlet of the pond, he heard somewhere to his left and at a considerable distance the report of a gun; and this reminded him that the open season for ducks was just beginning, and he thought maliciously that someone was violating the Sunday law. There was a suggestion of fall weather in the air and the leaves were turning; the birches on the hillside to his right were a gay yellow, and the oaks and beeches were assuming a brighter color than their summer green.

There was no wind stirring, but when he passed the thicket on the left of the first rise of ground he saw a single leaf flutter down from a young poplar; and on the turf beneath lay other leaves, already fallen. There was an indescribable clarity in the air, so that to the most remote hills his eye was able to leap without hindrance; these hills were cloaked in a blue curiously like the color that flickers along the blade of a new knife. Yellow splotches on their flanks showed where birch trees clustered. A disordered scattering of crows flew silently from east to west above the valley where lay the pond; and he saw where frost had bitten a garden above the road. Newt remembered the winters hereabouts and for a moment he had a vision of this countryside cloaked in snow, the people snugly shuttered within doors against the sly attacks of the cold. He had no particular dislike for cold weather; had always rather enjoyed the winter season because, when he was a boy at home, he was at that time relieved from the heaviest burden of the chores. There was little a man could do when the temperature was low save sit in the comfort of a superheated room, and read the papers, and rest himself supinely.

Nevertheless, it occurred to him that after he was married he might well take Linda to Boston for a week or two. That would give Sam more time to prepare a place for Mrs. Dunnack—he must prod Sam into starting the house at the orchard as soon as possible—and it would also permit him to have Linda isolate and alone, away from every familiar person or thing, dependent wholly upon him. Newt's conquest of Linda had been on his part and thus far wholly an act of the intelligence; there had been no particular ardor in his wooing; he had felt none save a certain cool appreciation of the fact that she was attractive; had simulated only as much as seemed to him necessary at the moment. But now the prospect of the actuality of marriage appealed to him with a sudden force which warmed his blood; the idea of taking Linda away for a time had an attraction about it more than sufficient to compensate in his eyes for the unnecessary expense the trip would involve.

He considered details, arranged them in his mind with a certain relish. They would take the boat to Boston. About the boat there hung a certain suggestion of impropriety of which Newt had been conscious in his homeward trip. He had watched the passengers moving to and fro, so often by twos, speaking to no one save their immediate companions, sitting for a while in the saloon after dinner, and then with half a dozen steps disappearing into their cabins and by the simple act of shutting the door, isolating themselves so completely from the world. And his thoughts had followed them into the cabins, speculatively. Recollection now evoked in him a certain anticipation; he found himself clucking to the horse impatiently, as though more haste this afternoon would by the same token bring that moment nearer.

Yet before he reached the farm he had taken time to consider just how he should approach the task before him. It seemed to him quite clearly wise that he should enlist her father and mother as his supporters before speaking to Linda herself. So when he drove into the yard and found Trask on the porch as he was so apt to be, Newt was pleased; and he hailed the man affably, and said he had come to have supper with them; and Trask, who approved of Newt, bade him stable his horse and make the creature comfortable. Newt continued to the barn and unharnessed and put the horse in a stall; and Trask followed and watched, without offering—as Sam had done—to perform the small task himself. Instead he leaned against the feed chest, puffing monotonously at his pipe, talking idly with Newt while the latter was thus engaged.

Newt was in no hurry, he was glad of this chance to speak to Trask himself before he met Mrs. Trask and Linda. So when he was finished with the horse, he sat down on the feed chest beside Trask and for a time continued with the man their aimless conversation. It drifted—this was usually the case—to Newt's affairs, his life in Boston; and Newt added details to the picture he had hitherto drawn of that existence, the picture which had captured the farmer's imagination.

At the proper time he said, "I've got to go down there, sometime next month, to look after some things and get them straightened out. Had a letter yesterday."

"I've been wondering why you didn't have to go before this," Trask commented. "You been here two months or better."

"Slack season," Newt explained largely. "That's the way in the accounting business. But the end of the year is coming around, and if I'm not going to be there they'll need to get hold of somebody else. I'll have to break in a new man, explain to him about the big accounts I've been handling. Income taxes coming along, and all."

Trask spat placidly. "That's one thing I don't have to worry about anyways."

"It worries a lot of people," Newt declared. "Yes, sir. That's where we come in. I saved one company twelve thousand dollars last year, showing them the way to run their books and get by the law."

"Twelve thousand?" Trask echoed. "That's a lot of money."

Newt waved his hand. "Don't amount to a thing when you're figuring on big business. This company I'm talking about paid eighty thousand tax as it was."

"I paid eighty dollars, myself, and it pretty near broke me. Taxes on the farm," Trask commented.

Newt diverted the topic. "I've been figuring," he said. "It looked to me like a good idea if Linda and me was married before I go, and we'd make it a kind of a wedding trip. Never been to Boston, has she?"

"Never been anywheres but to East Harbor."

Newt laughed largely. "That's the kind of a girl for me. Then I can show her around, take her to the theaters, take her to the stores so she can buy pretty clothes. She'll have a fine time down there with me."

Trask said uncertainly, "She's a pile of help to her ma."

"I know she is," Newt agreed. "I can see that. But you don't want to keep her at home the rest of her life. Mrs. Trask can take care of you fine."

"Oh, sure, ma's able," Trask assented. He asked curiously, "You talked to Linda?"

"We haven't decided just when we'd get married," Newt confessed. "I didn't know about this till yesterday; but it looked to me like a good idea."

"Dunno why it ain't, if you're going to marry at all," Trask grudgingly admitted.

Newt laughed and slapped his shoulder. "Well, you can bet your life we're going to get married sometime," he reminded the other. "So this looks like a good time." He added shrewdly, "You and me'll have to stick together on it though. She'll want a lot of time to make clothes or something, and Mrs. Trask will say the same. That's going to cost you money, old man. You let her come along with me and I'll buy her all the clothes she can wear, in Boston. She won't need a thing but what she's already got."

Trask had not considered this aspect of the situation. "What's she going to want clothes for?"

"Any woman wants a lot of new clothes when she gets married," Newt assured him.

"Ma didn't have only what she had on," Trask declared. "And some sheets and blankets her ma give her."

"Different now," Newt assured him. "Everything has to be new, from the skin out." He repeated, with a little relish. "From the skin out."

"That runs into money," Trask agreed.

"You let me buy her clothes. I'll want to anyway," Newt assured him. He studied the other, was satisfied of his agreement. "We might as well go in and talk to them," he suggested; and the two men walked across the yard and went into the kitchen.

Newt thought, as they approached the house, that he saw Linda looking through a window; but when they went in, only Mrs. Trask was there. She was reading a Sunday newspaper, and looked up over her glasses at their coming; and Newt—he had found this pleased her—crossed to her side and kissed her on the cheek. He said, "Hello, ma! How are you?" She told him grudgingly that she was well enough. "You look fine as a peach to me," he assured her. "Where's Linda?"

"Upstairs," she replied.

"I'll tell her Newt's here," Trask suggested, and started toward the stair, but his wife shook her head.

"She knows it," she said. "She see you coming across the yard."

"Don't call her," Newt suggested. "I want to talk to you two before I see her anyway." Mrs. Trask looked at him curiously. "I've been talking to Trask, out in the barn," Newt explained.

Mrs. Trask eyed her husband questioningly, and Trask said stoutly, "He's been

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Published every Now and Then

Proprietor MR. ROGERS *Circulation Mgr.* W. ROGERS *Editor* WILL ROGERS

Another "Bull" Durham advertisement by Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and screen star, and leading American humorist. More coming. Watch for them.

THE BULL'S EYE (with the possible exception of the Congressional Record) is one of the most clean-minded, upright, stalwart, and—what is the other word they always use? Well, anyhow, we have the nucleus here of a great Periodical.

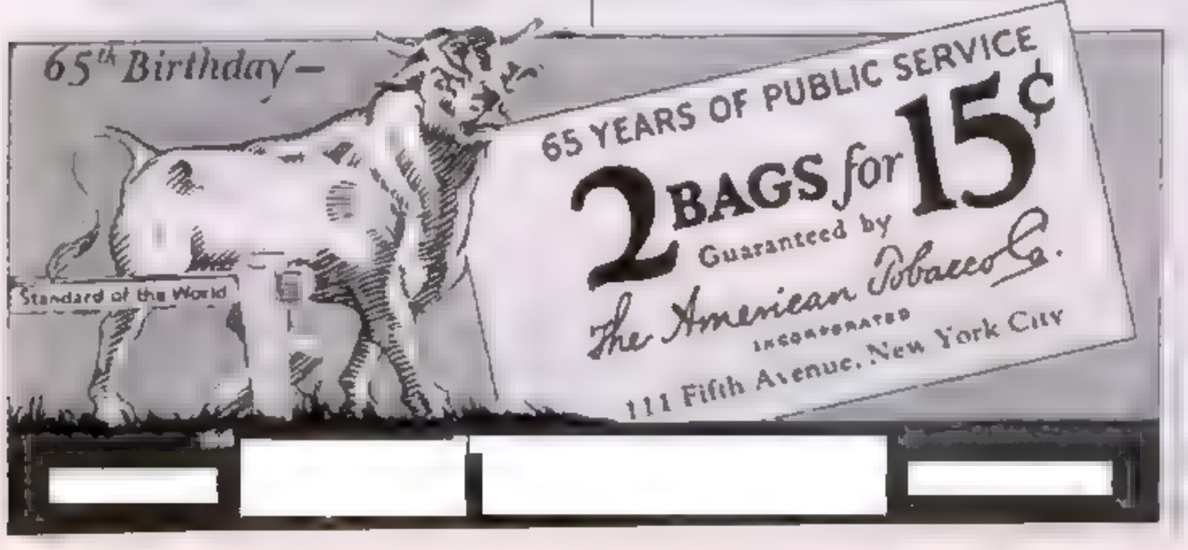
A few weeks ago the Newspapers held a kind of investigation to see if it was possible to run a paper without sensational features. They voted you couldn't do it (they wanted to use Sensationalism because that kind of news was easy to find).

But Ye Olde Reliable BULL'S EYE will show you that you can successfully run a paper on a Baptist's Basis. If you are looking for your favorite Murder Case, we don't carry it. If you are figuring on a Divorce and want publicity, you are not going to get into our paper. If you are contemplating murdering somebody so you can go into Vaudeville, you are Non Compos Mentis, so far as we are concerned. We are not sensational. We only take one Ad a week, and that one Ad must be gone over thoroughly. We are like The Saturday Evening Post (another good paper). This week the article we decided to have the most merit was "BULL" DURHAM. Next week it may be something else. But of course in the meantime, if there has nothing showed up which is superior to "BULL" DURHAM, why it may be "BULL" DURHAM again.

Will Rogers

P. S. There will be another piece here two weeks from now. Look for it.

More of everything for a lot less money. That's the net of this "Bull" Durham proposition. More flavor—more enjoyment and a lot more money left in the bankroll at the end of a week's smoking.



telling me they figure on getting married next month."

"Next month?" Mrs. Trask repeated, looking at Newt; and Newt explained his plan.

"I've some business in Boston," he told her. "Have to go down for two weeks or a month, maybe. It looked to me like it would be nice if we could be married the day I go, and Linda go along with me."

"She ain't ever been to Boston," Mrs. Trask suggested slowly.

Newt laughed. "That's what her pa said. I'm going to have a pile of satisfaction out of showing her things."

"When you going?" she asked.

"About the tenth," Newt replied.

She said protestingly, "That ain't only three weeks or so. She can't get ready."

Trask took his cue. "She ain't got to get ready, Newt says," he explained. "She's ready now."

"She's got to have new clothes," Mrs. Trask retorted sharply. "A lot you know."

"Newt wants we should let him get her clothes for her in Boston," Trask told her. "He says he'd want to anyway; and there's no sense in our getting her a lot of new clothes if he's going to do that anyway."

"She's got to have her a suit to travel in," Mrs. Trask insisted.

"She's got clothes enough to wear, ain't she?" Trask protested irritably. "I never see the beat of women for clothes. A pair of pants is all the clothes I've bought in five years, but you and Linda are getting something all the time."

"You'd be a sight more comfort around the house if you did get you some new clothes once in a while," Mrs. Trask told him sharply. "I get sick to death of the smell of barn on you all the time."

Newt interposed. "Just the same," he urged, "she can get things better in Boston than in East Harbor. And I'll want to have the satisfaction of getting them for her. And it'll save you a good deal of money."

"I ain't figuring on saving on Linda when she gets married," Mrs. Trask said stiffly.

"I know that," Newt hurriedly agreed, "but you can be sensible, can't you?"

She was silent for a moment. "I guess time you get down there with Linda, you'll decide to stay. Nothing to bring you back to Fraternity, that I can see."

He laughed reassuringly. "You're afraid of losing her," he cried. "I know how you feel. But you don't have to worry. I'm coming back, all right."

"What you coming back for?" she demanded. "There ain't a thing for you to do here."

"Coming back to live," he told her.

She studied him. "You must be better fixed than I thought you was," she remarked.

"Oh, I'm going to farm," he explained.

"Guess you ain't much of a farmer, are you?"

"I can show most folks around here a few things," Newt boasted. "I haven't seen anyone here making a big go of it. There's a lot of money to be made farming right here, the right way."

"Wouldn't surprise me to see you and Linda on the town inside five years," she retorted.

"You don't think much of me, do you?" he laughed.

"You may be all right in Boston," she replied honestly, "but you won't make a farmer. You're too careful of your hands."

"Well, I guess we won't go on the town," he promised.

"You figuring on your ma to help you? 'Cause if you are, she won't. I've knowed 'Tilda Mudie forty years."

"She's getting old. Needs taking care of," he agreed.

"That'll be Linda's job, I expect. Taking care of your ma."

He shook his head. "No, ma'am. Ma wouldn't want that, and I wouldn't have it. No, she's going to move out and leave the house to us."

He expected that this bit of information would startle her; saw her movement of surprise.

"The Mudie place?" she demanded.

"Yes."

"You and Linda going to live there?"

"We sure are."

"Where's your ma going?" she asked curiously. "Going to Augusta and live with Emily? Or to Portland? Or where?"

"Sam's starting in to build, up at the orchard," Newt explained. "She'll go live with him."

"That don't sound like 'Tilda Mudie," she argued.

He laughed. "I guess you don't give ma credit. She knows it's bad having two women in one house."

"Where'll Sam get the money to build?" she asked. "From her?"

"I'm lending it to him," Newt explained easily, and saw the new respect in her eyes at this tangible evidence of his prosperity. "I'm letting him have it. He's going to start right away, so's he can be ready for ma, time we get back from Boston. He's got room for her now, with a new bed in the cabin he's got there; and he can have a house ready, come cold weather."

Mrs. Trask, by these partial disclosures on Newt's part, had been provoked to an increasing curiosity; Trask was no less curious than his wife, but he had receded into the background, become merely a listener. Linda now appeared in the dining-room door, coming through from the stair hall; and Newt's eye was attracted by her moving figure, and he crossed to where she stood and kissed her in a matter-of-fact way, taking her acceptance for granted, as he always did. The girl was still and unresponsive under his embrace, but she made no movement to repel him.

He said in an affectionate tone, "I've been telling your folks, Linda, that we ought to get married next month."

She withdrew from him then with a quick and uncontrollable movement; he heard her faint cry of astonishment and dismay; but he was wise enough not to permit her to express this feeling. Instead he turned back to Mrs. Trask, continued what he had been saying to her.

"You see," he explained, "ma's getting old, and she can't do as much as she used to, and she's got a lot of business to handle. So she's going to turn everything over to Sam and me and just take it easy and rest herself the rest of her life and let us take care of her."

"Turn it over to you?" Mrs. Trask repeated incredulously.

He nodded. "Yes," he assured her. "Yes. Let us handle things for her; and look out for her and see to't she's comfortable. It'll take a lot of worry off her mind."

"First Mudie I ever saw would let go of money," Mrs. Trask commented; and Newt laughed.

"Well, the Mudies have sense," he reminded her. "And she can see it's the sensible thing to let me and Sam take care of things for her."

"I guess Sam won't help much," she suggested, eying him shrewdly.

He laughed in a deprecating way. "Why, naturally, I'll do most of the work," he agreed. "I understand business; and Sam'll tell you himself that he don't want to be worried with things like that."

"Why," Mrs. Trask said, half to herself, "if that's so, you'll have the handling of a pile of money, I expect."

"Ma's well fixed," he assented.

He judged it safe to turn to Linda again; to explain to her what his plan was. He elaborated upon the necessity of his own temporary return to Boston, dwelt upon the pleasure he would have in introducing her to the wonders of that city, and explained that they would come home to live in the old Mudie house.

"As good a stand of buildings as there is in town," Trask commented with satisfaction. He had not spoken for a long time.

Mrs. Trask nodded her assent. "That's so," she agreed.

"I'm going to make the mill do better than it has done, too," Newt told them.

"It's a good prop'ty," Trask remarked.

(Continued on Page 84)

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"U.S." United States Rubber Company

Raynsters

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

(Continued from Page 82)

"Good as there is," Newt declared; and turned to Linda again. "So it's just the natural thing to do," he told her. "Your pa and ma agree with me."

Her eyes sought theirs; she looked a little desperately from one to the other.

Trask said loudly, "Yes, Linda, I guess it's the sensible thing."

"It'll be a big house for you to run," Mrs. Trask remarked, but added with a note of pride, "I guess you can run it though. You're a pile of help around the house, Linda."

"You can't get along without me, ma," Linda suggested uncertainly.

"They don't want to keep you back, Linda," Newt assured her. "They want you to get married, same as other folks do. And you can see them every day you're a mind to, or come over and stay for a spell if you want."

"We'll manage," Mrs. Trask assured her daughter.

"It's your ma's home she was born in," Linda reminded Newt desperately. "She won't want to move out of there."

"It's too big for her," Newt replied. "She'll be more comfortable in a little place with Sam up on the hill here." He saw her faint movement as though of sudden pain, and anger stirred in him; but he stifled it, sought to correct his mistake. Perhaps she had once thought she might some day be the one to dwell in a house by the orchard with Sam.

He told himself harshly that he would see to it she got over such notions, once they were married. "It's her we're looking out for," he explained. "We've got to make ma comfortable."

"She could stay, even if we was there," she urged. "I'd like having her."

He knew instinctively the emotion which prompted her to say this; the vague and half-formed feeling that the presence of another person, even that of his mother, would be better than to be alone with him. But he held his equable and reassuring tone.

"She don't want to stay," he assured her. "Ma's crotchety, and queer about things; and she has the sense to see it. She wants you should have things your own way."

"Two women can't run a house," Mrs. Trask agreed. "They'd be at each other all the time."

She looked toward her husband, reminded him of the fact that his mother had lived with them for a year or two after their marriage, and of the evils consequent. When the resulting altercation had worn itself out they talked at random, discussing this way and that the arrangement which Newt had proposed, which was already establishing itself in their minds. He perceived that Mrs. Trask and her husband agreed with him; felt a definite gratification in this, and was satisfied to keep silent, to permit Linda to feel the weight of their opinion pressing her in the direction toward which he wished her to go.

When she still faintly and desperately offered objections her father and mother overbore them, at first argumentatively, then with more and more heat, till the girl dared say no more. With them against her she felt herself indeed alone; and Newt perceived this and drew near her, offering the comfort of his presence at her side. Insensibly she accepted this solace, suffered his arm about her waist without withdrawing.

When once or twice he whispered in her ear a word of reassurance, he saw that she welcomed his support, and he made the most of this advantage.

It became time to prepare supper, and Linda and Mrs. Trask busied themselves at this, while Trask and Newt sat at one side and the discussion continued. It persisted through the meal, Linda by this time uttering no remonstrance, proposing no objection.

Newt took care to avoid offending or alarming her. Only, in the most matter-of-fact way, he continually referred to the fact that Sam and Mrs. Dunnack were in favor of the early wedding and the ensuing arrangements; and thus Linda was made to feel opposed to her their combined and overpowering opinion. Her life had been one of routine submission to the tyranny of little tasks and to the rule of her mother; she had no precedent of revolt to hearten her in rebellion now; she had never asserted herself, never stood against their will, never learned the lesson of resistance, and so knew nothing of the weapons actually at her command; knew only helplessness and mute assent; and even her attempts at protest now were, from the girl's own point of view, manifestations of extravagant audacity.

After supper and after the dishes were done, Newt and Linda went into the dining room, the older people remaining in the kitchen; and Newt took care to sit a little apart from her and to talk to her most matter-of-factly, avoiding giving the least alarm.

By and by the others said good night and went upstairs to bed; and Linda was increasingly uneasy, sought an opening to bid Newt good night on her own account. But Newt gave her no opportunity. He talked impersonally enough of the pleasure he would give her in Boston; told her some of the wonders of that city, till she forgot her terror and despair in listening to him, and her eyes widened and her lips parted as she drank his words.

He made his departure skillfully. He had said she would have opportunity to buy new clothes in Boston. "The stores have mighty nice things in them," he explained. "I know where I'm going to take you. You can't imagine, 'less you've seen, how pretty the dresses are." He added, "I've seen —— I could tell you ——" but rose abruptly. "It's late though," he said. "I've got to be getting started for home. Good night, Linda."

She could not help asking, "Clothes like the pictures in the paper?"

"You'll see them," he told her laughingly; and he bent and kissed her on the cheek and turned away. "Good night," he repeated. "I've got to get along."

She followed him to the kitchen door, uncertainly, a little tremulously; and this was a thing she had never done before. Her eyes shone and her cheeks were flushed and her lips were parted, and he thought that in the light of the lamp she held she was very lovely. But he was too wary to alarm her now, so though he kissed her again, it was lightly. Then he went out and across to the barn.

Looking back he saw her still standing in the door. He was pleased with himself, with his ability to leave her always unsatisfied, always full of unasked questions which must wait for his return.

He lighted the lantern in his buggy and harnessed the horse; and as he drove out through the farmyard he saw that her windows were illuminated. It would be long before she slept tonight, he told himself. So the man drove homeward through the night, a pulse beating in his throat, full of the exaltation of victory. That which he had come home to conquer was now wholly won; there remained only the fulfillment of his plans.

In the valley where the village lay he found a little fog had formed; and through the curtain of this mist when he drove into the yard at home, the old mill watched him disquietingly. He averted his eyes from it, pretending not to know that it was there, irritated with himself for feeling so insistently the spell of the ancient building. In the barn the light of his lantern drove back the outer world and he unharnessed speedily, and kept the lantern alight, swinging between him and the mill, as he went up to the house.

When, ready for bed, he blew out the lamp in his room and opened the single window, he saw the mill again; but he shut his eyes to it and got into bed, and lay long wakeful, rolling zestfully beneath his tongue the flavor of his conquests. He was, that night, a well-contented man.

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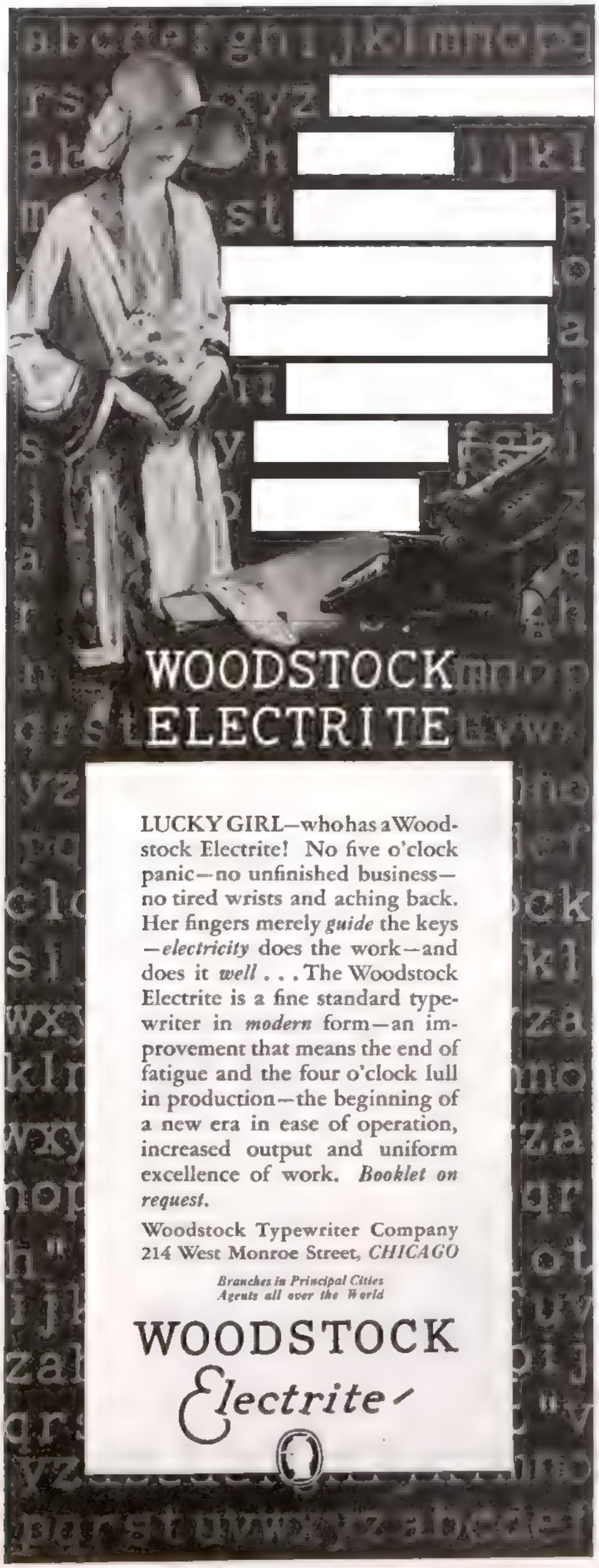
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MAKING THE BARE PLOT BLOOM

(Continued from Page 29)

practical acquaintance with trees and soils. But where these experts cannot be had, the well-equipped nurseryman has a knowledge of landscaping that will serve the purpose. And he will often throw in such services with the stock he sells you.

Perhaps you are, like us, duffers; if so, he is the professional coach who can give you the groundwork of style at the start, in designing the original layout of your grounds, no matter how small, and explaining the principles as he does it. Later you can add to your stock by buying other pieces, expensive or inexpensive as you choose, from the nursery, and setting them out yourself. The number of tips you will absorb from the nurseryman, as he superintends his men when they put in your trees or when you visit the nursery, is astonishing. And get him, when you can afford it, to put in additional pieces after the original planting. The things you will learn about the care of your place will double the value received.

But here, perhaps, the caution should be given that as there are coaches and coaches so there are nurserymen and nurserymen. Undoubtedly many of them are doing a constructive work; but some take little note of soil and moisture conditions, and others deal only in small trees or saplings, while the only large trees they offer for sale are culls or left-overs from small stock which they could not dispose of when small. We were fortunate in finding one who had a special fondness for the larger trees. Try to locate one in your own state who, if he doesn't raise sizable stock himself, at least has the knowledge of how to plant it; and who is not alone interested in willows, elms, pines and maples but has an acquaintance with oaks, lindens, yews, junipers, holly, hawthorn and other lovely varieties; and particularly one who has some artistic sense of landscaping.

Doing Your Own Landscaping

For landscaping is of primary importance; next come the height and shapeliness of the individual pieces. Things should be placed right at the start. Of course the effects achieved by amateurs are not to be sneezed at. Even planting in a hit-or-miss fashion will add much of loveliness and homelikeness to your home; *the main thing, after all, is to bring the green things around you.* But to achieve the acme of effect and incidentally the greatest cash value, there should be at least some simple landscaping at the start.

All landscape architects and most nurserymen will draw up and blue-print such a design for you; perhaps noting on it many things which you feel you cannot afford in the initial planting. The plan can be kept in the desk for future guidance. And I think it is possible, with a little elementary reading and study, to draw up such a plan oneself if the services of experts are not available.

Perhaps a few cardinal rules that were touched on but lightly in the preceding article we can here amplify, not so much from textbooks as from observation and the study of many plots and gardens.

In the first place, trees should not be set out either in too haphazard a fashion or at too regular intervals across the main lawn. One has only to think of what can be done with a field bouquet of many varieties of flowers, of how one woman will assemble them in an awkward bunch, another with a judicious rearrangement bring a harmonious order out of chaos, to realize the truth of this. And for this main front lawn a single shade tree may be used or, if the plot is large, several in attractive groupings with evergreens, not in too formal a way but placed here and there so as to give variety and yet to leave some considerable stretch of smooth greensward, on the same principle that an ad is more effective with plenty of white space.

If you use the single large shade tree do not place it exactly in, but a little off, the center of the house. Otherwise you will have the result you sometimes see in amateur photographs, where a trunk in the foreground splits the picture in the middle. And also set it so that its branches will droop over the house. From the street the eye traveling up to the tall pinnacle, or leader, at the top of the tree will always draw the house up with it—give it height, quite as the cluster of shade trees, evergreens, or both, which you will place on the flanks, will draw these out to seemingly greater proportions.

A Horticultural Eden Musée

Groupings can also be made at the corners of the lawn, and hedges for borders and inclosures, with occasional clusters of other trees to soften the sky line, but not utterly to crowd it out. And all should be ordered, but not too well ordered, since the formal garden, with its set arrangement and statues, fountains and iron deer, has little place on the small plot in this country.

In short, use your foliage like green fabric with which a dressmaker might clothe a figure. As she brings out its best points, bring out those of your house by gracefully drooping boughs over a gable or a section of old wall; by properly framing a doorway with trees or with them outlining an enchanting vista for some window.

As for the foundation planting, the hem of the dress, it affects both the lawn and walls, rounding out the lawn, which here would otherwise look ragged and patchy, with a border of green set in a neatly edged bed of brown loam, and softening the façades and hiding the rough brick and concrete parts of the foundation.

Some amateurs, however, and some nurserymen, will choose and arrange the stock without judgment and skill, planting only vertical trees. The nurseryman is sometimes apt to suggest these, since they are easier to grow than the flat and make a quick showing. But these in time will obstruct your windows and cover your wall with spikelike trees. Selection of flat or low-lying shrubs alone would be quite as unhappy, making the hem broad or squat when it should be pleasantly undulating. It should break attractively, showing most of the lower windows and bits of the wall. The effect is gained by the mingling of vertical and horizontal lines, the first for height and the second to add restfulness. There should be tall cedars and spruces of varying heights, with flat yews, junipers, mugho pines, barberry, or the broad-leaved evergreens, like laurel and rhododendron, and perhaps an occasional flowering shrub for a bit of color. Play with your pieces like chess men, in fancy, on paper, or by moving them around in their sacking, if not too large, until they quite suit the eye. Properly arranged, instead of a row of tall spikes, a squat green hem, or a house seeming to sit on bushes, you will have a pleasingly varied line like the serrated surge of a green sea breaking around your foundations.

The drive, if short, can perhaps be left unshaded; but if long it certainly should be bordered with shade trees or shrubs to take away from it the usual artificial or hard engineering look and make it seem a part of the landscape. And if it is of sufficient length, let it wind a little. In fact, if you do not live in an utterly flat section, avoid grading all your lawns to a monotonous level. Quite as you use vertical and horizontal lines in your foundation planting, use curves here, taking advantage of such knolls and slopes as are offered, though keeping in mind all the time a fundamental simplicity.

A uniform and hard rectangularity in outlining the long borders and your rear gardens, too, should be avoided. That is

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(Continued from Page 86)

all right for a truck farm, where space must be conserved, but not for grounds meant to wander in and to delight the eye. Try not to be too ornate, but have pleasantly flowing lines, and plant your shrubs and flowers with an eye for both color and mass effect. Graduate them in height from the small flowering annuals and perennials in front to the taller hedge or windbreak in the background. The appearance of a sloped-up banked bicycle track can be prevented by varying a little and allowing here and there a tree such as the pink or white dogwood to grow up out of the smaller shrubs. And in your garden keep the other eye on the seasonal clock. If the perennials and flowering shrubs are selected properly there will be a continuous bloom from April to November. But do not try to include everything under the sun, unless you want a horticultural Eden Musée instead of a restful home.

In all this planting—and this particularly affects the setting out of trees—consider your neighbor and the man on the street. A place should have neither the publicity of a goldfish nor the privacy of old Mr. Grudge behind his spite fence. Let your neighbor have occasional glimpses of your rear gardens through the embowering trees, and the man on the street little long-shot views of your lawn and house. And by keeping this in mind you will secure for your house a better mingling of cool shade and sunshine.

And finally, take note of your background—the land that is all around you. Do not shut out the pleasing vistas—that copse of wood, this shoulder of hill, or your neighbor's old orchard.

Of course this rather presupposes a great luxuriance of bloom around our houses. We have not that yet. But our places are still young, and the point is that several of them are fundamentally right in layout and ready for that full maturity.

Take Your Tips From Nature

When the design has once been made—indeed, in making it—you cannot do better than imitate Nature. The things that thrive in the woods and fields around your neighborhood, in the lot next door, are likely to thrive in yours if you give them the same conditions. A builder on the seashore, for instance, is likely to have much success and at the same time can achieve artistic effects with the barberry, beach plum, wild cherry, Virginia creeper, oak and pitch pine, which fringe the dunes all around him. The principle is a safe one to follow, though in your section may flourish trees not mentioned in these and succeeding paragraphs.

For all choice of trees from either nursery or the woods is subject to soil, wind and moisture conditions. But these need not worry you.

Later, of course, you can go into the study of pamphlets from the local farm bureau or agricultural college or from the Department of Agriculture, secured through your congressman. Perhaps a little study of such at the start will not hurt, if you do not find it confusing. But in the main the advice of the nurserymen, of really well-posted neighbors, and above all your own observation, will guide you.

You can at least tell whether your place is dry or moist, or whether you can keep it moist. Grading will do that, also irrigation and the addition of mulches, described in my earlier article; while shrubs and ground covers will conserve the moisture. And it is easy for the practical eye of the American to observe the general character of the soil, whether of pure, gravelly or loamy sand, heavily rich like that in the woods or full of lime. If you can't, someone will tell you.

It is wiser at the start not to try radically to change conditions. Rather select for planting a tree growing in soil similar to yours and under like conditions. One, for example, should not choose for a dry exposed spot a tree that is deep in the woods or by the edge of a swamp, but one from the open upland. A group of trees from the center of the woods will not make as good a hedge or windbreak as those on the border of the same woods where they have had a chance to become hardened to wind and sunshine.

It is possible, perhaps, to give a rough and not too misleading classification of the principal trees, based on moisture conditions—that is, as we found them in our belt. These trees are happiest in moist grounds: the elm, ash, pin oak, liquidambar, tulip, sycamore and American linden; the fir, larch—tamarack—and most of the willows, beeches, birches, maples, walnuts and hickories.

When to Plant Your Trees

The following varieties of trees do not need so much moisture: The white, black scarlet and chestnut oaks; the pignut hickory, beach plum, dogwood, acacia, juniper, and most of the pines and cedars. The Japanese yew, Norway maple and many of the spruces and hemlocks we found came midway between the two classifications.

But this does not mean that any in the second class will flourish without moisture, or that you cannot find almost all species growing in both wet and dry places. It is simply that the last named flourish better in dry spots than the first. Also the corollary follows that you can give them too much moisture.

There is another reason besides that of shade and dampness for not going deep in the woods. For moist places you can choose trees growing in well-watered sections, but choose them either from the open or from the edge of the woods where they are not too crowded and have had a chance to round out properly. General shapeliness and fullness of foliage are of as much importance as height or thickness of trunk.

And the amateur had best stick to trees under fourteen feet in height. The larger sizes can be left to the nurseryman. And the smaller ones are not to be scorned. By adding such to those more mature, which Nature or the nurseryman has already placed on your plot, you will have all ages and sizes, the various generations of a big family growing up around you.

As for time of planting, the spring season, after the frost is quite out of the ground, until about the tenth of May, is best in the temperate zone for both deciduous trees and evergreens. The fall, up until the frost bites in, is also favorable for shade trees, and late September or October for evergreens.

With the various devices and processes now at his command, the expert nurseryman can plant at almost any time of the year. Indeed, August would be his chosen season for spruces and firs, cedars, juniper and arbor vitæ if he could only persuade the owner to take any interest then. And I have seen huge truckloads of trees going forward early in January. One shipment totaling $10,000 in value was recently set out on the fifth of that month, the trees having previously been prepared for the operation by a heavy mulch which kept the frost out of the ground; and the loss was only twenty-five dollars, one evergreen alone perishing. The amateur, however, had best confine his efforts to the months first mentioned.

When the tree has been chosen for condition, shapeliness and adaptability to your lot, follow carefully the caution given in the first article about trenching, digging out the roots and properly packing with a ball of earth. If you choose too large a tree you will have trouble with the roots, since they wander at will unless they have been prepared for the process at the nursery. In the case of evergreens take pains in getting out as many roots as possible. With shade trees you must also cut back the branches severely. At first in our ignorance we neglected to do this and found no new fibrous roots on digging into the ground

(Continued on Page 90)

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(Continued from Page 88)

around such improperly planted trees. Transplanting, unless the tree has been root-pruned for several seasons previous, and this the amateur cannot do, is like a major operation. The trees in question did not have vitality enough to weather the shock and at the same time to send sap up into the branches and add to the diminished root system. One hesitates to lop off the branches, but one is repaid for the sacrifice by the later fine growth. Last April our little oak was stripped as bare as the gaff of a catboat. In return for this consideration, however, it showed in two months a beautiful luxuriance of deep green and made up fully two feet of its lost stature.

Killing by Kindness

There should also here be stressed the need of the mulches described in my earlier article, at least a three-inch dust mulch, by turning over the soil every two weeks in the summer; better, if the tree shows any signs of drought, a light summer covering of leaves, dried straw and cut grass; and in winter two or three inches of manure if the ground is not already too rich. Without these mulches a tree sometimes takes twenty years to secure a ten years' normal growth. And be liberal with ground-covering vines and shrubs to conserve the moisture. Trees look starved without them. Later on, too, you will learn to tell whether your soils are alkaline or acid, sweet or sour. Most trees will grow in both soils, but not equally well in both. And if your stock shows any sign of going back, it is probably a question of either too much or too little moisture, or too much or too little acidity of soil. A piece of litmus paper in a shovelful of the earth will solve the question. But the nurseryman's or a neighbor's inspection will solve it without the test; and then you can add, according to requirements, lime or mulches of leaves and decaying vegetable matter to lessen or increase the acidity. Also, since rainfall does not always penetrate very deep, apply the auger test before described, boring down to a depth of twenty inches around the sizable trees, twice a month.

This is the only safe method, as a tree can be killed by both too much and too little kindness. And even some so-called gardeners do not realize this rather obvious truth.

Not long ago I visited with our nurseryman a place which had been completed some two months before. It had been beautifully planted with a border of Austrian pine, Douglas spruce, cotoneaster and hydrangea, near the street; one large elm shading the house; and evergreens and perennials, fronted with a row of petunias, around the foundations. There were also appropriately placed clumps of dogwoods and birches at the corners; and in the back was an equally pleasing attempt at formality—curving border beds of old-fashioned flowers, and four in the center filled with every variety and hue of pink, yellow, white and crimson roses. A hemlock hedge marked the edge of this terrace, while the drop immediately below was bordered with lilacs, spiræa, deutzia and more dogwood. At right angles ran the path lined with more old-fashioned flowers, and on either side lay the vegetable gardens, flanked with grape arbors, a trellis of rose ramblers pleasantly barricading the southern limits. And the cost of the planting, including rustic fences and a number of large trees and hedges on the lot adjacent, fell short of $2000. The whole investment, however, had been risked by an incompetent gardener, who had been too generous in irrigating in a wet season.

The leaves of the dogwood and others which might be called dry-ground trees hung limp and heavy with moisture. You could actually feel it, and they were rapidly going back. Yet the man was astonished when told one could water too much. He was likewise surprised when informed that his soil was too acid; that he should add lime. The leaves of the beautiful rose collection were yellowing; and the black spot had not been attacked in time. An amateur, with just a little observation and labor, could have prevented all this pathetic waste.

Recently also I have seen several superb trees ruined by banking too much earth around the trunk. One was a magnificent elm set out a hundred years ago, and the planter had in his will so partitioned his ground among his heirs that the tree at his death marked the meeting place of five plots. There was sentiment in this, of course, also an ingenious stratagem. No one of the five heirs could cut down the elm without the consent of the others. Yet all of them had been so indifferent to the beauty of those wide-spreading branches that they had packed around the trunk surplus excavation soil to a height of five feet above the normal level. Moisture cannot now penetrate to the roots; the branches at the top are dead; and unless steps are immediately taken, a tree worth many thousand dollars, and of a beauty not to be calculated in mere dollars and cents, is doomed.

None of these simple rules for conservation did we ourselves find confusing, perhaps because we were content to learn one thing at a time, as we followed our teacher, the nurseryman, and that best of all counselors, Nature. The very names and appearances of the trees worried us at first quite as the different cards of a deck puzzle one who has not played before. But as the beginner at cards soon grows accustomed to suits and knaves and kings, so the tyro finds himself, before he knows it, picking out Austrian and white pine, sycamore and black haw, and at least the principal varieties. As the one learns to double or trump, the other learns to recognize different soils, pests and conditions; and finds, perhaps, that his soil on the hilltop is quite different from a neighbor's down in the village. For soils do differ in the same sections, though the general characteristics may average the same. And while you may find the same kind of trees growing in both sections, you will find a difference in development. Rhododendron, laurel, azaleas, leucothoës, as instances, will not grow so well in the limestone regions. The search for the proper varieties adds to the interest of the game.

The Study of Soils

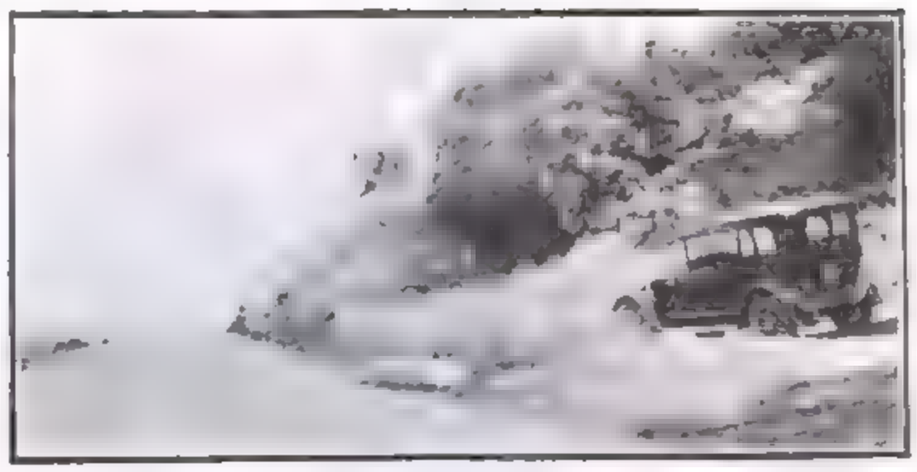
We ourselves found quite fascinating the first study of root conditions. When, two months after it was planted, we dug down around our big oak, it was a real delight to discover that, like the little one, it was sending out tiny white fibrous roots, quite as the branches above were putting forth new leaves. The one seemed to keep pace with the other. And the evolution, the invisible life that goes on deep down under the ground, is as important as that which is more evident up above in the free air and sunshine.

We found that these roots, too, took form according to conditions. Where the ground was dry, they evolved into long taproots that went deep into the earth in search of moisture. By the edges of swamps or ponds they avoided the depths where they would rot and stayed near the surface, multiplying into a system marvelously intricate, yet beautifully practical, since the numbers of little roots will not only send up enough nourishment into a great tree but also furnish a complex little system of stays that hold the tree upright.

Some trees, however, seem to like such a condition better than others. The swamp maple and many others of the family, with their tendency toward a multiplying of feeding roots, rather favor damp places, but the oak will not choose them of its own volition, though it will grow in some fashion wherever it sprouts. Somehow it is disinclined to send out all these small feeders and much prefers the long taproots that go deep into the ground as mighty sustainers and anchors which no force can dislodge. It is therefore particularly necessary with

(Continued on Page 92)

Splendid road through desert near El Captian mountains



Seep near Continental Divide, at Bisbee, where sheriffs hid car to prevent attempted stage hold-up

"The Sheriff"—A Big Six Studebaker sells at $1575, f. o. b. factory

The Arizona Sheriff

Good men, plus good roads, plus good Studebakers uphold law and order in the "Copper State"

THERE are 14 counties in Arizona—glorious with scenic grandeur—thrilling with the romance of mountains and desert, of great rivers and prehistoric ruins. Indian pueblos contrast with modern cities. Vast ranches surround rich mines.

Arizona is notable, also, for the small number of its peace officers and for universal safety of life and property. Many an Arizona sheriff has jurisdiction over an area larger than some eastern states, but in every corner of Arizona laws are rigidly and impartially enforced.

For this, of course, the character of men who hold the office of sheriff in Arizona is primarily responsible. But even the most fearless, aggressive, resourceful sheriff would be almost helpless without an automobile—and roads.

During the past eight years $45,000,000 has been spent to give Arizona 2000 miles of state highways and 7000 miles of improved county highways. Thus gasoline enables a sheriff and two or three deputies to maintain the peace over vast areas which could not otherwise be controlled. Much of an Arizona sheriff's life is spent in his auto. It is as important to him as his right arm.

Twelve of the 14 Arizona counties have supplied an automobile for the use of the sheriff. Every one of the 12 has bought a Studebaker.

When this story came to South Bend, we commissioned Major Grover F. Sexton to visit each of these twelve sheriffs and see just what service Studebaker cars were rendering to the people of Arizona.

In each county Major Sexton gathered stories of adventure. During his stay at Prescott he was commissioned as deputy sheriff of Yavapai County and assisted in the capture of a criminal. At Yuma he accompanied the sheriff in a swift chase of bank robbers.

He found that both good roads and bad roads gave the sheriff's Studebaker a severe test. Across the mesa stretched broad smooth highways devoid of intersections where the throttle was thrown wide open and left open. There were wagon trails up into remote mountain valleys where the car was driven relentlessly in the teeth of ruts, rocks and steep grades. There were stretches of desert where no trace of trail existed but over which criminals must be pursued by a car crashing through brush and cactus stumps in the night.

Stories of Arizona sheriffs—their courage, their humor, their keen intelligence—as collected by Major Grover F. Sexton, Deputy Sheriff of Yavapai County, have been published in a booklet entitled "The Arizona Sheriff." Incidents picturesque, romantic, thrilling—explain how these soft-spoken, hard-driving men with nimble guns keep the highways and byways of Arizona safe by swift and certain capture of wrongdoers.

This interesting, illustrated booklet will be mailed on request or may be obtained free from any Studebaker dealer.

THE SHERIFF

A One-Profit Studebaker of Powerful Character

IN honor of the Arizona sheriffs who have made the Studebaker a vibrant symbol of law and order from the Grand Canyon to Old Mexico, the 5-passenger Big Six Duplex-Phaeton illustrated above has been named "The Sheriff."

The name is suitable, because "The Sheriff" is a car of amazing performance. The motor is the same motor used in the 21-passenger Studebaker bus. Obviously it has a wealth of excess power for handling a 5-passenger [illegible].

"The Sheriff" lists at $1575 f. o. b. factory. There are only seven other American [illegible] horsepower and they sell for prices which are $2175 to $5925 higher. Therefore, it is not surprising that the Big Six outsells every other car on earth of equal or greater horsepower according to the rating of the N. A. C. C. and the Society of Automotive Engineers.

Studebaker is able to give such outstanding value because of its One-Profit basis of manufacture. No other fine car is so complete—manufactured by one organization. In efficient, modern plants Studebaker makes all its own bodies, engines, clutches, gear sets, differentials, springs, axles, gray iron castings and drop forgings.

Thus costs of manufacture are cut to the bone, profits of outside suppliers are eliminated, and the savings given to purchasers.

Depreciation is minimized by Studebaker's policy of "No Yearly Models," yet the Duplex curtains and other features make this car more up-to-date than the newest yearly models.

Studebaker's fair and liberal Budget Payment Plan enables you to buy "The Sheriff" or any other Studebaker out of income.

THE STUDEBAKER CORPORATION OF AMERICA, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

The STUDEBAKER *5-Passenger Big Six Duplex-Phaeton* — $1575 *f. o. b. factory*

Will these shoes keep their shape?

You can settle this question right at the counter

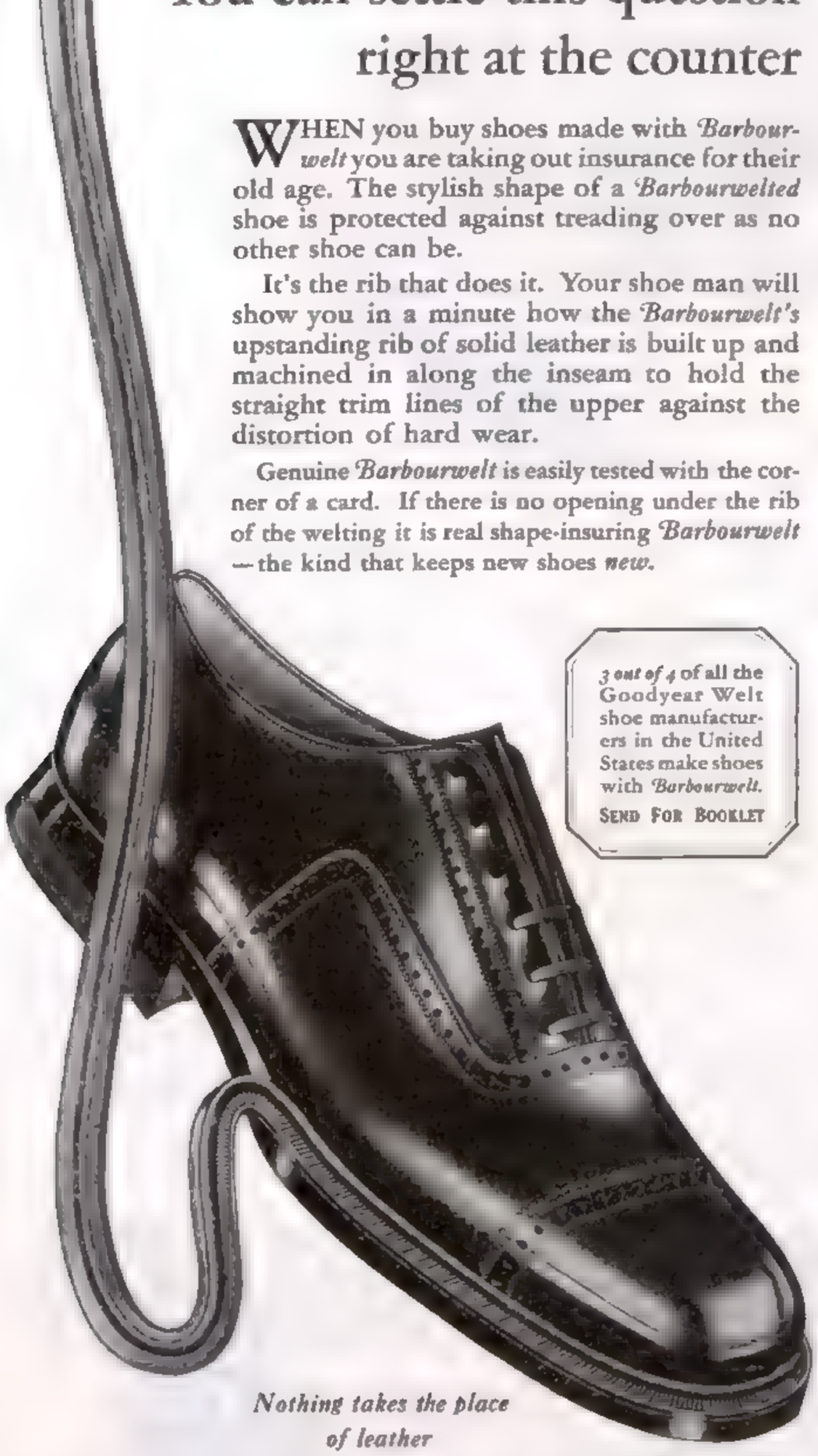
WHEN you buy shoes made with *Barbourwelt* you are taking out insurance for their old age. The stylish shape of a *Barbourwelted* shoe is protected against treading over as no other shoe can be.

It's the rib that does it. Your shoe man will show you in a minute how the *Barbourwelt's* upstanding rib of solid leather is built up and machined in along the inseam to hold the straight trim lines of the upper against the distortion of hard wear.

Genuine *Barbourwelt* is easily tested with the corner of a card. If there is no opening under the rib of the welting it is real shape-insuring *Barbourwelt* —the kind that keeps new shoes *new.*

3 out of 4 of all the Goodyear Welt shoe manufacturers in the United States make shoes with *Barbourwelt.*

SEND FOR BOOKLET



Nothing takes the place of leather

BARBOURWELT

"STORMWELT" *for winter* ◆ "DRESSWELT" *for summer*

BARBOUR WELTING COMPANY, BROCKTON, MASS.

(Continued from Page 90)

oaks to prune back ruthlessly when transplanting.

When you go afield, after proper observation of your place and the surrounding country, taste will, of course, largely determine your choice of trees. General opinion here in the East largely favors the elm or the maple. Perhaps the popularity of the first is in large measure due to its arching effect, its way of vaulting streets and drives like a Gothic cathedral. But much is also due to familiarity and association. Three hundred years ago, when our forefathers came to New England they chose the rich valleys to dwell in, following the watercourses where elms and maples thrive, and these became the comforts of old age and the beloved companions of childhood.

Not Pestered by Pests

But care must be taken not to plant them near the impervious roadbed, to give them sufficient water, and to keep off the bark beetle, which can be drowned out by water, also by arsenate of lead, which is good for insects that bite, as whale-oil soap and tobacco preparations are for those that suck.

Right here, however, one may again caution the beginner not to worry too much about pests. We were worried ourselves about the beetles which attacked our roses and Shasta daisies, until Leon, the Italian gardener, whom, after two years of doing all the work ourselves, we hired for two afternoons a week, set us right.

"What a dif, little bug?" said he. "I have dog: he have one, two, mebbe tree doz' flea. Sometime I play with dog, and the flea he jump on me—one, two, sometime tree doz' of him. But, Mist Andasone, I all right—mebbe scratch once a while, but I sleep and work and eat tree meal a day. So what a dif, little bug?"

Leon was right—"what a dif, little fleas or bugs?" They won't destroy your whole garden. Nature herself does more than man. All you've got to do is to guide her and lend her a helping hand.

But all this does not mean that you cannot have the grace and shade of the elm in your yard—if you see that it gets enough water. The same, too, is true of maples, if you take the additional precaution of not planting them in a place exposed to the winds, which will crack their delicate foliage.

The Norway cousin is perhaps the easiest of all to plant and has a desirable dark-green foliage, while the lighter silver maple is also good for both lawns and town streets, if it can get sufficient moisture, and if it is trained with a single leader to prevent splitting into two trees and the danger of cracking under the weight of ice in winter.

Then for the street or drive, as a pleasing variation from the almost omnipresent maple, you have the linden, that is, with the exception of the small-leaf variety. And the bright undersides of the leaves will fill the air in the summer breezes with a shower of luminous quicksilver.

All these are preferable to the hardy North Carolina poplar, which, though easy to grow, has coarse foliage, sheds early, and is, in fact, the starved English sparrow of trees. And for the groups on your lawn, the balls and starred leaf of the sweet gum or liquidambar should not be overlooked, nor the berries of the mountain ash which, however, like the poplar, flourishes only in rather alkaline soil, one not very sour.

In spring the horse-chestnut, too, is beautiful, but it should be grouped with other trees to screen it in midsummer, when it has a tendency to brown, as do also the Irish and English varieties of the yew, the Japanese variety alone retaining through July and August its rich oaklike green.

For hedges and inclosures for garden seats, the hornbeam and cedar are excellent, also the hemlock, though the delicate, lacy fronds of the last, the most graceful of all in the evergreen family, should not be exposed to cutting winds, which the hardy pines can stand.

And I have always been fond of the tulip tree, with its majestic masthike sweep of symmetrical trunk, devoid of foliage at the bottom, but at the middle and top gracefully full of dancing, conventionally formed leaves, light in hue in summer and yellowing beautifully in the fall.

For me, now that the chestnut has gone, it is preëminent among trees, for height and comeliness, saving the oak alone. The latter, strange to say, has been overlooked in planting, though the pin, red, scarlet and chestnut varieties are quite practicable, if properly root-pruned and cut back. And no other tree of the forest, if we except the redwoods of the Coast, has so noble, though gnarled, an outline, or such height, depth of shade, consistency and longevity. Its foliage, too, will retain its green—there is no other name for it than oak green—in hot Julys and Augusts when maples are turning, not a rich fall, but a premature and anæmic yellow.

And then there is the beautiful irregularity of the pitch pine, with its branches spread like some brooding bird's wing on a blue sky. An artist would give a kingdom if he only could create such effects. But the number of desirable trees is legion, and on the whole we may say, conservatively enlarging our former list, that the amateur at the start can, if all the proper precautions are taken, safely attempt the transplanting to the right conditions of the following:—Norway, silver and swamp maples; sassafras; white, yellow and silver birch; liquidambar; tulip trees; hickories; pin, red, scarlet and chestnut oaks; white pines; cedars; pink and white dogwoods; and the broad-leaved evergreens. And this statement is made despite the fact that many nurserymen limit their own output of shade trees to elms, willows, sycamores and maples, since they propagate readily and show such good results immediately after planting. But none of these will outgrow the oak eventually. That sturdy tree after a few years shoots clear beyond them.

The list itself, it should be stated, you can enlarge with experience and vary according to your climatic conditions.

Trees the Amateur Can Plant

A short time ago, on looking over my desk, I came across four notes which may here be set down, since this at best is a haphazard sort of diary, like that of some debutante, perhaps, or chatty old lady, long since dead and gone, but whose jottings show a greater gusto than any professional diarist, excepting always such ardent souls as Margot Asquith and those arch rascals, Cellini and Villon—who was, after all, but a diarist in verse. In fact we on our hill are all diarists, writing truly, however crudely, in the green of trees and the color of the flowers.

The first note is, do not plant that favorite, the magnolia, on an exposed hill subject to winds and droughts. Our neighbor has done just that and, though it may live, even now it shows signs of going back; and it will never flourish as well as it would under happier circumstances.

The second warns against setting out those other favorites—laurel, rhododendron and hemlocks for hedges—in shade where they cannot catch water or under the shadow of elms and maples which are gourmands for water. Under oaks or drier trees they can be grown successfully.

The third suggests that amateurs and sometimes even landscape architects choose for shrubs bushes that will eventually grow into towering trees. A landscape architect recently made that mistake on a plot near the shore, planting, at intervals of two feet apart, specimens of the *cercidiphyllum*, whose height is quite as imposing as its name, often totaling sixty feet. One can thin out, of course, but it is wiser to avoid too much transplanting later.

And the last has a suggestion about birches. Use the white, gray or silver rather than the yellow, whose bark often turns the hue of discolored teeth. The lighter coat of the first, etched as you so often find it in New England woods with black

(Continued on Page 94)

A CHALLENGE

We'll make a little wager with you that if you will try one tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.

Large Tube—25 cents

This young fellow—

doesn't know sore throat

A PERFECT report card on attendance—never any off-days on account of sore throat.

That's because his mother taught him a little secret—gargling with Listerine, the safe antiseptic, the moment he feels that first dry hitch on swallowing.

Sore throat is a nuisance, anyhow. It interferes with work and fun—and so often leads to more serious troubles that come from throat infections.

Listerine puts you on the safe side. Make it a daily habit during sore throat days.

And Listerine has many other uses that are described in the blue circular wrapped around each bottle. Take a moment to read it.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

LISTERINE—*never on speaking terms with sore throat*

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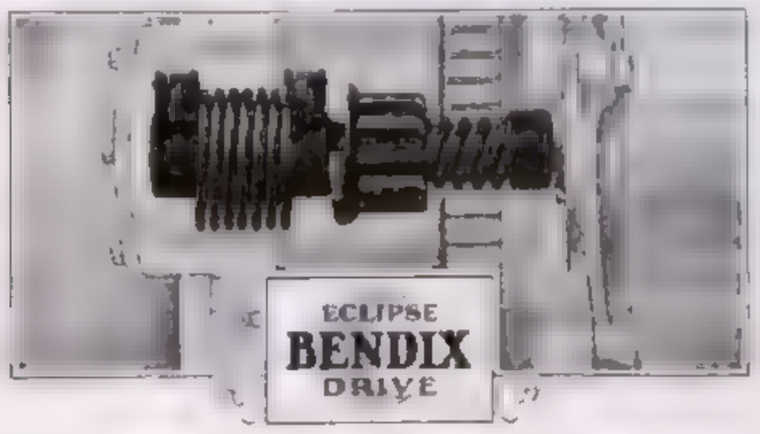
STARTER PRODUCTS

When the Day is Done

JUST beyond the end of each busy day—nights of twinkling stars—new worlds of social gayety—life, laughter and relaxation—yours to seek, to find and to enjoy—*anywhere!* Such is the miracle of the modern *motor car* in its conquest of time and distance—its utter comfort—and the supreme ease and convenience of each detail of its operation.

ECLIPSE MACHINE CO.
ELMIRA, N. Y.

ECLIPSE MACHINE COMPANY, HOBOKEN, N.J.
ECLIPSE MACHINE COMPANY, *Ltd.*, WALKERVILLE, ONT.



"THE MECHANICAL HAND THAT CRANKS YOUR CAR"

(Continued from Page 92)

crayon splotches shaped like eyebrows or diacritical marks, is exceedingly showy, particularly if woven in with the dark green of pine and spruce and hemlock, and with the red of the holly berries added

And here you have the material for a winter garden—the green cones of the cedar, perhaps a massed hemlock hedge to form an inclosure, other evergreens, and the holly and birch against them, all forming a rich pattern of green and black, scarlet and silver, that will prove a lovely oasis of color in the white desert of January. Here, too, the children will play, and the birds will come—the blue jays, chickadees and buntings—adding movement and life to the dead landscape. And it is then, too, that you will see the superiority of the soft green hedge to the bleak stone wall.

Mixing Your Garden Colors

It is fascinating also to see what can be done with the berry-bearing plants. There are innumerable varieties, and though we have set out but a few, we already have to delight us the brilliant crimson of the dogwood and Jack-in-the-pulpit; the carmine of the Tartarian honeysuckle; the old rose of the Japanese yew; the saffron and red of the bittersweet; and the currant-colored beads of the barberry and false Solomon's seal.

Here again you are the painter playing with color. And while you are at it, do not overlook the question of autumn foliage. In the twilight of the year you can mix in with the browns and the blacks of branches, the final cardinal of the scarlet oak, the rich golds and yellows of tulip trees and sugar maples, the crimson of creepers and the maroons and purples of the sweet gum or liquidambar.

The exotics—and it is both wise and practicable to mingle in a few with your native trees—you will, of course, secure from your nurseryman. These are still to be had in spite of the almost blanket embargo which the Government has decreed in its efforts to root out pests.

One of the good results of this embargo is that it has increased the initiative of nurserymen and turned their attention to native trees. More experimenting is being tried each day and more grafting, not only with fruit trees but with evergreens. Arbor vitæ and juniper can often be grown truer by this process; and the Japanese maple produced by grafting is more apt to stay red the year through instead of turning, as so many specimens do, green in the late summer.

All this time we have said little about gardens—but that is almost a story by itself. Perhaps I have touched but lightly on them because of the fact that in our neighborhood the men somehow turn more naturally to trees, the women to the more minute detail of flowers. But in them you will find an additional delight—in the problem of arranging the borders so as to make more attractive the already gracious lawn, in seeing what will go best in juxtaposition, the lavender of larkspur, the burnt orange of the marigolds, the green and white of snow-on-the-mountain, or the scarlet of the sage.

Then there is the joy of the annuals, of arranging the seasonal clock, to say nothing of the fundamental delight in floral nomenclature—better than a cross-word puzzle because of the images—that is, those connoted by the common, not the Latin names

I never could understand, for instance, why mourning bride should be so scrofulously libeled as to be called scabiosa; and a comedian friend of mine was equally disturbed when my wife—on looking it up in the catalogue—told him a certain lovely flowering bush in his yard was a viburnum plicatum tomentosum!

"I thought it was a rather pretty flower," he wailed, "and to think it's only a disease!"

And there is also the game of swapping. My wife gives up an aster or chrysanthemum and receives in turn some tuberoses from a German perfume importer and—but these are other provinces for future traveling. Quite as one fancies trees as green empires, these too are kingdoms, little kingdoms in color to build up and play in.

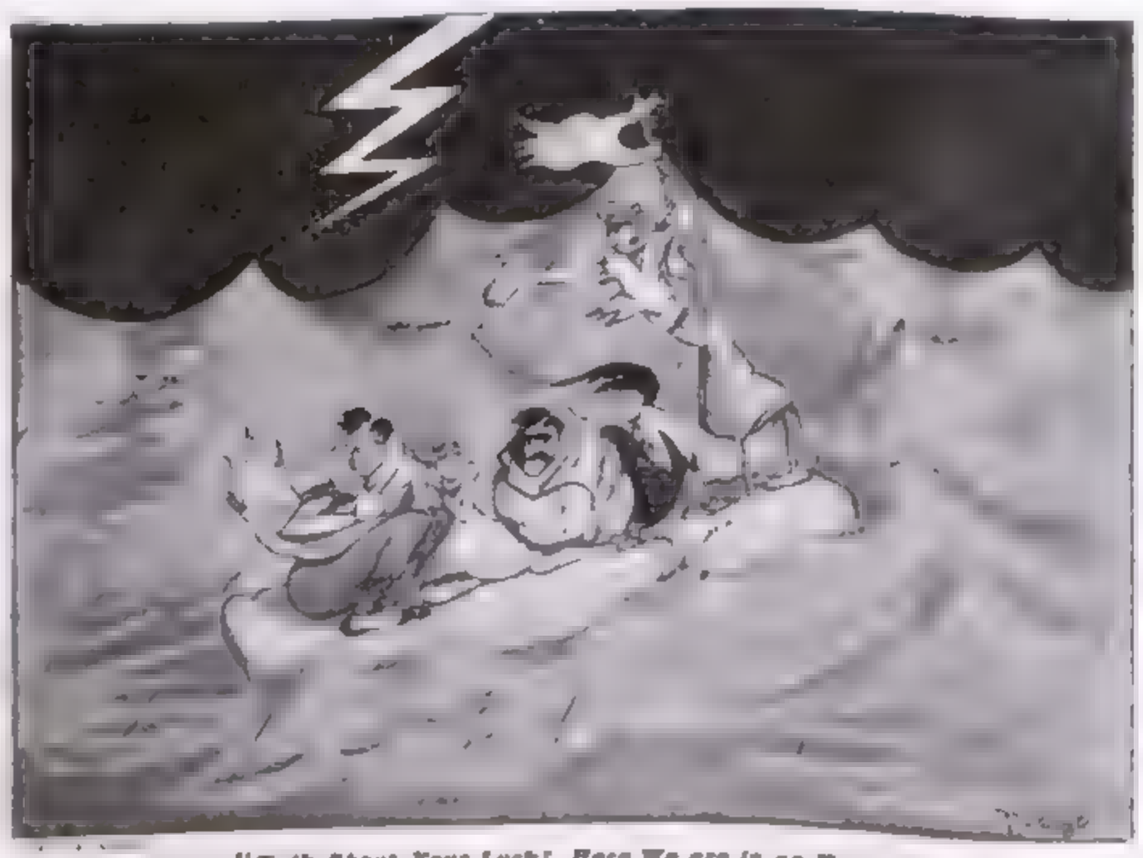
Advice for Fathers

For it is all play as well as work. The last time I caught sight of the old nurseryman, he came out of one of those groups of wandering biologists and garden clubs which he is forever piloting over his fields, and asked about the boy. And it is here, in the gardens and among the trees, that he should come in. Give him—the girl too—spade and hoe and water pot; let him fool with the hose even if he does get soaked. Out there he can learn, beyond all forgetting, of the fragrance of pine needles, honeysuckle, and the wild partridge berry; the infinite variety of form and color of the trees and flowers; all somehow inextricably linked up with the melody of the song sparrow, the thrush and the oriole. He has youth—he will have the interest of youth compounded in the soil.

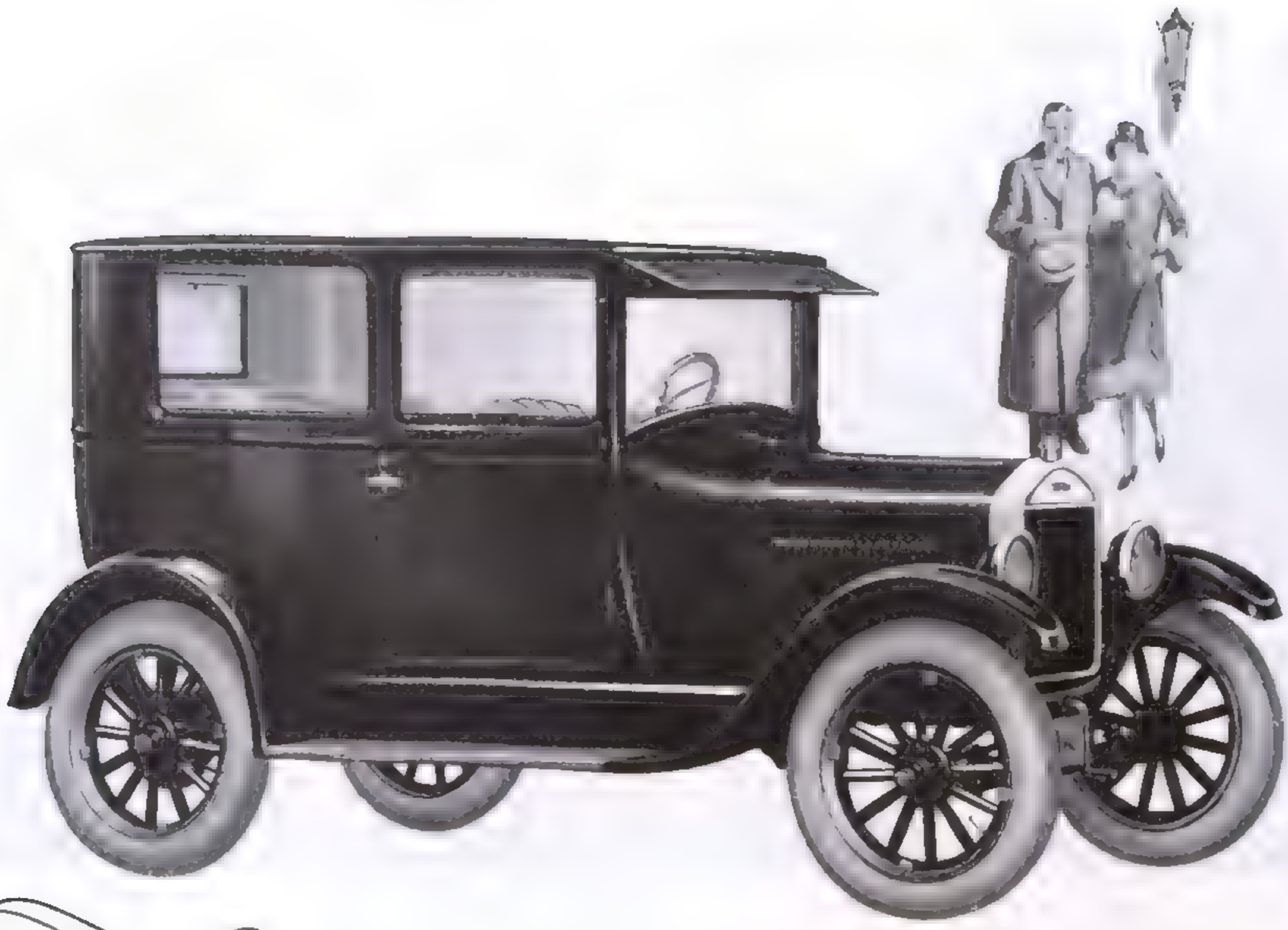
But "How is the boy?" the nurseryman was calling for farewell. "Don't forget you're to make him a forester."

Almost I believe—if parents rightfully had any real guidance, which I don't believe they have—I would do just that.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Anderson.



Movie Director: "Talk About Your Luck! Here We are in an Honest-to-God Shipwreck in the Middle of the Ocean—and No Camera Along!"



New grace of line new riding comfort

Be the judge, yourself, of the beauty, comfort and convenience of the Ford cars displayed by all Authorized Ford Dealers.

Note the low, graceful lines, the increased roominess inside, the comfortable deep-cushioned seats, the closed car bodies in color and the many new features.

Now, as always, economy and reliability are features of Ford performance which recommend these cars to everyone. Yet Ford ownership today carries with it the pride that you naturally take in a highly attractive car.

Never before has any car enjoyed such instantaneous and overwhelming popularity. Ford production is being taxed to meet the steadily mounting demand.

See these latest Ford cars yourself—ride in them—and place your order now. Remember, that despite the many improvements, the new features and increased beauty, prices remain the lowest ever offered.

The Tudor Sedan

$580

Runabout	$260
Touring	290
Coupe	520
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THE UNIVERSAL CAR

"The Nickel Lunch"

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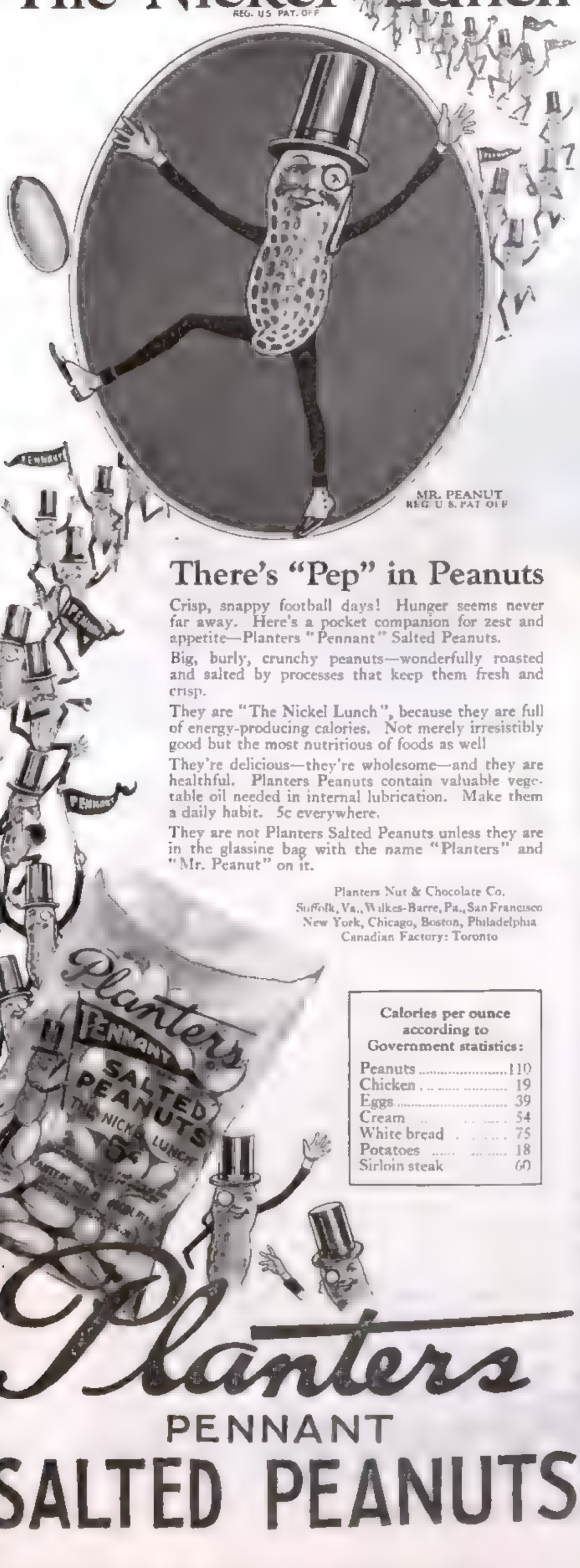

There's "Pep" in Peanuts

Crisp, snappy football days! Hunger seems never far away. Here's a pocket companion for zest and appetite—Planters "Pennant" Salted Peanuts.

Big, burly, crunchy peanuts—wonderfully roasted and salted by processes that keep them fresh and crisp.

They are "The Nickel Lunch", because they are full of energy-producing calories. Not merely irresistibly good but the most nutritious of foods as well

They're delicious—they're wholesome—and they are healthful. Planters Peanuts contain valuable vegetable oil needed in internal lubrication. Make them a daily habit. 5c everywhere.

They are not Planters Salted Peanuts unless they are in the glassine bag with the name "Planters" and "Mr. Peanut" on it.

Planters Nut & Chocolate Co.
Suffolk, Va., Wilkes-Barre, Pa., San Francisco
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Canadian Factory: Toronto

Calories per ounce according to Government statistics:	
Peanuts	110
Chicken	19
Eggs	39
Cream	54
White bread	75
Potatoes	18
Sirloin steak	60

Planters
PENNANT
SALTED PEANUTS

KEEPING TIME

(Continued from Page 37)

Offenbach orchestra. Offenbach doesn't take but about half of the men from Paris to come here, and I have been deputized to engage the rest of the orchestra. Your instrument, of course, is the violin?"

"Yes."

"I would like to have you in the orchestra if you can pass the examination," he said.

"Well, there's no harm in trying me," I replied.

"When would you like to undertake the examination?" he asked.

"In a half hour," I said.

"That sounds good," he replied.

"I'll go get my fiddle and be back here in a half hour."

I came back in a half hour and I don't think I played over five minutes for Mr. Hassler when he said, "That's all right. I'll put you down as one of the first fiddles with Offenbach."

So, notwithstanding the terrible prediction of the joy-killer, I didn't starve to death, but got a most pleasant engagement.

The orchestra was a very large one and Monsieur Offenbach conducted only his own numbers, which embraced possibly half of the program. The other numbers were conducted by Max Maretzek, Antonio Reiff and Simon Hassler.

I found Mr. Hassler a very good-natured man with a keen sense of humor and always very kindly and considerate to his orchestra.

I recall one incident while we were rehearsing. The orchestral platform was in the center of this building, which was called the Offenbach Garden and was on the corner of Broad and Cherry streets, Philadelphia. One morning a real la-de-da composer came with a big bundle of music under his arm and went to the kind-hearted Mr. Hassler, who was rehearsing the last number on the program, and had some conversation with him, and Mr. Hassler turned to the orchestra and said, "Gentlemen, this is Mr. So-and-So, a composer whom I have known and who has just finished a new composition which he would ask you gentlemen to play over."

The Disappearing Orchestra

Anybody who knows orchestras well knows just how they feel about playing a thing over when they have already had a long rehearsal; but when Mr. Hassler said he would be glad if they'd do it they accepted and the parts were handed out. Mr. Hassler handed this society composer the baton, which he almost too readily took. He mounted the platform and began the number. As I remember, it didn't amount to a great deal; besides, the copyists had not been overscrupulous in keeping it free from wrong notes. As we finished it his head was buried in the score, evidently looking over pages where things hadn't sounded just right to him, and while he was so engrossed each member of the orchestra of at least eighty men—with the single exception of the young fellow who sat next to me, and myself—silently walked, or I might say slid, off the platform. Then, still with his head buried in the score, his mind very much engrossed, he said, "Now, gentlemen, that we understand each other, we will go through the composition again."

He raised his head and his baton at the same time, and he was the most astonished man in the world as he looked forward, for in front of him sat two boys! The rest of the orchestra was on its way home, and I don't think he could have brought them back even at union rates. He walked off the platform a very sad man.

Offenbach was a small man with mutton-chop whiskers and sideburns. He had in America an unusually large orchestra, but conducted only his own works. The arrangements of his work were poorly copied and had many mistakes. The Trip to the Moon ballet was printed and correct. His attention was called by Max Maretzek, the assistant conductor, to an arrangement of his most famous melodies by Conradi called Offenbachiana which he played at every concert. We also played very often a polka—I think it was called La Belle America. Offenbach was a kindly man and got on splendidly with the orchestra. He spoke in French only.

I played in the Offenbach orchestra during his entire season, which ended sometime in July. I wrote one piece for the orchestra, The International Congress, since published for wind band. It started with a short fugue on Yankee Doodle, then ran a gamut of the principal national songs of the world, winding up with The Star-Spangled Banner treated in imitation of the last part of the Tannhäuser overture.

At the end of the season I was in doubt whether to remain in Philadelphia, return to Washington, or seek my fortune in New York; but dear old Simon Hassler settled the question for me by giving me a position in his orchestra at the Chestnut Street Theater.

This orchestra was probably the best-equipped and largest of the theatrical orchestras of that day. The theater was run as a stock company under the management of Gemmill, Scott and Mackey, and had in its company Minnie Conway, Arthur McKee Rankin, W. J. Ferguson, Lizzie Harold, and many others who became famous as great actors. The star of the company was one of the finest actors it has been my pleasure to see—W. E. Sheridan. I thought his Louis XI was far superior to any other I had seen, including Irving's.

The Retort Indefinite

In 1876, Byron's play, Our Boys, ran nearly two hundred nights. It is always a matter of interest to meet somebody who corresponds to a character in a play or story. I think most of us are apt, when we become acquainted with someone, to associate him with some incident in a play or a story.

We had a viola player in the orchestra who always recalled to me that well-known story of a very high society lady calling her footman and saying, "James, I want to rest today and don't want to see anyone; so if anybody calls, I don't want you to indulge in an untruth, but give them some evasive answer."

James, with that deference peculiar to footmen, said, "I understand, madame." So when Mrs. Nouveau Riche called in the afternoon, the footman went to the door.

She asked, "Is Mrs. Brown in?"

The footman, leaning over to her, said, "Is your grandmother a monkey?"

Well, this viola player always reminded me of this footman, because if you asked him if it was going to snow, he'd probably tell you his baby had the croup. Mr. Hassler tried on several occasions to pin him down to an answer, but without success. One night as we sat in the music room smoking and playing cards, awaiting the end of the act, the viola player got up quickly and said, "I guess I have time to run to the drug store before the act's over." The acts were being timed to the minute. He pulled out his watch and noticed the time.

Mr. Hassler believed he saw his opportunity and called to him, "What time is it, Joe?"

Joe took out his timepiece for a second look, put it back in his pocket slowly, and starting for the door, turned and said, "I'll tell you when I get back," and disappeared.

It was in the Chestnut Street Theater that I first met Mr. F. F. Mackey, a very great character actor and the stage manager of a splendid company. When we did Masks and Faces he played Triplet, and a year before that event he took lessons from our principal violinist to learn to play one

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THE GENTLE READER

CAROL'S WINDOW looks out across the top of the small town's post office and the red-and-white sign that flickers "Drugs." Lucy stares at the sunset across the sage-brush plain. Christianna, on a square of elevator space, drops sixteen stories sheer to a crowded street. . . Women in distinct worlds, with distinct horizons. Yet those horizons intersect for Fifth Avenue smartness may easily step from a western doorway. . . A new percolator gets to small-town women as quickly as to apartment dwellers. . . A new dessert may appear simultaneously on the dining table of a metropolitan hotel and a tiny ranch house.

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REED & BARTON
Taunton, Mass.

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measly little jig for Peg Woffington to dance to. He was absolutely devoid of any musical sense, so it surprised all of us that he should attempt to scrape for Peg's diversion; but he was the most painstaking stage manager I have ever met. In the middle of the stage during rehearsals there was a large unabridged dictionary on the table, and whenever there was an argument as to the accepted pronunciation of a word, Mackey would go to the dictionary and would read out the word and the pronunciation.

As I said before, Our Boys ran nearly two hundred nights. There was an old German in the band who had the reputation of being a great grouch. We very seldom heard his voice, and he would reach the theater at least fifteen minutes before the overture was played, tune his instrument, and sit down waiting for the rest of the orchestra to come in. He did that every night during the run of Our Boys.

Mr. Hassler, who always had some funny ideas in his head, said, "Sousa, I'll bet a supper with you that that old fellow, although he had heard Our Boys for at least a hundred and fifty nights, is not able to tell us what the first line in the play is."

As I believed it would be impossible for a man, even without listening, to fail in a thing like that, I accepted the bet.

Mr. Hassler sent for the old German at the end of the act, and said, "I have just made a bet with Sousa here about what the first line in Our Boys is. You've looked at the play and heard it every night for a hundred and fifty nights. Will you kindly tell us what it is?"

The old musician stood on one foot, then shifted to the other, thought a long while and finally said, "Vell, it was somedings."

After the season at the Chestnut Street Theater was over, I accepted an engagement to lead an orchestra for a vaudeville entertainment at Cape May Point. It was not a great success, although they had very good people.

The following season found me back with Mr. Hassler in the Chestnut Street Theater, and part of the time playing with the Permanent Exhibition Orchestra that was giving concerts at the Finance Building of the Centennial. I began making money teaching; besides I was assistant to Thomas a' Becket correcting proofs for the W. F. Shaw Company, and occasionally sold a composition. During these days I wrote a Te Deum and began to look about for an opera libretto.

The Girl I Left Behind Me

The funny man of the Philadelphia Bulletin was Charles Heber Clark, who had written a very humorous obituary poetry article, and had published Elbow Room and another book. They were pleasant works, and Mr. Hassler, who had unbounded confidence in my ability as a writer—as I had written all sorts of things while I was with him, among them a great deal of dramatic music for several of the plays at the Chestnut Street Theater—suggested I go with him to see Mr. Clark to find if he would write a libretto for me. Mr. Clark was very affable, but wanted as a starter $5000. That ended it. He produced a play a short time afterward. It was a failure. So we were even in disappointment.

Mary Dennison, author of That Husband of Mine and Opposite the Jail, started in to write a libretto for me called Florine, but only reached a portion of the first act when she gave it up owing to the death of her husband. For those who have read her books but have never met her, I may say she was a very beautiful woman, with an equally beautiful character. I gave her violin lessons; she had considerable talent. She was a sister of the pastor of the church I attended.

What was my surprise, walking down Chestnut Street, but to come face to face with the girl I had left in Washington two years before! Her father was with her and they were to return to Washington the next day. I invited them to dine with me, then we went to the hotel where they were stopping. Of course she wanted to know all about what I had been doing, and I gave her a most rosy account of the number of pupils I had, the number of pages of proof I had corrected—at twelve cents a page—how I was playing in two orchestras and how my compositions were beginning to attract attention.

They left next morning. Two days later I received a letter from her telling me her father was delighted at the progress I was making and would be very glad to see me whenever I should call. I left Saturday night for Washington, went to church with them Sunday morning, and then had a long and satisfactory interview with the father, and all was merry as a marriage bell—but—the girl's mother appeared on the scene. She came while the young lady was changing her dress after luncheon, preparing to take a stroll with me. I have always felt that her mother loved me as a son. She had no sons of her own, and from the time I first met her she was always most kind to me and interested in everything I did. She came into the room, put her hand on my shoulder in a most motherly manner and said, "Philip, I'm worried."

"What's worrying you?" I asked.

She continued, "Em may love you, but I can't be certain. There's a man who has been paying attention to Em for a year past. He is years older than she, is a fine man, was an officer in the Confederate Army, and I know loves her dearly. Of course she will marry you if you insist; but will you be happy?"

Working for Mrs. John Drew

This was a thunderbolt out of a clear sky.

I took her hand and said, "I understand."

She left the room and in a little while Em came in. I took my hat and overcoat and said, "I'm going."

"Where?" she inquired.

"To Philadelphia."

"Why, you said you wouldn't leave until midnight."

"I'm going at four o'clock." It was then three.

"What made you change your mind?"

I looked at her intently, then said, "Ask your mother."

I left and returned to Philadelphia.

Monday morning I received a letter from her advising me not to be a foolish boy. I tore the letter up. Wednesday I received another warning if I didn't answer that letter she would marry the other man. I didn't answer it, and the following Wednesday I received a copy of the Evening Star of Washington announcing her marriage. Thus ended my first romance.

J. M. Stoddart engaged me to write a series of fantasies from such operas as Carmen and The Sea Cadet and others, that gave me a new interest and kept me busy. The fortunes of the Chestnut Street Theater waning, I accepted an invitation to fiddle at Mrs. John Drew's Theater on Arch Street, Philadelphia. She was a splendid manager and during the time I was there I can recall but one mistake she made; that was the production of The Sorcerer. It was not a howling success at the best, and with actors unused to musical pieces, inadequate rehearsals and exploitation, it failed.

Fred Zimmerman, the leader of the orchestra, and I made the orchestration. Just at this time Pinafore was getting into the ears and hearts of the public, and one day when I went to W. F. Shaw's to correct some proofs I met Tom a' Becket.

During our conversation he said, "A bunch of society amateurs want to give Pinafore and they want me to drill them. I have neither the time nor the inclination, so I recommended you. They rehearse tomorrow night at 7:30. You be there. They pay ten dollars each rehearsal, and if you suit them you may get the engagement to conduct all the performances they intend giving."

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I went there the next night and found about the finest collection of voices and beauty I had ever heard or seen. I was young, therefore was very severe in rehearsals. It's wonderful the amount of drilling competent people will take! The ones who get hot under the collar are the stupid or vain ones, never the well equipped for the work. I drilled them until eleven and called a rehearsal for the next night. When we gave our first performance it made a sensation. It was, I believe, the best singing cast Pinafore ever had in all the myriad of companies that did the piece. The operetta was a craze in America. In Gilbert's life, he complained that he had been consistently unfairly treated by the professional critic, and it is rather amusing nowadays to read the many futile criticisms written of H. M. S. Pinafore over fifty years ago. It was said that in the story itself there is not much of humor to balance its studied absurdity, and it was described as a frothy production destined soon to subside into nothingness.

The Popular Pinafore

The immediate success of Pinafore was to some extent due to an admirable topical joke. Just before it was produced Disraeli had appointed W. H. Smith, head of a firm of publishers, as First Lord of the Admiralty. Mr. Smith was an admirable man of business and a high-minded politician, and his proved an excellent administration, though there was something humorous in the British Navy being ruled by a man without sea experience. Gilbert worked the joke for all it was worth in Sir Joseph Porter's song, And Now I'm a Ruler of the Queen's Navee.

Pinafore was produced at the Opera Comique, London, Saturday, May 25, 1878, and ran over 700 nights in its first run. "What, never? Hardly ever," was heard times without number every day, and everybody sang, whistled or went to see Pinafore. It was a poor town that didn't have at least two Pinafore companies. In Philadelphia, at the South Broad, was the original American company; at the North Broad, Fatty Stewart had another permanent company; while at other theaters there were always one or two traveling companies regaling the audience with the melodies and satires of the piece. Its popularity in America was perhaps brought to a cumulative interest by an editorial in the Philadelphia Public Ledger. The Ledger's second name was the Philadelphia Bible. Mr. Childs, its editor, was greatly respected and had a penchant for giving everybody who called on him a cup and saucer as a remembrance. The Ledger published an editorial pointing out the innocence, the cleanliness and purity of Pinafore in happy contrast to the tights—God knows they were modest in those days—and coarseness of the French pieces that occupied the stage. The effect was electrical. People who had never been in a theater in their lives came to see Pinafore. It was a time of emancipation for penned-in youth, for all the myriads of puritanical people suddenly discovered that the theater gave innocent enjoyment and wasn't such a hole of the devil as they had been taught to believe.

We called our company the Philadelphia Church Choir Company and gave performances in Philadelphia and adjacent towns like Wilmington, Trenton and Pottsville, always with great success.

One day—to be very accurate, the twenty-second of February—I was introduced by the Hebe of the company to her understudy, one of the prettiest little girls I had ever seen—Jennie Bellis, of Philadelphia. She had the most perfect complexion, I believe, of anybody on earth. She had on a little gray hat, sort of poke bonnet effect, and was very prettily dressed.

After I had shaken hands with her she said, laughingly, "There are two birthdays today. I am celebrating Washington's ——"

"And," I broke in, "whose?"

"Mine," she said. "I'm sixteen."

Well, we were married before she was seventeen. She became Mrs. John Philip Sousa and has remained Mrs. John Philip Sousa even unto this day. She has given me three children; Philip, Priscilla and Helen, and all of these, including the young lady herself, are glad that she was introduced to me and that we were married and lived happy ever after.

The company finally got into the hands of professional managers, John Gorman and William Mead; most of the amateurs faded out of the picture and were replaced with professionals, and then we invaded New York. Opening at the Broadway Theater, afterward Daly's, under the management of Edgar and Fulton, we were a great success and stayed there the entire season.

In November, 1879, Gilbert and Sullivan and Blanche Roosevelt, who had come from London to give Pinafore and the Pirates of Penzance, came to our performance, unheralded and supposedly incog, but our very alert stage manager, Peaks, recognized them and had a young lady of our management sit by them and catch whatever they said about the piece. This was the nature of her report:

"'Piece finely sung,' said Sullivan. 'Couldn't be better.'"

"Blanche Roosevelt didn't believe she could vocalize as well as the soprano did the following verse:

"This very night,
With bated breath,
And muffled oar,
Without a light,
As still as death,
We'll steal ashore,
A clergyman
Shall make us one
At half-past ten,
And then we can
Return, for none
Can part us then!

"Gilbert was indignant because Dick Deadeye interpolated a song by Molloy."

"Sullivan thought the orchestration was excellent." It was mine, so I joined in the general joy.

"Gilbert said the acting was below par." And in that respect I also agreed with him; but we had organized the company as a singing one and paid very little attention to the dramatic side.

Mr. Cox's Cadenza

A few weeks later we were off on a tour of New England, and as the season advanced it was seen that Pinafore was getting weak in the knees and a new opera was necessary, so it was suggested that we take Sullivan and Burnand's opera, The Contrabandista, rewrite the libretto and make it more of a chorus piece—that was our strong point. The task devolved on me to do the music. Charles Gaylord, author of the successful play, Our Fritz, was to write the libretto. The opera was finished in an incredibly short time, rehearsed as each new number was written, and produced in Jersey City first. It met with just a little bit of favor, but not enough to set a special day aside for universal rejoicing. We took it through New England and finally closed it in Holyoke, Massachusetts. I hurried to Philadelphia and a little while afterward was married.

I picked up my fiddle and played substitute in various theaters, and just then Mr. F. F. Mackey wrote he would like to meet me. We met, he told me he had the libretto of a musical comedy, Our Flirtation, written by James Bird Wilson, of Cleveland, and would like me to write the music. I made a contract with him, took my bride, a couple of quires of music paper and a large capacity for work, to Cape May and wrote the piece. It was put in rehearsal late in July and first produced at Park Theater on Arch Street, Philadelphia.

The flutist of the orchestra was a Scotchman named John S. Cox, probably the finest

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artist on his instrument in America. His great delight was difficult music; so, knowing this weakness, in the overture to Our Flirtation I wrote a cadenza for the flute that was extremely difficult. The copyist in writing out the parts had placed the cadenza on a turn-over page. The first thing the player met when he turned the page was a myriad of notes extending through the gamut of the instrument. Cox, like most of these old-time players, never turned the page until he had reached it. It is my belief that musicians felt it was a reflection on their ability to read at sight to turn a page before they got to it.

Cox's eyes opened when he saw the cadenza.

He looked up at me and said, "Just wait a minute." Bending over, he softly played the passage through and then said, "All right, I'm ready," and phrased and played it beautifully.

The orchestra applauded him, and while we were at the Philadelphia theater there was always applause when he played the cadenza.

After closing at Philadelphia we went to Reading, and when the orchestra was assembled I noticed the flute player was a very rotund and very short German, bespectacled and taciturn. Rehearsal began. When the flutist turned the page and his eyes fell on the notes, which seemed to be as many as the sands of the sea, his eyes opened and a puzzled look came into his face.

I turned to him and said, "Go ahead, play it."

He looked daggers at me, slowly took his flute apart, put it in the case and said, "I vill not blay vhat I cannot blay," and walked out of the orchestra.

"Come back," I cried. "We'll cut the cadenza."

"Nein, nein, mein Herr," he said, "I vill not blay vhat I cannot blay," and disappeared. Reading never heard the cadenza.

We traveled west and when we reached St. Louis I received a letter from my father telling me that he had had an interview with the colonel commandant of the Marine Corps, who wanted me to come on as quickly as possible. I spoke to Mr. Mackey, but he was not willing to let me go at that time. I telegraphed my father I would come as soon as I could, and we went on to Kansas City.

At Kansas City I received a telegram from my father, "Have accepted the position in your name. Come at once."

Back in the Marines

I went to Mr. Mackey again. He finally agreed to let me go and I secured Charles Zimmerman to take my place as leader of the organization.

I reached Washington on the last day of September, 1880. I called on the commandant and discussed what he expected of me and what I expected of the Government. The next day I joined the marines as leader of the band and for the first time in my life conducted a military band.

There was a little old man who had been in the band for years and years who had always started out by making a great ado over each new leader and ended by hating him. Outside of that characteristic he was a most ordinary musician, but he seemed to have a rather exalted idea of his own importance.

When I arrived with my wife at the station, my father was waiting for me, and out of the crowd came this little old fellow.

He shook hands very cordially and then said, "Mr. Philip, we will bring you a serenade tomorrow night."

I tried to explain to him that we did not want a serenade, but couldn't move him from his purpose.

Finally I said, "I'll not allow you to serenade me tomorrow night; but if you love me as much one year from tomorrow as you do now I'll consider it a great honor if you will serenade me."

Forty-five years have passed and I'm still waiting for the serenade! I suppose he has passed on to that haven where there is rest and no serenades.

As my father had been a former member of the band, a trombonist -at this time long on the retired list—and I had been in the band during a short time while in my boyhood, I had a decided advantage over a perfect stranger in my new position.

The commandant had impressed on me the necessity of a complete reorganization of the band. The men were dissatisfied and, to use the commandant's words, "The band gives me more trouble than all the rest of the corps put together."

I found its library of music small, antiquated and most of it badly arranged and copied. Not a note of Wagner, Berlioz, Grieg, Tschaikowsky, or any of the modern composers that were attracting attention in the musical world. I immediately selected first-class compositions from the leading catalogues of Europe and proceeded with the most rigid rehearsals, bringing the band up to modern requirements.

Owing to the small pay received by the musicians, together with the impossibility of getting a discharge from the service except through disability or dishonor, many of the men developed an accentuated perpetual grouch. It was getting on my nerves so much I went to the commandant and explained to him the condition of affairs, and suggested I should like him to grant a discharge to any member of the band who applied for his release and of which I approved. With great reluctance he finally consented At the very next rehearsal one of the best players in the band put down his instrument and said the rehearsals were too hard; in fact were beyond endurance.

Marching Musicians

"Well," I said, "what are you going to do about it?"

Very sullenly he said, "I want my discharge."

I knew he didn't want it, but I said, "Make out your application and I will get it for you." Much to the musicians' surprise he received his discharge within twenty-four hours. By the end of the first year, the band was reduced to thirty-three men and even the commandant was a little alarmed; but I gradually gathered about me an ambitious and healthy lot of young players, and the public performances of the band were such that it began to attract very favorable attention from Washingtonians and those coming to the city.

From a motley mob of nurses and baby carriages and some hangers-on, the audiences at the White House grounds concerts grew into the thousands, and the Saturday afternoon concerts at the White House became a social event. Thursday concerts at the barracks were splendidly attended and Wednesday concerts at the Capitol drew large audiences, although we suffered from the noise of street cars and carriages passing in close proximity to the band stand. The harmony and good behavior of the men became proverbial; for be it said to their everlasting credit during the last eight years I was with the band, not a man was reported for dereliction of duty or unsoldierly conduct.

When the men found that I played fair with them and my approval for their discharge meant carrying it into effect, they never asked for it unless they really wanted to go, in which respect they were very much like the rest of the human family.

The many and various parades we had took on the character of events, and we would be followed from wherever we assembled to the end of the march, not only by small boys but by many of the business men of Washington—and, perhaps, some unsophisticated congressmen. I believe there was no better marching band in existence during the last ten years I was with it. The front file consisted of trombones and basses—finely built young fellows who could step out and keep up a cadence of one

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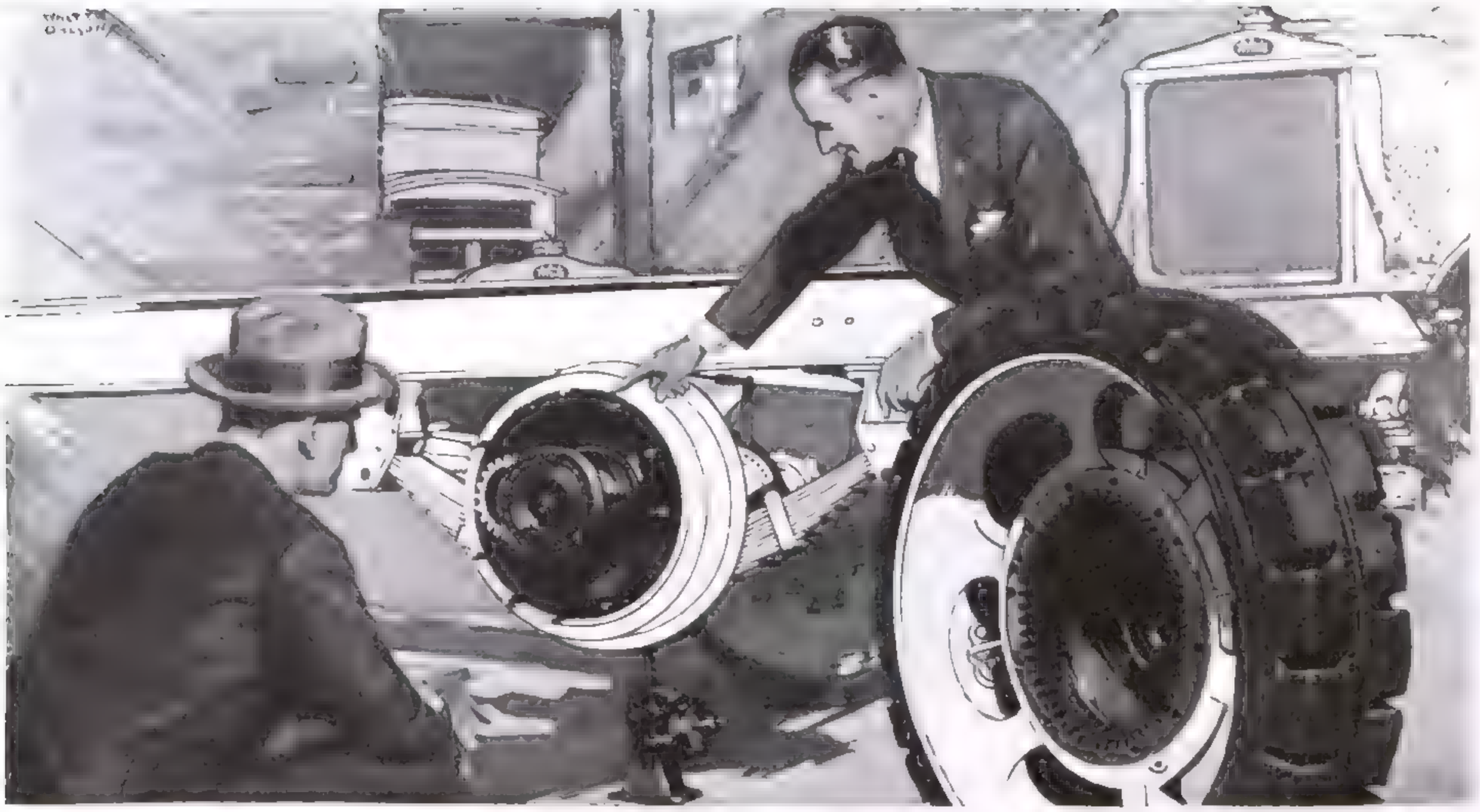

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"The heavy-duty field is the real proving ground for motor trucks," the salesman says. "In this field White Trucks have demonstrated their superiority in speed, strength, reserve power, dependability and long life. There are hundreds of them in service after more than 100,000 miles of hauling."

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"Doesn't the chain drive apply power closer to the rim of the wheel than the White drive?" the buyer asks.

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(Continued from Page 102)

hundred and twenty a minute from the time the parade started until it ended.

But during my first days with the band, and the preceding years, it was a hotbed of dissension. The members were mostly Italians and Germans, with a few Americans and English. The main cause of the trouble was what was known as outside business—the engagements the men made apart from their governmental duties which were their principal means of existence. The government pay ran thirty-eight dollars a month for a first-class musician, twenty-four dollars for a second, twenty-one dollars for the third, and the grandly remunerative sum of thirteen dollars for the fourth, or private class. Of course there was thirteen cents a day for rations, besides some fuel and clothing money, but it was all so pitifully small that it was hard to recruit men and equally hard to keep them satisfied after you got them.

"Soft words don't butter parsnips," I knew, but if I could build up the private practice of the band something would be gained, I thought. The repertoire of the organization was very limited; some selections of old Italian operas, a few of the standard overtures, and a great number of ordinary marches, polkas, and so on. I knew from former experience that the music played at the White House receptions, state dinners, and Saturday afternoons in the winter was too robust for the limits of the White House, and I began almost immediately to soften the blow to the guests who came to greet, eat with, or simply meet the President.

Playing at the White House

The first appearance of the band under my direction was at a New Year's Day reception. The first to enter are the ambassadors, then the cabinet, then the Supreme Court, then the officers of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps stationed in Washington, the bureau chiefs of the departments, winding up with the general public. As the first named came, I played music of a subdued character, eliminating the percussion instruments, so that the drums, tympanums and cymbals were largely squelched, all of which did not please the drummers, who had from long usage believed that they not only came to be seen, but heard. Then as the guests came in greater numbers, light operas were played, and then when the general public came I ran into marches, polkas, hornpipes and music of the liveliest character. I think my method gave the President a chance to shake hands and pass along double the number of people he could have met had I played slow pieces. President Hayes' secretary told me it was a splendid idea, that the President was less fatigued than he had been in former receptions. The President evidently appreciated the work I was doing. As a band we played in the anteroom that was an entrance to the portico; as an orchestra, beside the staircase between the East Room and the reception rooms. When we had orders to play for the President, we assembled at the Marine barracks and went to the White House in a street car.

General Hayes was an American of America. He was very quiet and a man of unquestionable ability. The dispute over his election no doubt made him a more serious man than necessary, even for a President, but everybody who knew him loved and respected him. Mrs. Hayes was a beautiful woman and looked a very queen in the White House. In my opinion she was the most beautiful First Lady of the Land we have had.

On the occasion of my second appearance at the White House, at a dinner given to the ambassadors and the Supreme Court, I had a little run in with a man of African descent that brought about immediate reform in regard to refreshments served the band.

The members of the band had complained to me that when they were called to get something to eat, after playing several hours, by the time they reached the dining room in the basement of the White House it would be filled with a motley crowd of waiters, garden helpers, policemen, and so on, who would devour nearly everything that was on the table. One bandsman told me the last time he went to supper he got only a plate of oyster soup.

However, on the night in question, we had been playing almost incessantly from 7:30 until nearly 10, when this burly, dictatorial colored man—he was a left-over from General Grant's time—came over to my stand and said, "You and your musicianers can go downstairs and get something to eat."

I looked at him for a moment, and then, with a far-away look in my eyes, replied: "It has been my pleasure to see the Jungfrau in all her snowy grandeur; I have seen the lazy Adriatic lap the Venetian pebbled shore; I have heard the melodic words of the silver-voiced orator expound on the beauties of America and Americans. I have heard much and I have seen much; but I never expected to hear a menial of the President of the United States of America use a word not in a dictionary and not used in polite society on any part of this mundane sphere. What do you mean by 'musicianers'? The word is obsolete. Explain."

"Explain?" he said. "If you don't go downstairs to the dining room you won't get anything to eat."

I turned to the band and said, "This colored man, evidently deputized by someone higher in authority, says if you don't hurry you won't get anything to eat. Those who want to go are excused."

Eight or ten went. They came back in a short time reporting there was nothing left to eat.

The next time we played the same colored man came to me and said, just a little less aggressively, "Der's some grub downstairs for the band if dey wants it."

I said, "One moment, please, until I give your order." Then, turning to the bandsmen, I said, "This dusky factotum reports there is some grub downstairs for you. Whoever wants it is excused."

Not a man left his place.

The old darky went off shaking his head and muttering, "I'll be damned!"

A Call on Mrs. Hayes

The next morning there was a message at the barracks asking me to call at the White House as soon as I could. I went immediately. Colonel McCook was the officer in charge, and he said "Mrs. Hayes wants to see you."

Mrs. Hayes came in in a few moments and said, "Mr. Sousa, the President is anxious at all times to contribute to the welfare of those who entertain his guests. It was reported to him that neither you nor the band accepted his invitation to have some refreshments. There must be some mistake, and no doubt it is on our part. Please talk it over with the colonel and I'm sure everything will be set all right."

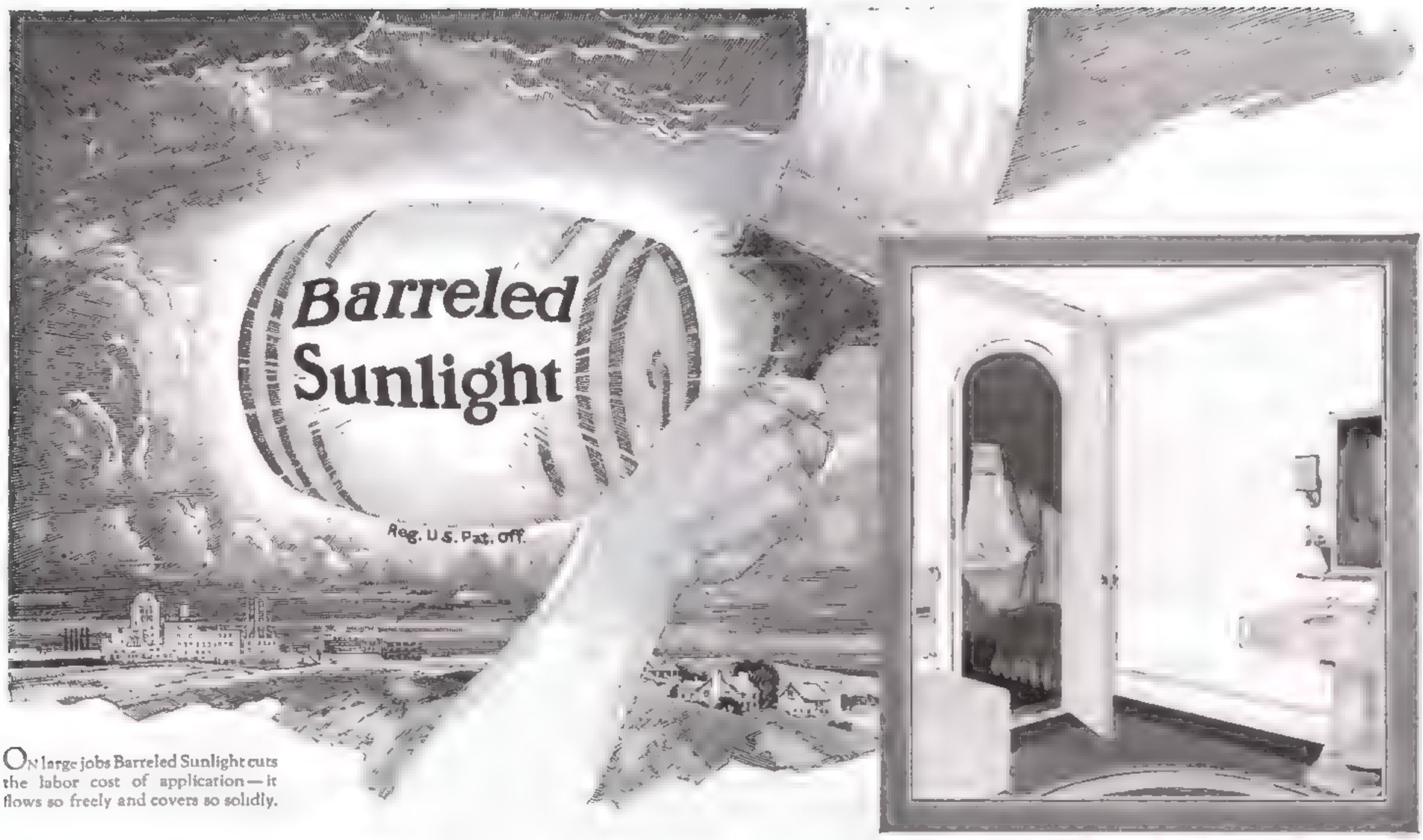
She left the room and I told the colonel just what had happened, giving him a history of the colored man's actions and the disappearance of food before the men got there.

He said, "Mr. Hayes was very particular about ordering a luncheon for your men, and hereafter we will see that they, and they only, get it."

And at the next affair at the White House, when the time came for the lunch, a young man came up to me and said, "Mr. Sousa, there's a luncheon for your men down in the dining room. Please tell each of them to rap twice on the door and they will be admitted. The President has arranged for your luncheon in the State Room and will be pleased to have you accept the invitation."

In a few months General Hayes' term of office expired and he returned home beloved by all who knew him as well as I did.

(Continued on Page 106)



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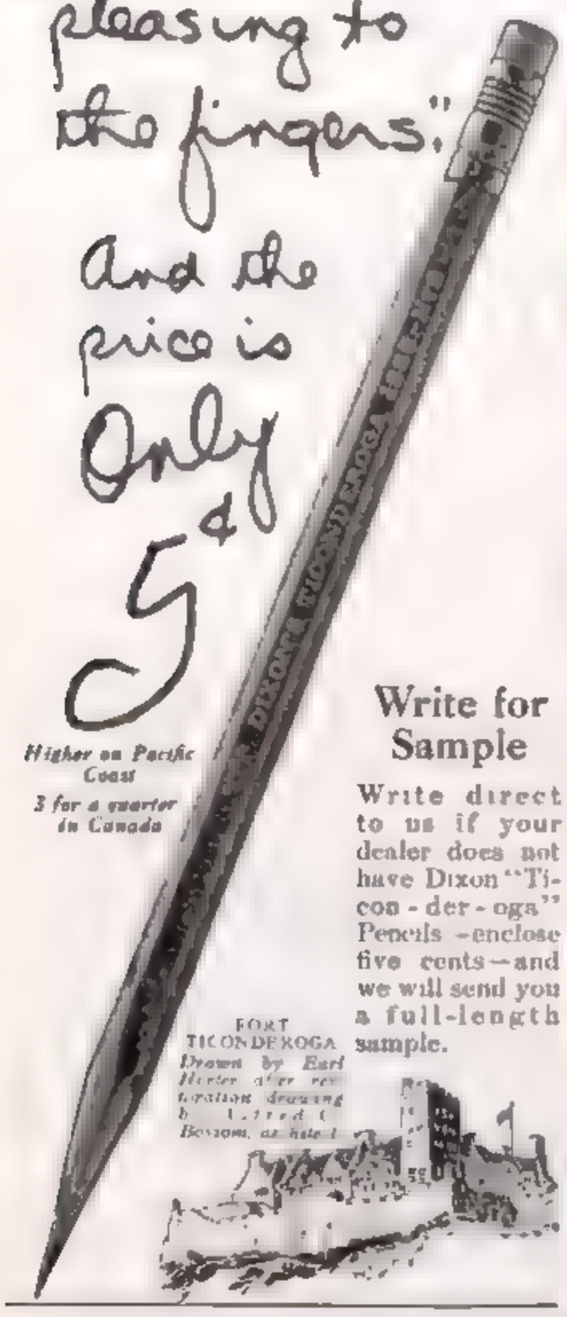

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(Continued from Page 104)

The next President was General Garfield, and his tenure of office was so short that I did not have much opportunity to meet him. We played just one time at the White House while he was in office. That is, we should have played there, but we did not connect, much to Mrs. Garfield's disappointment, to say nothing of our own.

We were ordered with the Marine Battalion to take part in the dedication of the Farragut statue. We left the barracks about eight A.M., marched to the Northwest of the city, waited until the ceremonies commenced, took part in them, which comprised several hours, and reached barracks about 6:30 that evening. The band was dismissed. All the men who lived outside the barracks left at once. I went home, took a bath, put on my civilian clothes, and sat down to dinner.

In a few moments the doorbell rang and the maid came and said, "The commanding officer wants you as quickly as possible."

I got into my undress uniform and hurried to the barracks three blocks away.

"Sousa," said the commanding officer, "a message has just been received for the band to report at the White House in full dress at eight o'clock."

"But," said I, "it's after seven now, the band was dismissed for the day, and the men are probably scattered over the town, and no doubt many of them are playing at private engagements and I know it will be hopeless to try to find them in time."

"Well," said the officer, "those were my instructions and those are your orders."

We sent the messengers out and they found just one man, and he was the bass drummer. So at eight o'clock, I, in my gorgeous red uniform, sat at one end of the platform, and the bass drummer down at the other. There was a dazzling array of music stands and empty chairs, but no men. The President evidently saw the humorous side of it, for when I explained it to him he said it couldn't be helped. All evening long we sat there, the drummer and I. When the reception was over, I dismissed the drummer with proper military ceremony and we filed out. We had reported for duty, were present and accounted for, though the President and his guests heard never a note.

General Grant's Two Tunes

That was the only time I met Mr. or Mrs. Garfield, for, soon after, an assassin's bullet ended the life of the President. I was so confident that the President would recover that Wilson J. Vance, at that time the appointment clerk of the Treasury Department, and myself were planning a hymn of thanksgiving for his recovery. We had several interviews and were about to begin work when the terrible message came that the President had died at Elberon. I had retired when I heard the newsboys shouting the sad tidings. I got up, dressed, and told my wife I wanted to get out in the air, and I walked all night, in fact until ten o'clock next morning. I came home, took music paper and wrote the In Memoriam Dirge, the one we played when the President's body was received at Washington and the one we played when he was put to rest in the cemetery in Cleveland.

When Mr. Arthur became President we were still idle because of the period of mourning over the death of General Garfield, and we did not appear at the White House for several months. President Arthur was much more reserved when he talked to me than was President Hayes.

I can hardly credit the oft-repeated story that General Grant knew only two tunes, one of which was Yankee Doodle and the other wasn't. I have known more than one President, relieved from the onerous duties of a great reception, to find rest by sitting quietly in the corner of a convenient room and listening to the music.

During Arthur's Administration, on the occasion of a state dinner, the President came to the door of the main lobby of the White House and, beckoning me to his side, asked me to play the Cachucha. A young lady wanted to dance a Spanish dance to that tune. When I explained that we had not the music with us, but would be glad to include it on our next program, the President looked surprised and said: "Why, Sousa, I thought you could play anything. I'm sure you can. Now give us the Cachucha."

This placed me in a predicament, as I did not wish the President to believe that the band was not at all times able to respond to his wishes. Fortunately one of the bandsmen remembered the melody and played it over softly to me on his cornet. I hastily wrote out several parts for the leading instruments and told the rest of the band to vamp.

We played the Cachucha to the satisfaction of Mr. Arthur, who came to the door and said, "I knew you could play it."

Down and Up Again

As bandmasters were beginning to play my marches, Across the Danube, written in commemoration of the victory of the Russians over the Turks; the Resumption March, written after our return to specie payment, and Our Flirtation, a march still enjoying unquestionable popularity, I was beginning to make a little dent in the march line.

I again turned to opera, and Colonel Wilson Vance offered to write a libretto using the music of The Smugglers as much as possible. When the piece was finished we retained the name and gave an amateur performance in Washington. With our more than friendly audience, together with a host of friends of the National Rifles, one of the crack military companies of the city, who appeared as a chorus of soldiers in the piece, the piece seemed to make a kindly impression, and Vance insisted we should form a company and send it on the road. We engaged a very clever English girl, Fannie Wentworth, for the principal part; Jim Rennie, a good comedian, and Henry Mansfield—a brother of the famous Richard—for the principal barytone. When I was in New York and engaged Mansfield his brother was playing in the Black Cloaks at the Standard Theater. I went to see the performance with Henry Mansfield, and after the performance he introduced me to his brother.

After shaking hands with Richard he said, "So you have engaged my brother to take a part in your opera?"

I nodded in acquiescence.

He looked at me, then at his brother, and said, "Well, he'll make a hell of a mess of it!"

We kept the piece on the road for only about three weeks, closing in Philadelphia at the Chestnut Street Opera House. All our money was spent and we had to borrow to bring our company back to Washington, which we did, and buried The Smugglers in the vast dramatic cemetery of musical failures.

I went to my hotel after the company had departed on the midnight train, the most woebegone man in the world. I sized myself up and I could only see that I was a colossal failure as a composer, as a dramatist and as a man. I buried my head in the pillow and pictured myself as the smallest and most insignificant specimen of any member of the human race. If ever a man berated himself and placed himself in the lowest depths, I did that night. There seemed to be nothing left for me in the world but to crawl into a hole and pull the hole in after me.

I finally fell asleep. When I woke it was nearly midday and the sun was shining in my window. My wife was sitting, demurely hemming a handkerchief and waiting for me to dress. I got up.

She came over, put her arms around my neck and said, "Don't grieve. It's going to be all right sometime."

"You bet," I said, "it will be all right. I'm going to start on a new opera tomorrow and it's going to be a knockout."

The next day I started on the libretto of Desirée, and though, when it was finished and produced, it was not entirely a knockout, it made quite a number of critics sit up and take notice. Edward Taber and I worked hard on the piece, and it was more or less kindly received as among the first of the American comic operas. It was produced May 1, 1884, in Washington, and the following autumn transferred to Philadelphia, where it occupied the Broad Street Theater for some weeks. It was memorable for the fact that it introduced that splendid comedian, De Wolf Hopper, to the public. In this opera he made his debut as a comic-opera star. The plot of the opera was taken from an old English comedy called Our Wife, the subject of quite a number of pieces before that time and since, and Hopper played the part of an old haberdasher whose beautiful daughter is loved by the Count de Courville, but she loves the Marquis Delavare and finally marries him. The coming marriage of the marquis and the daughter gave birth to a topical song in the opera, which was sung with great success by Hopper, and was also used in a number of musical pieces after the opera ceased its run.

The verse was as follows:

Generosity's a virtue that evinces
The noble family from which I spring;
When our daughters marry marquises or princes,
We never fail to do the proper thing.
Now if I find it possible to do so,
Within so small a fraction of a day,
I'll get the most expensive sort of trousseau,
For all of which my son-in-law will pay.

This excessive liberality
Approaches prodigality,
For all of which his son-in-law will pay.

Taber wrote for Hopper so many verses that it was not an unusual thing for eighteen, nineteen or twenty verses to be sung in this song.

An Episode at the Clover Club

Colonel John McCaull was the manager who produced the piece, and being a member of the Clover Club of Philadelphia he invited Taber and myself to be guests at one of their famous dinners. I could not go, owing to concerts with the Marine Band, but Taber was there, and one of those unfortunate episodes occurred which ended the life of the opera.

It seems Governor Curtin, who had been war governor of Pennsylvania, when called upon to speak, dwelt largely upon the things he had done during the Civil War. He probably offended McCaull in some reference to the Confederacy—because the colonel had been on the Southern side during the late unpleasantness. When he said something that particularly riled McCaull, he jumped up and called Curtin to order. There were murmurs and a few hisses, and McCaull sat down. Quietly pulling out his handkerchief, Curtin wiped his glasses slowly with it, then put them on again, and looking across the table said, with mocking sarcasm, to McCaull, "Will you kindly give me your name?"

McCaull sank back in his chair speechless, and the chairman ended the unfortunate episode by changing the subject. A few days later a Washington paper had a full account of the affair. I don't know whether Taber wrote it or not, but I do know it corresponded with the story Taber told me, and I do know that McCaull blamed Taber for its publicity and took Desirée off the boards. I wrote him asking when the opera would be continued. He answered with a vituperative letter about Taber and said he would neither play the opera nor give up his contract, which was for a period of five years. At the end of the five years the opera reverted to its original owners and has been resting in peace ever since.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Sousa. The next will appear in an early issue.

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WELL DONE when the finish is MASTER-MADE

BE sure of gleaming, lustrous floors that will *last.* Insist upon finishes which are dependable beyond all doubt. As your assurance, see that you get finishes marked with the du Pont Oval . . . for they are *master-made.*

And each of these master-made finishes is prepared for a specific purpose . . . *exactly* the right finish for your particular need, whether you do the work yourself or have it done for you.

For varnished floors, SUPREMIS: the first varnish ever made expressly for use on floors—the leader for more than fifty years. It won't crack or scratch white; of course, boiling water won't harm it. It is permanently lustrous—literally made to walk on.

For hardwood effects on softwood floors, TUFCOTE: the du Pont varnish stain that gives glowing beauty of color and lasting mirror-like surface.

For porches and old-fashioned painted floors, du Pont FLOOR and DECK ENAMEL PAINT: a long wearing floor-paint of lasting color.

These, as well as all others in the du Pont line of paints, varnishes and enamels, are *master-made* . . . the result of more than a century of experience . . . the outgrowth of that continual research which assures highest possible quality in present and future products.

The du Pont Oval marks the store of the du Pont Service Agent—a man who is vitally interested in giving you satisfactory service. Write for the name of the agent nearest to you.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., Inc.
Paint and Varnish Division
Makers of finishes for every purpose

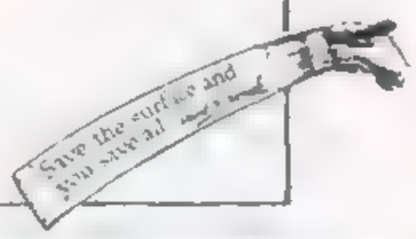
2100 Elston Ave. Chicago, Ill.
35th St. and Gray's Ferry Road Philadelphia, Pa.
Everett Sta. No. 49 Boston, Mass.

DU PONT

OVER A CENTURY OF RESEARCH AND ACHIEVEMENT

Greater knowledge means a better finish for every surface

Conspicuous success in creating many diversified products is the fruit of du Pont's century-long experience in research and development. No finer example of such achievement can be cited than du Pont Paints and Varnishes both for household and industrial use . . . each one *master-made,* and, therefore, embodying those qualities which only the product of master craftsmen can give.



DU PONT

PAINTS, VARNISHES, ENAMELS

JOBS

EVERY MAN who is unhappy in his job, every man who is constantly shifting from one job to another, adds to the unproductive costs of industry and to the price of the things you buy.

America's best-known manufacturer says that every job-changer costs him $100—a sheer expense yielding nothing.

How shall this waste of money and of time be lessened? Largely by improvement in working conditions and happier surroundings in mill and plant.

Clean heat is absolutely essential to a great number of baking, drying, glazing and kindred operations throughout industry.

Electric heat, by preventing smoke, soot and waste of heat and reducing accident risk, contributes both to the quality of the manufactured article and to the good-will of the worker, and so insures a more dependable product.

Its wider use in every industry will profit manufacturer, worker and consumer.

The engineers of the General Electric Company have pioneered in the development of electric heat, as in so many of the other phases of electrical progress. The monogram G-E is a "guarantee of excellence" in things electrical. Make it your buying guide.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

CITY SLICKERS

(Continued from Page 25)

They opened two offices near Wall Street. One was the sanctum of Schwing & Tuomey, Investment Brokers. The other establishment, a single cubby-hole in an office building, was referred to in the "brokers'" literature as the Pocasset Surety Company.

Messrs. Schwing and Tuomey purchased, besides office furniture and stationery, a roster of the stockholders of Climax Motors, and thus armed, went into business. Within a week or two owners of Climax stock received letters on expensive paper, referring guardedly to a tremendous advance that was to take place in Climax stock within a month or two. It was pointed out that the stock they now held could be put up as collateral for the further purchase of stock on margin. Then, when the impending advance came about, the stockholder who had taken advantage of this information, charitably imparted by Schwing & Tuomey, would receive wealth past his wildest imaginings.

With a charming frankness, the letter discussed the possibility that the recipient thereof might think Schwing & Tuomey were bucket-shop men. If such unjust suspicion cropped up in anyone's mind, he was urged to write to the Pocasset Surety Company, of 20 Blank Street, which would give its unbiased opinion of the standing of Schwing & Tuomey.

When all the letters had been sent out, Mr. Schwing went around to the Pocasset Surety Company's office and answered, with a delicate employment of superlatives, all queries from the skeptical concerning his firm's integrity, while Mr. Tuomey, the high-pressure man, embarked upon his own high-pressure task.

He called upon stockholders, bringing an air of geniality and well-being like sunshine into the room with him. To the average person who knew nothing of stock manipulation he let his fancy run loose-reined. To the occasional experienced business man, he delivered astonishingly able lectures on the market, quoting figures and citing precedents until his prospect was completely hypnotized. The burden of his song to all and sundry was: "Send us your securities as collateral and make a lot of money when the stock goes up."

After the visit of the high-pressure man, Messrs. Schwing and Tuomey left the prospect severely alone for a week or so. During that period, whatever hostility the stockholder originally cherished toward parting with his holdings gradually abated, and the word paintings of the high-pressure man grew brighter and brighter. The victim began to wonder whether perhaps he had not been too curt and indifferent to the kind and obviously experienced gentleman who had offered him a chance to amass great wealth. Daily, he wished that Mr. Tuomey would telephone him, as he had promised to do.

Swindled but Silent

And then one morning the high-pressure man called him up. There was suppressed excitement in his voice. The matter of which he had spoken was coming to a head fast. There would be a great advance almost at once. He advised the purchase of more stock on margin, with the purchaser's present stock as collateral. Was Mr. So-and-So interested? Hanging up the receiver, Mr. So-and-So took a taxi to his bank and dived into his safe-deposit box.

Registered envelopes began to pour into the offices of Schwing & Tuomey, Investment Brokers. Daily their volume of mail increased. When they had received some $300,000 worth of the stock, they closed up their office, removed the name of the Pocasset Surety Company from the door of the cubby-hole, and assuming still other aliases, took the stock to Pittsburgh, where they pawned it and then vanished, leaving several thousand victims wondering alike over the stability of Climax Motors, which was to have soared long since, and the cryptic silence of Schwing & Tuomey.

If the bucketeers had confined their operations solely to New Yorkers, they probably would have got away scot-free. Unfortunately, hicks, genuine back-country rubes, were included among their dupes. One of these, obtaining no response to his letters of inquiry, lifted up his voice in a long-drawn howl of bereavement and announced to everyone within earshot, including the New York Police Department, that he had been cheated and wanted justice, revenge and his money back, principally the last two.

The New York police obligingly arrested Messrs. Schwartz and Dugan, formerly Schwing and Tuomey, and summoned their dupes to appear and testify against them, without any real belief that their victims would. They were not pleasantly disappointed in the result.

From one to the other of the clients of the late firm of Schwing & Tuomey the detectives made their wearily monotonous rounds. In almost every instance, the result was the same:

"Yeh; sure they took me. They got me right. Oh, just $500. Appear against 'em? I should say not. I know when I'm licked. I'm not beefin', am I? Go to court and have everybody hear what a sap I made of myself? I should say not!"

Working the Sophisticates

As this is written, Messrs. Schwing and Tuomey are out on bail. Three or four of their victims have been willing to complain against them. These are all rural dwellers. In general, New Yorkers whom the bucketeers robbed declined to take any action against them. What did the detectives think they were, anyway—hicks?

Laughing heartily at this ridiculous concept, the urbanite goes his way. Laughing more silently but with infinitely more excuse, the con man goes his, secure in the knowledge that he and the enormously self-confident citizen will meet again under circumstances infinitely painful to the latter; comforted by the realization that, come what may, the New Yorker will part with the tale of how he was swindled even less willingly than with a solid molar.

The only time the slicker leaves the city now is when he is chased therefrom by the outraged police or when he goes to the shore to spend a week and some of the cash collected from the urbanite. Why should he range through the unprofitable open spaces, peddling swindling schemes that may inspire the indignant agriculturist to sick Towser on him, when approximately 6,000,000 people are about him, willing to be taken and excessively unwilling to make any fuss about it afterward? Why should he travel to transact his more than dubious business when customers wait on his doorstep?

A headquarters man who has seen a whole generation of city slickers come and go, gazed across the traffic-swarming reaches of Longacre Square and sighed profoundly. Next to Joe Daly, the supreme police authority on slickerdom, he knows more of the swindling game than any other man in the department. He recalls Jimmy McVicar and Joe MacDonald, "the last of the green-goods men." Some of the frost that has touched his hair came there through his efforts to keep pace with the confidence kings of the past—the Kid, for instance. The Kid's face was a clear index to the immediate condition of his fortunes. When his saturnine jowl was concealed beneath a flowing beard, this was a signal that he was working on a prospect. When the job was done and the victim might be looking for the doer, the Kid went decorously smooth-shaven.

There were giants in those days—Billy Knight, of the deft and blandishing tongue; Big Joe Turley, who reaped a profitable blackmail harvest because of his physical resemblance to a policeman; Charley Drucker, greatest of all steerers; George Pole, six feet two of untrustworthiness, with the manners of an ambassador; the Honeygrove Kid, Wise-Guy Jimmy and the rest of them, all plunderers, not of the unwary rube but the supposedly experienced and wily New Yorker. Impute no chivalry or sportsmanship to them for their choice of prey. They had none. The New Yorker was easier. That is all.

"Fella," quoth the detective, "listen! There's more New Yorkers taken right here in Manhattan than there is farmers who get bilked between here and the Mississippi. Hicks? Come out of it. The real hick is the city man who thinks he's wise."

Past him along the sidewalk swept the smooth current of Broadway, sleekly dressed and sophisticated men; gayly attired and sophisticated women, all the glitter and paint and valiant color of the theatrical district's cognoscenti, the hard-boiled, skeptical, cynical essence of hard-boiled, skeptical, cynical New York.

"Look at 'em!" the detective snorted. "An' you could sell any one of 'em the Times Building!"

If there be one portion of the city more wary and sophisticated than the White Way, it is the lower city, where the great financial houses and jewelry stores lie side by side.

Into the highly polished and exclusive offices of one of the most aristocratic and upright of Wall Street's brokerage concerns a young man strolled, wearing beautifully tailored afternoon dress, a silk hat cocked at a negligent angle, and a gardenia. He carried a gold-headed cane and his appearance was innocent and bland. Yet he froze the office boy at the outside desk, congealed the clerk who next greeted him, partly paralyzed two or three functionaries of ascending rank and demanded to be led into the presence of the head of the firm.

Once in this private office, he shut the door, drew up a chair and spoke softly, rapidly and to the point. He represented, he confided, a wealthy bootlegger, a very wealthy bootlegger who had made so much money he literally did not know what to do with it. The suspiciously firm face of the company's head relaxed somewhat. Of course, the young man explained, this was all confidential. The point of his call was this: The bootlegger wanted to put his money into safe investments. He wanted some reliable house to draw him up a list of gilt-edged bonds into which he might pour part of his income as a nest egg, a security in time of illness, revenue agents or any of the other evils to which bootleggers are heir.

Poorer but Wiser

The head of the firm purred softly. He knew from experience and the price he paid for diluted green Scotch that bootleggers must be wealthy. He became increasingly cordial and promised his assistance with a tremolo of sincerity in his voice.

"Make out a list," his visitor commanded. "Gilt-edged bonds, remember, and call me at this telephone number. I'll bring around a certified check for $25,000."

He departed, not leaving his name. The firm's head forbore to ask it. He suspected his visitor of being the wealthy bootlegger himself. It is the lot of some men to be misjudged.

It is only a few steps from Wall Street to Maiden Lane and its great jewelry stores. The emissary of the wealthy bootlegger drifted as frigidly and serenely into one of these, secured the attention of the proprietor himself and confided that he wished to purchase jewelry for his law-flouting friend who could not, of course, appear in the transaction farther than to back it up with a certified check. He selected numerous jewels, made some suggestions concerning alterations in their mountings and left, having placed in the proprietor's hands the telephone number he had also presented to the broker.

A few days later the ambassador from the unnamed malefactor of wealth appeared at the brokerage house, inquired anxiously as to the soundness and negotiability of the securities purchased for his principal, appeared satisfied thereon, presented a certified check and departed with $25,000 in bonds in his brief case. At the jewelry store, he added $15,000 worth of precious metal and gems to the securities, left another certified check and departed.

At almost the same moment, the next day, a broker in Wall Street and a jeweler in Maiden Lane grunted hollowly, staggered to the telephone and stammered the number of police headquarters into the transmitter. Both checks had come back. Both were drawn against nonexistent accounts and the certifications were forged.

Making the Tricks Timely

The emissary of the fictitious bootlegger had obtained the equivalent of $40,000 by nothing more than a perfect appearance and manner, a gift for forgery and a colossal nerve. To these qualities he did not add a sufficient amount of judicious apprehension. The police got him, chiefly because he elected to stay in town and spend his loot rather than to tuck his brief case under his arm and go away from Manhattan as quickly and as far as possible.

The men he defrauded were no scatter-brained fools. Such folk rarely become heads of Wall Street brokerage houses and Maiden Lane jewelry stores. Yet this single slicker disarmed them, got beneath their guard and hypnotized them into neglecting the most elementary precautions in the transactions. On the police records, you can read their shame, together with the information that the man who duped them was only twenty-four years old when he started for Sing Sing.

The hicks are not all on the farms, nor yet does the flashy Broadway crowd complete the tale of their number. The confidence man is the illegitimate relative of the newspaper man and the writer of popular fiction. He watches and accurately estimates the public taste. He knows what is news; what the public wishes put into its romances; what particular topics will move the sucker's hand instinctively toward his bank roll.

A great gold strike and the gold brick game were born almost together. The opening of a spectacular new oil field is always the signal for the appearance of innumerable new oil stocks which are worth their weight in paper and nothing more.

City slickers, large and small, regarded the late war as a conflict waged to make the world more comfortable for confidence men. In this regard at least, the conflict lived up to expectations. Thrilled by patriotism, urbanites gave blindly. Thousands upon thousands of dollars were collected by glib-tongued men and women for the ostensible purpose of supplying the boys in the trenches with everything from animal crackers to yataghans. In several instances, gangs organized for wholesale plundering. One of these obtained more than $100,000 from a sucker list composed of the foremost business men of the city and got away with it clean.

A regiment, dear to the hearts of Manhattanites, was about to sail for Europe. During the week before its departure for embarkation camp, men of affairs throughout the city received telephone calls. Lieutenant Colonel Dash of the Blank Regiment was speaking. An organization was being formed under the title Friends and Relatives of the Blank Regiment to watch over and care for the kin of the roster while the brave lads were overseas. Could Lieutenant Colonel Dash expect a check from

(Continued on Page 115)

On a long tour the same friendly sign everywhere
A THOUSAND miles away there's a special pleasure in meeting a friendly face from your home town.
Texaco patrons often get a touch of this feeling. Wherever they tour, the Red Star and Green T greet them with the assurance of mechanical smoothness.
The golden stream of Texaco Motor Oil flows in.
The clean, powerful Texaco Gasoline refills the tank.
And they are off again, rolling along, powered and protected by a great ideal.
THE TEXAS COMPANY, U. S. A.
Texaco Petroleum Products
TEXACO
MOTOR OIL

TEXACO

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

ACO

GASOLINE

[Advertisement]

"William Willoughby!"

The newspaper came down to a level with the coffee cups, and Bill Willoughby's gaze traveled over to where Paula manipulated the toast rack.

"Now this must be serious, my dear," he bantered. "You never call me 'William' unless there's something important. If you ever 'Mister' me, I'll know it's divorce. What is it, Paula—just discourtesy—I apologize—but this item about Jock Hutchinson caught my eye and—"

"No, it's nothing you've done, guilty conscience," Paula broke in. "It's something you *ought* to do, and I know of course you'll be glad to do it."

"H'm, not so sure," from Bill.

"Bill, dear, it's that you must be to be home for dinner tonight, and earlier than usual, please."

"I'll be here, all right, sweet, early part—well, I had promise eighteen holes at Sunset this aft know how short the days are"

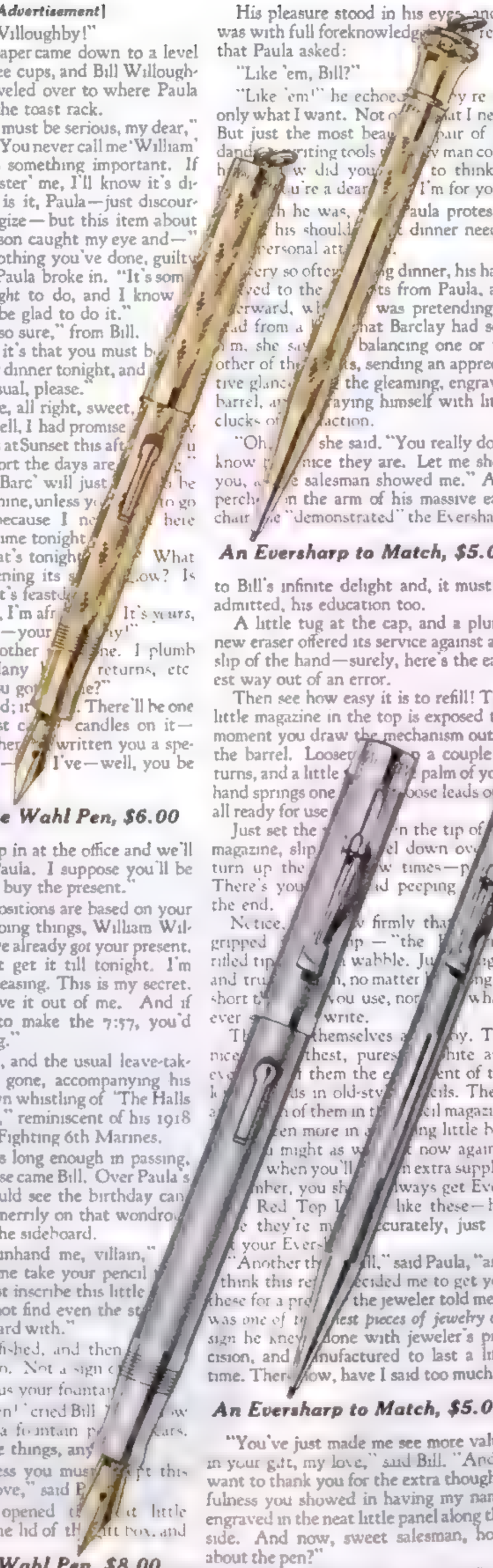
"You and 'Barc' will just be content with nine, unless y to go out earlier, because I ne here promptly on time tonight."

"Why, what's tonight? What gives this evening its low? Is this some saint's feastd

"No saint's, I'm afr It's yours, you old goose—your y!"

"Gosh! Another ne. I plumb forgot it. Many returns, etc What have you got e?"

"Never mind; it . There'll be one of Laura's best c candles on it—and your Mother written you a special love letter— I've—well, you be here and see!"



A Favorite Wahl Pen, $6.00

"Better drop in at the office and we'll go to lunch, Paula. I suppose you'll be downtown, to buy the present."

"Your suppositions are based on your own way of doing things, William Willoughby. I have already got your present. No; you don't get it till tonight. I'm proof against teasing. This is my secret. You shan't have it out of me. And if you're going to make the 7:57, you'd better be going."

With which, and the usual leave-takings, Bill was gone, accompanying his stride to his own whistling of "The Halls of Montezuma," reminiscent of his 1918 days with the Fighting 6th Marines.

The day was long enough in passing, but with its close came Bill. Over Paula's shoulder he could see the birthday can dles flickering merrily on that wondro confection on the sideboard.

"Will you unhand me, villain," said, "and let me take your pencil moment. I must inscribe this little age, and I cannot find even the st mark the milk card with."

The villain fished, and then said "Here, too. Not a sign o

"Then lend us your fountai

"Fountain pen!" cried Bill I haven't had a fountain p ars. Never liked the things, any

"Then I guess you mus t this with just my love," said P

Willoughby opened t t little packet, lifted the lid of th ift box, and

A Large Wahl Pen, $8.00

there, nested in velvet and satin, shone the twin cylindrical beauties of an Eversharp and a Wahl Pen.

His pleasure stood in his eyes, and it was with full foreknowledg reply that Paula asked:

"Like 'em, Bill?"

"Like 'em!" he echoe y re not only what I want. Not o at I need But just the most bea pair of the dand writing tools y man could h w did you to think of u're a dear I'm for you."

h he was, aula protested his should t dinner needed ersonal att

ery so ofte g dinner, his hand ved to the ts from Paula, and erward, wh was pretending to ad from a hat Barclay had sent m, she sa balancing one or the other of th s, sending an appreciative glanc the gleaming, engraved barrel, a aying himself with little clucks of action.

"Oh, she said. "You really don't know nce they are. Let me show you, a e salesman showed me." And perch n the arm of his massive easy chair e "demonstrated" the Eversharp,

An Eversharp to Match, $5.00

to Bill's infinite delight and, it must be admitted, his education too.

A little tug at the cap, and a plump new eraser offered its service against any slip of the hand—surely, here's the easiest way out of an error.

Then see how easy it is to refill! This little magazine in the top is exposed the moment you draw the mechanism out of the barrel. Loose p a couple of turns, and a little palm of you hand springs one oose leads ou all ready for use

Just set the n the tip of magazine, slip el down ov turn up the w times—p There's you d peeping the end.

Notice, y firmly tha is gripped p — "the rp rifled tip wabble. Ju ght and tru , no matter ng or short t you use, nor whatever write.

Th themselves a by. The nice thest, pures hite and ev them the e ent of the l ds in old-sty cils. There a of them in t il magazine l en more in a ng little box you might as w now against when you'll n extra supply. mber, you sh lways get Ever- Red Top l like these—because they're m curately, just to t your Ever-

"Another th ll," said Paula, "and think this re ecided me to get you these for a pr the jeweler told me it was one of t *est pieces of jewelry de*sign he knew done with jeweler's precision, and nufactured to last a lifetime. There ow, have I said too much?"

An Eversharp to Match, $5.00

"You've just made me see more value in your gift, my love," said Bill. "And I want to thank you for the extra thoughtfulness you showed in having my name engraved in the neat little panel along the side. And now, sweet salesman, how about the pen?"

"Oh, the Wahl Pen is a dear! First thing it holds more ink than that paunchy one you threw away. You wouldn't think so, to see its slim, cylindrical grace. But they proved it to me, right on the Eversharp and Wahl Pen counter at the store. You have more words at your command—less need to refill—surer dependability."

Paula had also been shown how strong the Wahl Pen is. The salesman took the cap off and threw it on the floor—*hard*—no break! Then picked it up and screwed it on—*hard*—no break. That was exactly the way Willoughby had broken another fountain pen, and he appreciated Paula's mimicking the demonstration. Nothing like that can happen to a Wahl Pen. It's made, like the Eversharp, to last a lifetime—guaranteed.

"And I had so many choices!" Paula exclaimed. "Every kind of pen point, for every style of writing—fine, medium, coarse, stub, slanting, rolling—*all* of them. Luckily I have those old love letters of yours—did you know you wrote *hundreds* of them, Bill?—and the m I saw the style called Signature, 'That's Bill!'

"I could have had any numb signs, too—Colonial, Dart, Gre p ple. Jimminy, that was har ake! They *all* looked so beautiful most had to shut my eyes and gr

"Also, I could have g hing I wanted in the way of pre etals solid gold, gold-filled, or and a style in any one of ther e price I felt like paying."

Paula might have a many other interesting things abo hl Pens. She t have told wh man at the sharp and Wahl counter knows e the truth, th ld gold" with hl means *solid* g

In the solid go nibs of Wahl Pens nd the gold or old-filled barrels of

A Tiny Wahl Pen, $5.00

Eversharps and Wahl Pens, the bank vaults are drawn on for regular consignments of the precious metal in ingot form.

Pure gold in itself being quite soft and very susceptible to wear, is always alloyed to some extent for every use—even in the coinage of America, Britain, and the great gold nations of the world. So for the purposes to which these auriferous bars are destined, an expertly proportioned alloy is made in the splendidly equipped Wahl factories.

Here another of the remarkable properties of gold comes into evidence. However thick or thin the coat of gold desired for a certain filling, as the foundation metal is rolled out into a sheet or drawn into tubular form, the original proportion of gold is maintained with exact uniformity all along its surface. This characteristic of gold assures the goldsmith of a pre-determined uniformity in the exterior surfaces of his finished jewelry.

To provide a complete range of Eversharps and Wahl Pens at prices to suit every purse, some are wrought in solid gold, others are gold-filled, others are sterling silver, silver-filled, rubber, composition materials. In the making of the precious metal barrels, the metal is first rolled in sheets and then drawn down by successive processes into tubes of the desired length and diameter. To achieve the symmetrical grace, simplicity and accuracy synonymous with Wahl products, these processes alone are numerous, painstaking and refined.

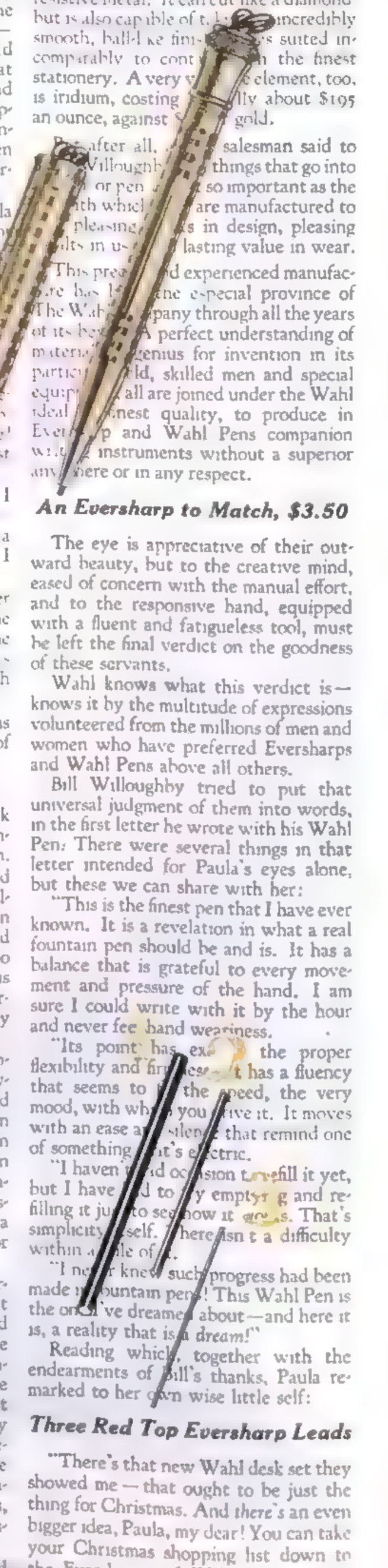
The points of Wahl Pens are all solid gold. They are first stamped in blank out of sheets of the freshly alloyed gold. These blanks are refined and shaped again and again, in process after process, until the desired design and fineness are reached.

Then the points are tipped with iridium.

Iridium is an especially hard and wear-resistive metal. It can cut like a diamond but is also capable of t incredibly smooth, ball-l ke finis s suited incomparably to cont the finest stationery. A very v e element, too, is iridium, costing lly about $195 an ounce, against gold.

B after all, salesman said to Willoughb things that go into or pen so important as the th which are manufactured to pleasing s in design, pleasing lts in us lasting value in wear.

This pre d experienced manufacre has l ne especial province of The Wah pany through all the years of its be A perfect understanding of materi genius for invention in its partic ld, skilled men and special equip all are joined under the Wahl ideal nest quality, to produce in Ever p and Wahl Pens companion w instruments without a superior an here or in any respect.



An Eversharp to Match, $3.50

The eye is appreciative of their outward beauty, but to the creative mind, eased of concern with the manual effort, and to the responsive hand, equipped with a fluent and fatigueless tool, must be left the final verdict on the goodness of these servants.

Wahl knows what this verdict is—knows it by the multitude of expressions volunteered from the millions of men and women who have preferred Eversharps and Wahl Pens above all others.

Bill Willoughby tried to put that universal judgment of them into words, in the first letter he wrote with his Wahl Pen: There were several things in that letter intended for Paula's eyes alone, but these we can share with her:

"This is the finest pen that I have ever known. It is a revelation in what a real fountain pen should be and is. It has a balance that is grateful to every movement and pressure of the hand. I am sure I could write with it by the hour and never fee hand weariness.

"Its point has ex the proper flexibility and fir es t has a fluency that seems to the speed, the very mood, with wh you ive it. It moves with an ease a silen e that remind one of something it's e ctric.

"I haven id oc sion t fill it yet, but I have d to y empty g and refilling it ju to se how it wo s. That's simplicity self. There isn t a difficulty within a le of

"I ne r knew such progress had been made n ountain pens! This Wahl Pen is the on 've dreame about—and here it is, a reality that is a *dream!*"

Reading which, together with the endearments of Bill's thanks, Paula remarked to her own wise little self:

Three Red Top Eversharp Leads

"There's that new Wahl desk set they showed me—that ought to be just the thing for Christmas. And *there's* an even bigger idea, Paula, my dear! You can take your Christmas shopping list down to the Eversharp and Wahl Pen counter, and settle the gift problem easier and more handsomely this way than any other way!"

(Continued from Page 111)

Mr. So-and-So for this fine and patriotic work? The man on the receiving end of the telephone message assured the warrior that he could. He would write a check immediately and send it to the lieutenant colonel.

Oh, dear no; Lieutenant Colonel Dash wouldn't trouble him to mail it. Time was short, anyway, and he would send a messenger within an hour to the check maker's office for the gift. In due time the messenger appeared, thanked the donor for the munificence of the gift—some of these drafts were for $1000 each—and departed.

Not one of the several hundred wealthy business men thought of checking up on the identity of the person who proclaimed over the telephone that he was Lieutenant Colonel Dash. Not one of them moved to investigate that patriotic organization the Friends and Relatives of the Blank Regiment. When the canceled checks returned, the fact that they had not been deposited to a fund but had been cashed immediately woke no suspicion in the breasts of the donors. By the time the police got wind of the movement and began an inquiry its sponsors had departed and $100,000 went with them.

The war is no longer news. Rum running is its infinite superior as a quickener of pulses and imaginations, and about this theme the present-day confidence man weaves innumerable schemes. Obscurity shrouds the majority of these. The person he swindles has more than the usual urbanite reluctance about making a squawk. Not only will any protest on his part reveal him to the world as a sucker but there is also the matter of law involved. If he seeks restitution he is compelled to reveal himself as a criminally minded person, a potential lawbreaker.

The Roe Brothers' Offer

Therefore the swindled one pours the water he has bought at sixty dollars a case into the sink and bears whatever grief is his with complete stoicism. Accident and accident alone, in the vast majority of cases, breaks through that reticence and reveals the swindler harping gayly upon a bootleg theme. This is a pity, not only in the interests of law enforcement but also because some of these operations afford unusual examples of the pliability and daring of human intelligence.

Luigi Spumoni, who ran a road house in the remote fastnesses of Jersey, came to New York for the express purpose of visiting police headquarters and telling his troubles to the members of the automobile squad. Being a hick, Luigi cherished no urban self-consciousness and only partial reticence. He told Detectives Dowd and Brady that he had been robbed of his automobile by two slick New Yorkers. It was only a small car and decidedly not new. Dowd and Brady attributed the vast ground swells of indignation that swept over Luigi to the Latin love of draping all matters of life in hysterics.

The detectives found Spumoni's automobile. Two brothers—let us call them Robert and Richard Roe—possessed it. What is more, they displayed a perfect authentic bill of sale, signed by Luigi himself, but showed such repugnance to the detectives' suggestion that they go to headquarters and confront Luigi that Dowd and Brady took them anyhow.

When Robert and Richard were ushered into the presence of the grief-stricken Mr. Spumoni, he precipitated himself into a frenzy, surpassing in intensity and duration all his earlier efforts, drew out a large knife and devoted himself to an attempt to dissect the present possessors of his car.

Several policemen sat on Luigi and took the knife away, speaking disapprovingly the while about all this fuss over a small automobile. The brothers, they pointed out, had a bill of sale. Even if this were not genuine, the car was worth only a couple of hundred dollars. Loss of this amount was inadequate excuse, in the opinion of Luigi's restrainers, for murder.

"Coupla hunnerd!" Luigi screeched in a peanut-whistle voice of excessive emotion. "Coupla hunnerd! Thirty thousan' dolla!"

The Messrs. Roe looked uncomfortable. The detectives began to ask questions and this time Luigi held nothing back. Presently they locked up Robert and Richard and proceeded to visit the proprietor of a certain night club cited by Luigi. By him, they were directed to another in the same trade; from him, to a saloonkeeper, and so on. The chain seemed unending. Before it ran out, the detectives had questioned fifty owners of restaurants, saloons and cabarets. They all recited, reluctantly and shamefacedly, the same story sobbed and shrieked by Luigi. Here are its essential details:

A restaurant proprietor, with the average restaurant proprietor's opinion of the Volstead Act, is approached by Richard Roe, who wears an atmosphere of mystery and talks out of one corner of his mouth, guardedly. At the word "whisky" the proprietor gazes at his visitor with mounting hostility and suspicion, which Richard ignores.

"All of it you want," he mutters. "Twenty years old, boy, and smooth as oil. Here! Try it!"

From his hip pocket he extracts a flask and pours part of its contents into a glass. The aroma temporarily takes the proprietor back seven years. The taste keeps him there a minute. This is whisky such as few have encountered in an era of precarious beverages—smooth, strong, fragrant.

"All you want of it, kid," Richard boasts. "We got barrels of it. Never mind where we got it. All I says is we're willing to sell reasonable. Want it?"

Experience has blighted the proprietor's trust in his fellow bootlegger. Resolutely he suppresses his enthusiasm.

"Yeh," he snorts, "in the pig's eye! I been fooled on samples before, guy. Whad d'ye think I am—a hick?"

"Listen!" Richard retorts. "You bring the cash with ya and I'll take you around and you can make your own sample."

"Oh, sure," the proprietor scoffs. "Out of one barrel with a glass tube of hooch behind the bung. I wasn't born yesterday."

"Bring the cash," Richard repeats stolidly, "an' you can choose your own barrel. Listen, feller, you can cut this stuff an' then sell it for 50 per cent more than you're gettin' for the rotten hooch they give you now, can't cha? You come around with the cash and a truck and you can have the whole lot."

A truck waits outside a garage or stable. Inside, the proprietor meets Richard's brother Robert. The trio repair to the rear of the building. There, stacked up to the eaves, their heads facing them, are fifty or sixty barrels.

"Now, go ahead," Richard invites the purchaser, "choose any one you want. We'll tap her wherever you say."

Too Good to be True

Suspicion begins to drain out of the buyer and excitement takes its place. Never since the name of Volstead first became known in the land has such an opportunity been offered a citizen of this arid republic. He knows he can sell liquor like the sample for three times the purchase price agreed upon. Resolutely, he suppresses his excitement and lays his finger on one of the fifty.

"Plug her there," he directs.

Robert complies and thrusts a rubber tube into the hole. He reaches out a hand and holds an end of tubing up to the customer.

"Go ahead," he invites, "suck."

The purchaser obeys and almost chokes in his excitement. The same smooth, heartening fluid flows like oil across his tongue and palate. Gasping from emotion and the potency of the draught, he nods, and Robert Roe, who has kept his hand on the tube, withdraws it and pinches off the flow.

"Right?" he asks.

"Right" is no word for it. The purchaser is almost hysterical in his enthusiasm.

"We'll tap another if you say so," Richard offers as the purchaser hands over the money. He shakes his head. He has chosen his own barrel, selected the spot for the introduction of the tube. No proof could be more positive.

"Well," Richard and Robert remark in chorus, an hour later, as the truck and its load roll away, "hope you enjoy the whisky."

They have vanished next morning when the purchaser returns. They have disappeared as thoroughly as any trace of alcohol has deserted the whisky barrels. The contents of these is water, nothing more.

It was Robert who bored the hole and inserted the tube. There was a strap about Robert's neck beneath his collar. From this, between his shoulder blades, was suspended a rubber bag filled with mellow old whisky, and a tube attached to the bottom thereof ran to his right armpit and down his right sleeve.

Robert inserted another tube in the barrel, took hold of its end, closing it off, and from the same hand offered the pipe attached to the bag to his prospective customer. To the most careful observer it was apparent that the buyer was drinking directly from the cask.

Killed by Publicity

Thus the Roe brethren defrauded Luigi Spumoni out of $30,000, taking his car as part of the payment. Thus they had swindled fifty other men who prided themselves upon their immunity to fraud. Confronted by the evidence against them, Richard and Robert calmly offered the detectives $20,000 to suppress it.

"We got $300,000 cash," they boasted. "You boys might as well take your whack and let us go. We'll beat the case if you push it. Whad d'ye say?"

By the time they were arraigned, Luigi had vanished, presumably reimbursed by his swindlers. Of the fifty saloonkeepers et al., the number who refused to press the charges amounted to exactly fifty.

"We got took," was the burden of their reply. "We'll take our medicine. Appear against 'em? I should say not!"

Fifteen years ago the green-goods game gave its last expiring gasp. Overpublicity killed it. In time the most perfect dupe learned to leave it alone. Yet its soul goes marching on. It lives, today, in newer incarnations, and those who sponsor these incarnations constitute the great middle class of slickerdom. They are not the mendicants who swindle by appealing to the warm-heartedness of their victims. Nor are they those rare and enviable members of the aristocracy of Bunkoland who possess systems so cleverly contrived that they are immune to police interference.

Those who sponsor the descendants of the green-goods game, those who operate the wire-tapping and bucket-shop fakes, are the bourgeoisie among con men. With a few exceptions, they belong to the spider caste. Their method of operation is to entangle their victims in the iniquity they spin so tightly that it is impossible for the dupe to complain, after he has been swindled, without confessing himself a crook.

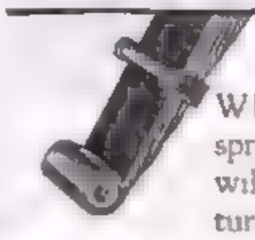
If the dupe has money and yearns for more, if his ethical fiber is not too rigid and tough, the rest is easy, and leads usually to a tragi-comic climax.

In a café on the East Side in New York two men loitered for several days until they had made friends with a friend of a local jeweler. They spoke guardedly of the immense profits a jeweler could make in a proposition they had under way and the friend introduced them to their chosen victim. In the seclusion of his private office, the strangers unfolded their plan.

Did he use platinum? The dupe spread fat deprecating palms. What jeweler didn't? One of the twain hitched his chair closer and spoke rapidly in his ear. The stranger had platinum—$90,000 worth. It had been smuggled in from Belgium. Never mind how he had got hold of it. Let it go at that.

(Continued on Page 117)

Harvey Springs —best for replacement



When you break a spring on your car, you will do yourself a good turn if you insist on the new spring being a Harvey.

The name Harvey on a spring means that it is of the highest quality, both in materials and workmanship.

No materials falling below our rigid standards are allowed to go into anything that bears the Harvey name.

That is why Harvey Springs are the best springs for you to buy; why they last longer, give greater satisfaction and are cheaper in the long run—why your dealer can guarantee them.

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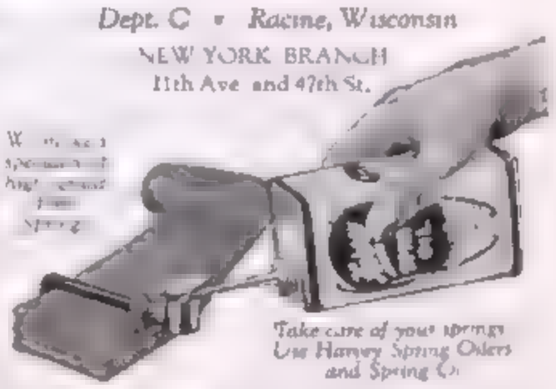

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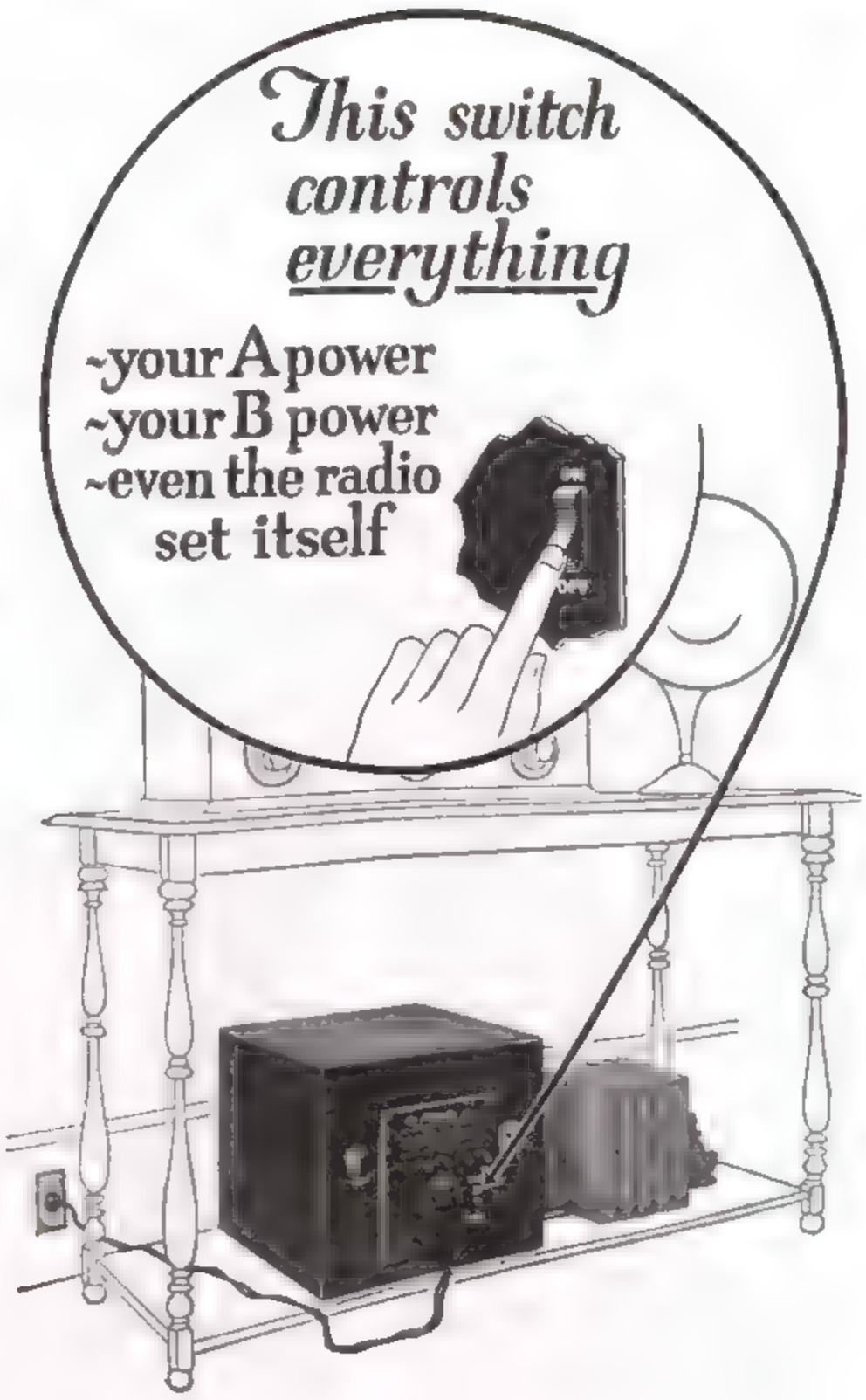
Both A and B radio power *from your* house current



Philco Socket Powers are plugged permanently into a wall or lamp socket. They change your bumpy alternating house current into the smooth, hum-free, *direct* current necessary for your radio.

One switch controls everything—"A" power, "B" power, even the radio set itself. Snap it ON and you get a strong, uniform flow of both "A" and "B" power. Snap it OFF and your power is shut off—your radio is silent—and current begins gently feeding back into Socket Power "A" from your light wires.

No high voltage transformers—no moving parts—no hum—no distortion—no falling off in reception. As dependable as your electric current and turned on exactly like an electric light.

Once you connect Philco Socket Power to your radio you never need change a single wire. You forget all about getting wires mixed and burning out tubes. You forget that radio is mysterious and technical. You just enjoy it.

Sold and demonstrated by leading radio and music stores and by Philco Diamond Grid Battery Dealers.

Philadelphia Storage Battery Company
Philadelphia

For Radiola Super-Heterodyne

(old and new models) and other sets using 3-volt dry-cell tubes, buy Philco Socket Power "AB" shown above. Both "A" and "B" power built into one cabinet, satin-finished in brown mahogany. Connect to your radio once for all. Plug into a light socket. Turn on your radio switch and leave it on. After that there is nothing to think about but the one Socket Power switch. Snap it ON and enjoy your radio. Snap it OFF and go to bed.

For 50-60 cycle 105-125 volt alternating current.....$65.00

For 25-40 cycle 105-125 volt alternating current.....$68.50

Socket Power "B" at only $47.50 (see paragraph on the right) may be used on dry-cell tube sets where house current "B" power alone is desired.

For Storage Battery (6 volt) tubes

buy Socket Powers "A" and "B" in individual cases. Either may be used alone but for maximum convenience use both together. Plug the "B" into the built-in socket on the "A." Plug the "A" into a lamp or wall socket. Turn on the "B" switch and your radio switch and leave them turned on. The one "A" switch then controls everything. Snap it ON and enjoy your radio. Snap it OFF and go to bed.

Socket Power "A" for 50-60 cycle 105-125 volt alternating current.. $42.50

Socket Power "B" for 50-60 cycle 105-125 volt alternating current $47.50

Socket Power "B" for 25-40 cycle 105-125 volt alternating current. . . . $52.50

PHILCO RADIO A AND B SOCKET POWERS

Philco also builds rechargeable batteries, unique because they may be permanently connected to your radio and safely charged in your living room without changing any wires. Easier than the periodical renewing and rewiring of dry cells.

Philco Standard "B" Battery—a complete Adam-brown mahogany-finish replacement for 90 volts of dry cells. Only $19.85!

Philco "A" Batteries in acid-tight glass cases—for dry-cell tubes, $8; 6-volt tubes, $16. Built-in charge indicators.

In rubber cases, subdued mahogany color, $14.85 and up

Philco Radio Batteries are built *Drynamic*—DRY but CHARGED. Their life doesn't start until the dealer pours in the electrolyte. You can't get a stale *Drynamic* Philco.

Buy a Philco Diamond Grid Battery for your automobile

(Continued from Page 115)

The victim blinked, but nodded agreeably. He was no man to ask embarrassing questions when great profits were in sight.

The strangers wanted to sell their hoard and sell quick. Would he give $45,000 for it? The jeweler blinked again and offered $30,000. They compromised finally on $40,000.

"But I ain't exactly an idiot, y' understand," the purchaser warned. "I want to see that platinum and test it before I buy."

He tested with acid the sample they showed him. It was indubitable platinum, but he waved it aside scornfully. Samples, he said, were nothing to him. He wanted to go over the bulk of the purchase before he paid a dollar.

Nothing could be easier. After swearing him to secrecy, after dwelling upon the disaster that would follow police notice of the transaction, the two alleged platinum thieves conducted their victim to an East Side flat and opened before his glittering eyes a stoutly constructed chest in which were packed small bars of white metal.

With trembling hands the jeweler took from his pocket a bottle of the peculiar shape and size that his craft employs and began to draw the cork. A sudden movement of one of the swindlers knocked it from his hand. Muttering apologies, the offender retrieved it from the floor.

The acid a jeweler uses for such tests has no effect upon platinum or gold, but applied to baser metals it bubbles and fumes viciously. The jeweler dropped a splash of it upon the "platinum" bar. There was no reaction. He was thrilled, as anyone might be who stood on the threshold of purchasing $90,000 worth of merchandise for $40,000. As swiftly as possible he crossed this threshold by paying the possessors of the platinum in cash. As he rode away, perched upon the precious box, there was no doubt in his mind that his booty was genuine. The acid he had poured upon it might have been so much water as far as reaction was concerned. And that is actually what it was—water. When the bottle fell to the floor, the man who retrieved it had made a quick substitution and another vial of the same size and shape but containing water instead of acid had been handed to the victim. He did not discover the trick until two hours later, which was just one and three-quarters hours too late for him to find the swindlers in his neighborhood.

The Envelope Game

The loss of $40,000 was more than the jeweler could bear in passive silence. He rushed to the police and babbled the story. The confession may have done his soul good, but it brought him back no single dollar of the thousands he had paid for a chest containing nothing more valuable than lead.

The platinum game is a legitimate descendant of the green-goods game. The envelope game is its brother. In each, the first step is to reach the victim through a friend, thus disarming suspicion; the second is to implicate him as a partner in a manifestly dishonest transaction. From then on the methods diverge somewhat.

"Twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of razors!" a hardware man gasped, staring at the man a friend had just presented. "Where did you ——"

The stranger frowned and gave his head a warning shake. The question perished, half uttered, and the questioner suffered himself to be led away into a secluded corner of the café. There he received whispered information which sent thrills of excitement and suspicion pursuing one another along his spine.

"Lookut that!" the possessor of $25,000 worth of razors commanded, drawing a sample from his pocket and handing it over. "Good, ain't it? I'll say it is. Listen, your friend Ike says you're right, and what he says goes with me. You can have the lot for $5000. No, I ain't sayin' where I got 'em or how I got 'em. What you don't know ain't gonna hurt you, is it? Five thousand dollars cash and we deliver 'em in your cellar. Right?"

The storekeeper gulps before replying and then mutters the conventional retort, disclaiming hickhood and insisting upon examination before purchase. The length of the ensuing argument depends upon the conscience and canniness of the buyer. Finally an agreement is reached.

The hardware man produces $5000 in bills. They are inspected by the vender and placed in an envelope, the flap of which is sealed by wax which is then stamped with the signet of a ring the swindler wears. This gentleman then hands it to the hardware man.

"Here's your envelope," he says impressively. "Don't cha open it now, understand? I'm not gonna get stuck with marked bills. When you're satisfied the razors are up to sample, I get the envelope. That's fair, ain't it?"

A Sharp Razor Deal

To the purchaser, thrusting the envelope away in his innermost pocket, it seems manifestly fair. Next morning a truck stops in front of his store. Two roustabouts are perched upon the great wooden case it carries, and from where he has ridden with the chauffeur the owner of $25,000 worth of razors climbs down and enters the store.

"There's your buy," he announces, canting his head toward the truck. "Le's see that envelope."

He inspects the seal carefully and then thrusts the container of $5000 into his pocket and starts toward the door.

"I'll have 'em put in the cellar, eh?" he asks over his shoulder.

"Hey!" the storekeeper screeches. "No you don't! You come back with that envelope. I ain't a hick. I gotta see them razors first."

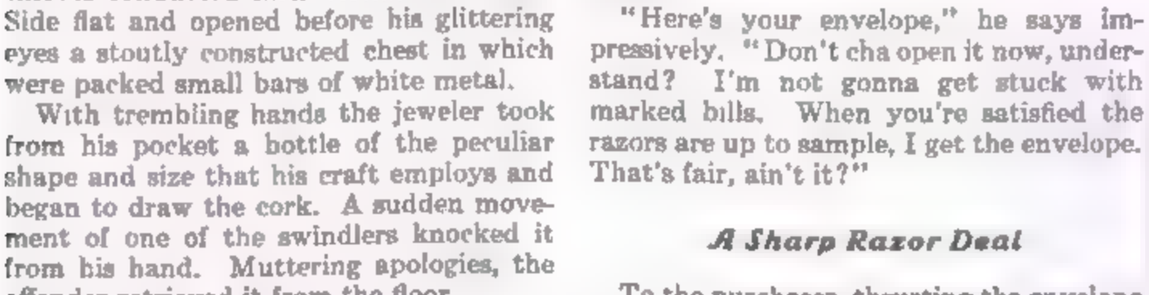
The swindler apologizes profusely, returns the envelope and, still trailing excuses, hurries out and directs the truck's crew to unload. Then in an instant he has vanished.

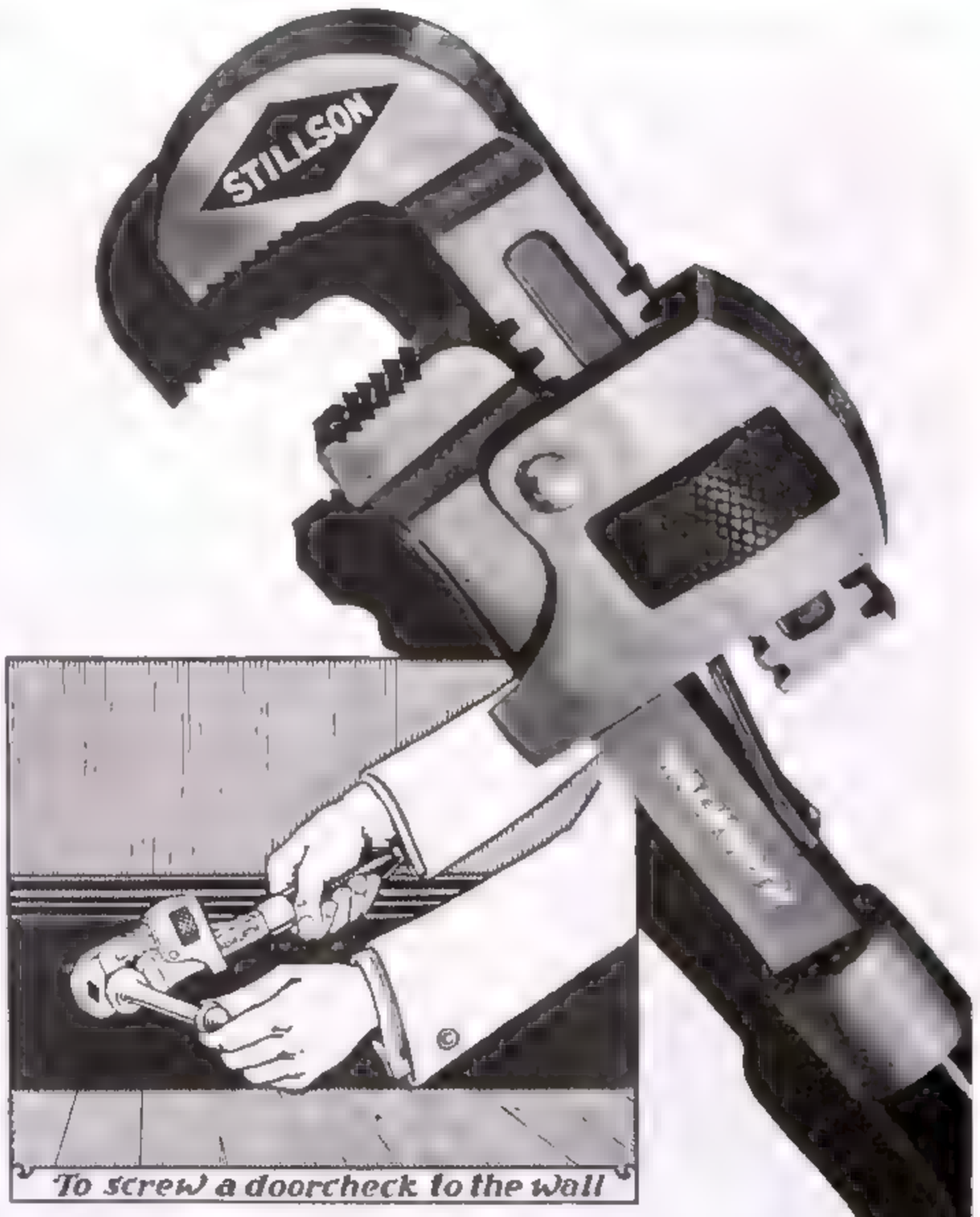
Thereafter, disillusion comes to the purchaser in two agonizing shocks. In the cellar he pries the cover off the case and finds it contains not brand-new razors but bricks that have not even the virtue of newness. With trembling hands he draws out the envelope. The seal, stamped with the signet, is still intact. He breaks it and draws forth not his $5000 in bills but a sheaf of carefully folded paper. The swindler has prepared a duplicate envelope in advance and has given this to his victim when he demanded the money back.

There is no use threatening the truck driver and his helpers with arrest. They have been hired by the confidence man only an hour before and are wholly innocent. There is little more use in telling your troubles to the police.

So the great middle class of slickerdom operates, adhering closely to a single formula, operating with general success, but running, nevertheless, a tangible and considerable risk. Theirs is not the highest rank in their dubious craft. That is reserved for the aristocrats of the profession, those rare and skillful individuals who can take their victims on Wednesday and pass them on the street Thursday, smiling, serene, immune to prosecution, masters of the confidence game.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Van de Water. The next will appear in an early issue





To screw a doorcheck to the wall

A STILLSON'S way is the handiest way 9 *times out of* 10

SOME people keep a STILLSON as a tool of last resort. When everything else fails they suddenly remember the STILLSON'S mighty grip, and get the job done in no time.

Start with a STILLSON and nine times out of ten you can save yourself a lot of time and temper. A STILLSON has its own way of getting hold of anything round, square or hexagonal and making it behave. The jaws won't slip even if you muffle them with a piece of cloth to work on polished brass.

Hardware and auto supply dealers sell the 10-inch STILLSON for all kinds of household jobs, and other sizes from 6 to 48 inches with wood and steel handles.

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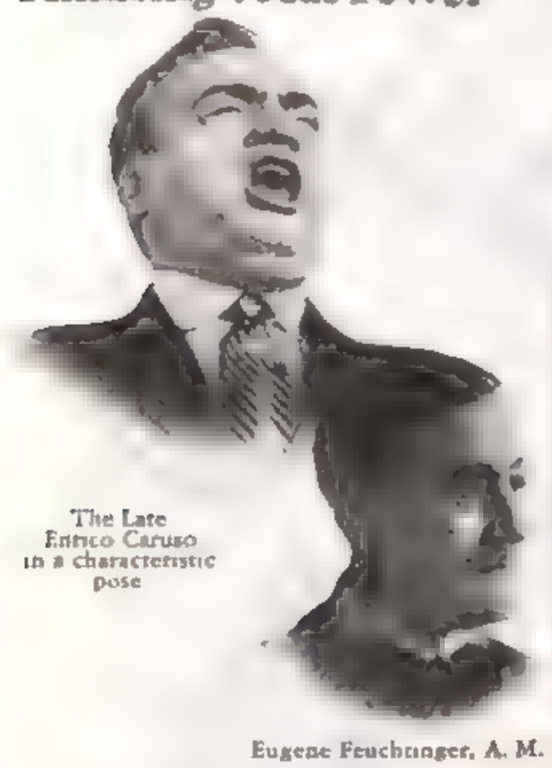
The Scientific Secret of Caruso's Amazing Vocal Power



The Late Enrico Caruso in a characteristic pose

Eugene Feuchtinger, A. M.

A post mortem of Caruso's throat showed a superb development of his Hyo Glossus muscle, attained, so he tells us in his own writings, by persistent effort, and without any guidance from the voice teachers of his time. The soundness of Prof. Feuchtinger's method of voice production was again subs[illegible]

Eugene Feuchtinger, A. M. Musician-Scientist, discovered the function of the Hyo Glossus muscle in [illegible] and gave to the world a m[illegible] of developing vocal strength and beauty by strengthening this muscle by silent exercise.

WHETHER your voice is strong or weak, pleasant or unpleasant, melodious or harsh, you can develop a good singing or speaking voice if your Hyo-Glossus Muscle is strengthened by correct training.

The Result of a Lifetime of Scientific Research

Professor Feuchtinger, A.M.—famous in the music centers of Europe—discovered the secret of the Hyo-Glossus muscle. He devoted years of his life to scientific research and finally perfected a system of voice training that will develop your Hyo-Glossus muscle by simple, silent exercises right in your own home.

Opera Stars His Students

Since the Professor brought his discovery to America, orators, choir singers, club women, preachers and teachers—over 10,000 happy pupils have received his wonderful training.

There is nothing complicated about the Professor's methods. They are ideally adapted to correspondence instruction. The exercises are silent. You can practice them in the privacy of your own home. The results are positive.

Your Satisfaction Guaranteed

The Perfect Voice Institute guarantees that Prof. Feuchtinger's method will result in a vast improvement in your voice. You are to be the only judge. Take this training. Then if you are not fully satisfied with the improvement in your vocal powers, your entire tuition will be cheerfully refunded.

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Send us the coupon below and we'll send you FREE this valuable work on the Perfect Voice. Prof. Feuchtinger is glad to give you this book. You assume no obligation but will do yourself a great and lasting good by studying it. It may be the first step in your career. Do not delay. Mail the coupon.

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Please send me FREE Professor Feuchtinger's book, "Physical Voice Culture." I have put X opposite the subject that interests me most. I assume no obligation whatever.

☐ Singing ☐ Speaking ☐ Weak Voice

Name .

Address

Age

THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY

(Continued from Page 17)

snow and what was left of the reluctant sunset, a something, little and burly like a chimpanzee. The thing, stark against the dreary white of the land, looked like nothing human. Such things visit one, commonly, only in evil dreams.

"I will take you there," it said. It spoke in a series of grunts such as one might conceivably expect of a great ape who had attained human speech.

Jennifer leaned upon her husband.

"Don't leave me alone, Davy!" she whispered. "Don't leave me alone! Davy—Davy, they've frightened me at last. That awful thing there—don't leave me alone with it."

She shuddered. His arm was about her as they stood waiting in a proud and miserable patience, and he felt her shudder. He tightened his hold on her in reassurance. But he said nothing. He seldom said anything, for he was a quiet and dangerous man and just now he was flogging his brain to its limit.

"Davy—Davy, if—if it comes to—that—you must kill me!"

Then that little crowd of poor fools, misled into their morass of misery by the will-o'-the-wisp of liberty—as if any man were ever free—heard, aghast, in fact a little shocked by this impropriety on the part of their prisoner and victim. For David Tarrant flung back his head and laughed aloud.

"Oh, that!" he said. "I'd have done that anyhow, old girl. Three or four others first, of course. Don't you worry, Jenny; I'm not going into Poland alone!"

"This way!"

"Get on there!" ordered the Cossack harshly. His terrible whip curled with a stinging slash about Tarrant's shoulders first and then about Jennifer's. Tarrant winced under the cut of it, for the nagaika will nearly eat through steel armor, but once again the blow did not even hurt Jennifer. They dragged their road-worn feet in the wake of the grisly shape which guided them. There were moments when its gait seemed to explode into leaps and capers. The whole affair added to its other horrors a fantastic death—the death which would be a sport to the killers and a mere bore to the satiated beholders.

The *Starostschik's* house proved to be a veritable palace. It had four rooms, with a brick-built stove in the middle which protruded a corner into each of them. The *Starostschik* himself was there to receive them, an old, white-bearded man with a forehead no wider than a ribbon under the shock of his hair, little eyes like those of a vicious pig and wide gray lips. In aspect he was merely brutal and stupid. Yet it seemed to Tarrant—Jennifer was past noticing details—that as he stood there in the chief room of his four-roomed mansion to receive into his custody and to his tender mercies two helpless prisoners, his hardihood was a mask upon some alarm or nervousness.

The Cossack had relinquished his horse to the care of the chimpanzee guide and had followed them in.

"This way," he said. He indicated a door on their right. They had to go. Their upper lips were still stiff, but both had had experience with doors in Moscow which opened for them with a great maneuvering of ponderous locks and closed behind them with a clang. They dreaded doors, those narrow frontiers between the life which is one's own and that which is anybody's.

The Cossack pushed it open.

"Go in," he said. And lifting their faces a little as though there were a sky above them to look upon for the last time they walked in. The door closed behind them. They were alone together.

Nightmare after nightmare, dream after dream; mirage after mirage. Neither had spoken to the other of it, but each had known ghastly nights of alternate waking and sleeping in the snow in the pigsty at Sodja, in a ruined cowshed at Tovalis, upon rotten hay where they had been bitten by rats, of the dinner menus they had composed for themselves during the week in which they had lived upon a few turnips overlooked in a field.

But this little room, their prison, had in it a decent bed, a table and two chairs. There was a candle alight and the room's share of the stove gave it a muggy warmth. It wasn't true, of course; it couldn't be true, but there it was!

"They're playing with us," said David Tarrant, but not aloud, for Jennifer was on the edge of collapse. He peeled the outer layer of her sheepskins from her and lifted her on to the bed. She lay at length, and once or twice she sighed, little luxurious sighs, as the stale still warmth of the room crept over her and through her.

Presently, "Do you think they'll give us anything to eat, Davy?" she said weakly from the bed.

David Tarrant pondered; he was busy with his own outer sheepskins.

"Don't know," he said. "This is a funny business altogether. Don't like it myself." It was at that moment that the door opened behind him and there appeared the vile whiskered face of the old *Starostschik* himself, bearing in his huge labor-deformed hands a bowl which steamed and smelled with maddening enticement. From it protruded the handles of two wooden ladles, and still there was upon him or within him that air of nervousness and embarrassment which Tarrant had already noticed. He grunted something obviously intended to be amiable and advanced and placed the bowl upon the table. He made a gesture toward the supine Jennifer as of invitation, said something further, of which only the word *chi* was distinguishable; *chi* means tea. Then he backed out and the door closed behind him.

Jennifer rolled over slowly.

"Davy," she said, "I could eat some of that. No, not here on the bed. Get me into a chair, Davy, and we'll dip with our spoons turn for turn. But drink fair, Betsy Prigg, whatever you do."

Tarrant tried to laugh, but there is in the courage of the weak a heartbreaking quality. He lifted her in his arms and set her in her chair. He did not speak to her of that which troubled him. After that mob, avid for their blood, all that was happening was incomprehensible and full of menace. Prisoners in Red Russia were not treated thus.

"Tuck in then," he said, as he sat himself down opposite her, the great steaming bowl between them. He reached for his spoon. It was that nearly unspellable Russian soup called "*schtchi*." Normally it is cabbage soup, but the *Starostschik* was either a bad cook or a genius, since he had reënforced it with certain meat—probably goat—so that three ladlefuls were a meal for a strong man.

"Davy," said Jennifer, "you've got a new wife, 'cos I'm feeling another woman!"

David Tarrant grunted. He, too, was feeling another man, but all his doubts remained.

"Cannibals," he said, "are reported to fatten their captives before they cook them, Jenny." He looked up. "I haven't kept anything from you so I'll tell you now. This is the worst thing which has happened to us yet!"

She looked up at him with eyes wide over the ladle lifted toward her lips. Then her face relaxed and she released a brief little tinkle of laughter.

"Well, I hope they go on getting worse and worse, 'cos at that rate we shall get into Poland. And, Davy"—she was suddenly serious again—"don't you see that we shall take with us just one grateful memory of Russia! If only of this bowl of soup and this warm room and that bed. Oh!" she waved her ladle, spraying drops abroad. "Tonight I shall sleep in a bed, in a bed, and damn the snow and damn the wolves and damn the skulking and the lying and the bribing. I can go on now. Isn't it wonderful how you can get courage and strength and hope out of a bowl of soup?"

"You always had 'em," said David Tarrant. "You always had 'em, Jenny darling, even when all we had was a belly-ache from eating those turnips."

She was about to answer, and he would have been glad to hear that answer, for there was a soft shine in her eyes and upon her dirty face, marked with the runnels of uncontrollable tears. But again the door opened. This time it was the Cossack. He strode in, his spurs and the various accouterments clinking. He was dressed as they had first seen him, but there was, nevertheless, a change. The face that had scowled upon their helplessness and destitution, which had been dire and dreadful, was now merely placid. He nodded informally to Tarrant and raised his hand in decorous salute to Jennifer.

"Good evening," he said, and he said it in English that was English. "Rough quarters, but these are rough times in this country and we do our poor best. They're bringing you some tea presently and, in the meantime, thought you might like some cigarettes."

So speaking, he dropped upon the table two packets of those cigarettes which formerly one could purchase in St. Petersburg—alias Petrograd, alias Leningrad—for twenty kopeks, but which now cost well over a million rubles apiece.

"I'll stay a little time, if Mrs. Tarrant permits, to drink a glass of tea with you and give you your instructions."

David Tarrant roused himself with that effort with which a man in a dream will force himself into wakefulness.

"Instructions?"

The Cossack smiled.

"Of course," he said. "You need instructions more than anyone I ever knew. Fancy trying a game like yours single-handed—walking to the Polish border without a single paper to show if you're detained and questioned, dragging a lady with you, sleeping in the snow, stealing food or buying it at ten times its value, when you could have come to us! You're nearly dead as it is; and we've been hunting you for weeks in order to save you before you were starved, frozen or captured."

David Tarrant continued to stare. It was Jennifer who brought illumination.

"You speak English wonderfully," she said.

He smiled again.

"But you see," he said, "it's not so wonderful, considering that I am an Englishman. Soldier of fortune, I'm afraid, and here I am handling the *Podzemlya*. There aren't wars enough to go round."

She repeated the word.

"Yes, the *Podzemlya*, the underground railway. From house to house, from village to village, and so at last to the Polish frontier. No starving in the snow or anywhere; no arrests and inquiries; safe sure traveling and nothing to pay. You're here in one of our stations now. The *Starostschik* is an old servant of ours; we know enough about him to hang him a dozen times over.

"So tomorrow night, after you are well fed and rested, we'll start again. I have a sleigh waiting for you out of sight of the village. You'll be in Poland in about three days, and in London a week later, if that's where you want to go. Now, isn't that better than hobbling through the snow to almost certain death? I'll come for you tomorrow evening and drive you out of the village with my whip. By the way" he turned to Jennifer—"I hope I didn't hurt you with the beastly thing. I had to do it to make your capture look convincing."

"You didn't hurt me a bit," answered Jennifer. "You must hit harder tomorrow night and I'll scream for you."

There was once a real *Podzemlya*. It was discovered and stamped out, but there is plenty of room for a new one.

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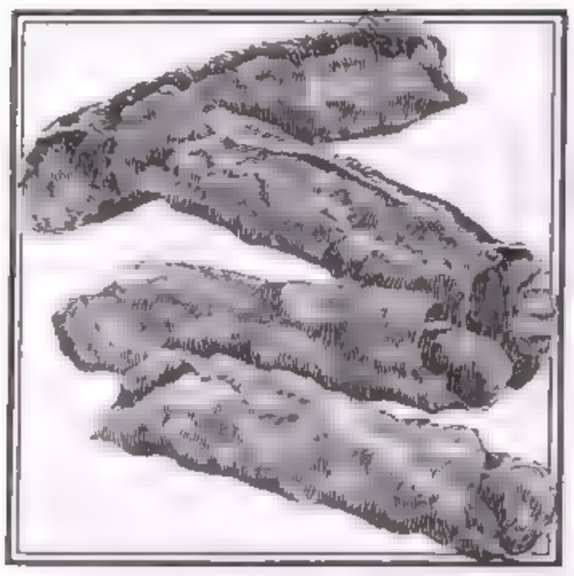

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These dainty little cakes with the toothsome taste of old-time molasses.

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Sift together 1 cup flour, ½ cup sugar, 1 tsp. ginger, ¼ tsp. salt. Heat ½ cup Brer Rabbit to boiling point. Add ½ cup butter and (stirring constantly) the dry ingredients. Oil the bottom of a baking pan. Drop the mixture on it by ½ tsps., 2 or 3 inches apart. Bake in slow oven to a medium brown. Cool slightly. Roll round a wooden spoon handle.

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FISHING FOR FISH

(Continued from Page 28)

a book of flies is not welcome upon that land. Then, too, where one lone fisherman wielded his rod ten years ago, there are now hundreds. Out of which, perhaps, one in twenty is a trout fisherman while the other nineteen are merely persons who frighten the liver and lights out of the things they're trying to catch, thus making the game a bit tougher all the way round. And when it comes to trout and trout fishing the rules on bullheads, carp, sunfish, gars, channel cats, buffalo fish and hickory shad don't seem to apply.

In the showman vernacular, the fellow who catches trout must know his groceries. Not only in the catching but where to do it.

Not so long ago, Rollin Parvin—nicknamed Buck back in the days when Charlie Van Loan did a Sunday page every week on a Denver newspaper—was making a trip of inspection through Colorado. Rolly is the state game and fish commissioner now; one of those persons who can find personalities in fish, and evidences that they even possess brains. With which is combined an ardent desire to restore fishing to what it was back in the old days. In his travels he stopped for a moment to watch a group of men busily lashing a stream over in the Middle Park district, and saying things under their breath as they did so. Rolly drove innocently closer.

"Catching anything?" he asked.

"Not a catch," was the reply. "No fish in this creek."

The commissioner of fish and game scratched his chin.

"Now that's queer. We've been putting a hundred thousand fish a year into this stream. Funny they're not here. Trout fishermen, are you?"

There came a confession that they knew more about bullheads than rainbow, having come from Missouri, where the bullhead blooms. Parvin got out of his machine and walked to the stream.

"This water right here doesn't seem to have much foliage around it, does it?" he asked. "No trees or bushes along the sides or anything of that kind. No hay on the ground to produce grasshoppers or mosquitoes. Notice that? Well, now, let's look at something else." He reached into the water and turned over a stone, scoured clean on every side. "If you were hungry where would you go, to an empty barn or to a restaurant? Same way with a fish, brother. You'll find him where the food is. Now, if you'll move down this stream about two miles you'll find conditions different, and if you don't make a lot of noise or slop around in the water too much you'll catch a mess of fish."

A Fisherman and His Fly Book

Which explains, perhaps, why there's usually a rise to the fisherman's fly in the shady nook beneath overhanging trees, or in the swirl of water just below a rapid flow of the stream, or in the riffles where a creek shelves off after slow drifting between high cut banks leading from a hay field. A thing that a trout fisherman rarely thinks about in the academic sense; he has known it for so long that he has forgotten he ever learned it.

But then, a trout fisherman is a sort of queer duck anyway. All summer long he'll carry a fly book that, from its tangle of leaders, flies, spinners, pieces of imitation gut and what not, resembles nothing in the world but what it is—an almost impossible puzzle. All season long, and then when winter comes he'll straighten all that tangle out. Every fly must lie in place, every gut be moistened and straightened, every division of the book placed just so, with the Royal Coachman in this pocket, and the Yellow Bodied Gray Hackle in that one, and the Black Gnats and Blue Bottles and Special Red Ants all together because they're lures of a general resemblance, with the light-winged ones separated and, in fact, everything put up just so. He'll test each fly to see if the feathers have become loosened, meanwhile dropping a few on the floor where the dog can nose them and become hooked, thereupon sashaying wildly out of the room, tearing up the rugs in his flight and knocking over a few pieces of furniture as he escapes capture, finally to be caught, relieved of his instrument of torture and be poked out into the back yard there to yowl his displeasure until the sorting is finished. On the day of the big spring blizzard he'll get out his boots and patch them and demand wildly to know what on earth has become of that pair of old pants that he's been saving to wear in camp in case his regular ones should get wet. Whereupon the rest of the household informs him that she didn't know they were any good and therefore gave them to the ashman, thus ruining another evening. When the March cold spell comes, with the temperature dropping to zero, he'll come home late to dinner with a stare in his eyes and a set expression to his lips and after a long time drag from his pocket the cause of it all—an envelope containing two dozen Wickham's Fancy, a dozen Red Ibis and a general assortment of other flies that run mostly to bright colors and big wings and assorted hooks. Thus necessitating an entire renovation of his fly books which, of course, are packed carefully in mothballs in the bottom of the old trunk in the front room of the basement under the winter's collection of magazines.

Motors Come and Fish Go

That night the lights burn late, while the Red Ibis is put into a regular position, the Wickham's Fancys go into their proper pocket with the Queen of Waters and Gold Ribbed Hare's Ears—the man who names trout flies is evidently the same one who christens Pullman cars—the Shoemakers, Grizzly Kings, March Browns and all the rest of them are gently laid just so and just where they should be, and then ——

On the first day of fly fishing he hies himself forth, makes a wild stab into his book for a fly that should be in the second pocket but is in the fourth, changes his mind, puts that one back and goes after another, changes his mind once more, takes out an assortment, hooks them at various places in his cap or in his hat band, musses up his book some more and then with the disarrangement of the fly book at last complete—a disarrangement which will continue with increasing entanglements as the season goes on—he settles down to his two favorite flies which he has used continuously for the last ten years. While the remainder of an assortment of trout lures, ranging in number from a few hundred to more than a thousand and in value to the three-figure mark, continue to hold their enticements unrevealed until the winter rolls around again and the straightening out process once more is resumed, while the dog again gets his nose full of fishhooks and the trout fiend holds each fly one by one before him, admiring it and boring his wife with dissertations on what a wonderful bait it ought to be. From which it might again be inferred that the trout fisherman is a rare bird. But with it all, he knows his business. He must—to catch trout.

Especially in these days when trout fishing isn't what it used to be. Not that the fish aren't being put into the streams—the government figures alone show that in the main tourist portion of the Rocky Mountains more than forty-five million trout have been placed in the streams by the Federal fish hatcheries alone in the past ten years. But for every real trout fisherman of ten years ago there are now a dozen who have learned the art. And for every dozen who can fish there are a hundred who scare 'em. Added to which are the roads—and the motor car. And today, where the motor car is, the trout—isn't.

Last summer, for instance, Jack Nankervis, my pack companion, Charlie, my horse wrangler, and myself headed off with our pack outfit into a district where we hadn't intended to go. A beaver dam was the cause of it all, flooding a low space between two gulches and taking for its own a trail which until this time had run clearly and well defined, but which now, all of a sudden, disappeared into a maze of marshes, stretches of still water, reeds and water grass and more beaver dams. By the time we had finished our circling of sidehills, scrambles through timber, detours around deadfalls and bogs in our efforts to strike the trail once more, we were upon an entirely different one, leading up a fork of the creek opposite that which we had been following and into a country little penetrated except by cattle and sheep. Late afternoon and we camped—to study out where we were and how to get out of there. While we studied we fished.

With the result that, all of a sudden, we decided that we weren't so anxious to learn where we were after all. It was too good to be true. Native trout, far larger than we ever had seen before in such swift water, lunged and plunged and dogged it, or leaped like rainbows in response to our casting. Charlie, our wrangler, even forgot to wear his spurs with their three-inch shanks and two-inch rowels—so great was the anxiety of him to get at the stream—an offense against his beloved boot adornments which he never would have thought of committing otherwise. It was that bromidic place known as a fisherman's paradise, untrammeled, unspoiled ——

And spoiled for that simple fact. Noon of the second day found me sitting on a bank, back turned to the water and casting over my shoulder—just to see if they'd be big enough fools to let me catch 'em that way. They were.

Fifteen minutes later found me with my rod stretched in the grass, myself on my back and my hat over my face, merely taking the sun. The sound of steps, and I moved the hat.

"'Lo, Jack," I said. "Quit fishing?"

Too Many Trout for Sport

"Quit?" he asked. "I quit two hours ago. What's the use? I tried a spinner on 'em, and that was butchery so I cut it out. Then I tried flies and that was just as bad. Then I put on flies that were big enough to scare 'em to death and they took those just the same. Finally I broke off the barbs and it wasn't much difference—they hit so hard it sank the hook anyway." At last he looked toward camp. "Let's get out of here!"

We got, saying farewell to the sort of fishing spot that one finds but seldom these days, meanwhile chalking down landmarks that at some future date we might return. Onward along the sidehills, cussing our pack string as one will do, shouting from one to another about the sport we'd had and then ——

Halted suddenly, agape with the knowledge that we hadn't been in fishing territory at all. At least in comparison to what lay before us. The upward rise of the stream, flattened in innumerable beaver dams, lay to one side of us, and at the edges of those dams, disturbed by the noise of our train and our shouting, were countless riffles as thousands of fish ran for safety in deeper water—not figurative thousands but literal ones—until the movement of their bodies in the shallow water ruffled the surface like the movement of a sudden wind. Fish that were bigger than those we had caught, huskier, heavier and a hundredfold more numerous. As we rode along, we continued to shout—just so that we might thrill in the watching of those hummocks

(Continued on Page 124)

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The Handiest Light in the World

(Continued from Page 122)

of water, and almost unbelievable evidences of trout population. More and more numerous—then the downward graduation. They were getting less numerous now, less and less with every beaver dam: finally there came the time when we rode down from the trail and scanned the water without ever an evidence of a trout. Then Jack pointed. Over the brow of the hill we saw the top of a motor car, and when we reached that brow a road which stretched through the timber, revealing the smoke of a half dozen camp fires.

"There's your answer," said Jack.

For the man in the motor car is his own worst enemy in these days of energetic trout fishing. In the first place his influx came in such heavy numbers that, almost before anyone was aware of the fact, he had depleted the streams to such an extent that trout fishing in the easily accessible places had become almost a bygone possibility, and fish-hatchery men were sitting up nights in an effort to learn what had happened to their enticements for the summer vacationists. With the result that systems in vogue for years underwent the necessity of change and the stocking of streams took on a new form.

The Mystery About Trout

In that connection, there's a little mystery about trout. Back in the states of sluggish water, a stream that deserves catfish will have catfish in it and so on throughout the list. But out in the Rockies simply because a stream or lake is good for trout is no sign that trout will be present—unless someone has put them there. Last summer, for instance, I covered some hundred and twenty miles of what is known as the Flat Top region of the White River National Forest in my peregrinations with a pack outfit. But before I entered the territory I stopped at a fish hatchery and asked which lakes had trout in them—and which didn't. In other words, which had been stocked by the Government or the state. Up in Wyoming, for instance, there is a stream, the North Platte, that is famous for its rainbow trout. They seem to grow bigger there than in other rivers. And meaner. One of 'em at dusk one night hit my fly in a fashion that made me give thanks all the way back to camp that there hadn't been a connection. For it was late and the footing was uncertain and I was already standing in water that licked the top of my boots and then ——

Just when one of my fishing companions called to me from the bank and I turned in the middle of a cast, allowing my wrist to relax and the rod to lie in a foolish position in my hand, that fish hit. When the twist and the instinctive recoil of striking him was over, I had a sprained thumb, one wet leg where I'd gone in over my boot top, and a rapidly swelling eye resultant from the fact that the strike had missed and I, off balance and generally mussed up, had pushed that eye directly in the path of a returning fly with a hook on it. As to the fish, maybe it was an underwater cow or a fresh-water whale or something else of the kind. Anyway, they say there are rainbow in the big waters of that river that weigh more than ten pounds. I believe it now. Yet a quarter of a century or so ago ——

"Tell you how it was," said John Kuykendall, who went to that country in the early eighties. "We had our ranch right near Saratoga, on the North Platte, and I was always remarking to another fellow who had a ranch near by that I'd never seen such tremendous suckers anywhere as there were in that river. And thick too. But there wasn't anything else, and one day we got to talking about it more than usual. 'Know what?' he said. 'I believe trout would live in this stream.' 'Then why aren't they here?' I asked him, and he said they weren't there because they'd never been put in.

"Now trout are funny that way. Back in the old days, when I first came out to this Western country—it was in 1866, when I was just a boy—there were plenty of trout, it's true. But they weren't everywhere like they are today. You'd strike one stream that was just full of trout. Then you'd strike another that didn't have any trout in it at all. As for a lot of the high lakes—forming the headwaters of streams and such—once in a while when the flow was gradual and the trout could get up there, they'd be in them. But if a lake sheered off into heavy falls you wouldn't find a trout. All that's been artificial propagation. As for the North Platte, I don't know what might have been there back in Indian days, but there were only suckers when that ranchman and myself talked it over. Well, the more we talked, the more we wondered. Then we sent for some trout fry, put them in the river and forgot all about it. Five years or so later, I was down at Emigrant's Crossing—where the old California Trail fords the North Platte and where the graves on the hill still give their mute evidence of what times were like in those days—and somebody mentioned the fact that there were trout in the stream. So we went to fishing. And there they were—big fellows; the ones that I'd put in there and forgotten!"

And as it was with the North Platte so it was with many other streams throughout the Rockies. But that time of first propagation was long ago, with the result that the advent of the automobile found trout almost everywhere that could be reached with a wagon from the state and government fish hatcheries, or even struggling pack horses with a milk can tied on each side and each milk can alive with finny fry going to a new home. A rather vivid memory of boyhood, in fact, is that of an excursion along a scenic railroad now defunct, and the picture of a man standing on the rear platform of a passenger coach as the train stopped for water and from there casting into a stream beside the track—and catching a trout! Then came the automobile. Followed by roads, roads—and more roads!

In fact, there are times when one wonders if mountain roads are not becoming a bit of a menace instead of the wonderful aids to Nature which they once were supposed to be. Roads to this mountain and to that lake, to hitherto unmolested portions of natural grandeur, to havens of game and natural fortresses that a destructive army may penetrate—for the automobile and the automobilist often seem to go hand in hand as regards a spirit of destruction. Roads that drive the game a bit farther back, that open one more district which, in its beauty and its sequestered preserves, has warranted the trouble of fitting oneself out with a pack train; or at least a saddle horse with a bedding roll tied on behind, and paying a price of effort for the pleasures it offers. But the roads go through and the signs go up and the beauty somehow seems tarnished.

The Much Maligned Beaver

Roads, for instance, that reach into supply bases for fish, such as the beaver dams. And in the mountains it is the prevalence or absence of beavers and beaver dams which spells the presence or absence of fish. They are the retaining and the breeding ponds of Nature. The stream which possesses them in comparative seclusion need cause but little worry regarding its supply of fish.

A queer beast that beaver—as maligned and lied against in all directions of the compass as any animal that exists. To those who are ultra enthusiastic, he becomes some sort of fanciful beast, capable of the most weird things, and with a brain that is too good for an animal. Nor does this imagery come from those who have gained their knowledge from Nature-faking books; it often emanates from persons who have lived close to them and because of their closeness have simply taken things for granted.

"Funny, ain't it, how they'll do?" asked an old prospector last summer—a prospector with his cabin beside a beaver dam. "Now, for instance, how they'll be able to make a tree fall any way they want it to. And then cut it up and suck all the air out of it so they can sink them logs right away. Yes, sir, beavers sure is inhuman brutes. They'd be fine if they didn't eat the fish. They sure are destructive that way—you never see beaver where there ain't no fish."

Which sounds possible. But there are some faults about it. Just for instance· Government observers who are paid to be correct will tell you that a beaver doesn't fall trees any way he wants them to fall, but that the reason a beaver-felled tree usually falls toward the water is occasioned by the fact that the tree growing near a creek or lake usually leans toward that water. As for pulling the air out of logs it sounds good, but, personally, I've never met a beaver with a vacuum attachment. In fact, a beaver is a bit overestimated in some particulars. He's an excellent engineer when it comes to damming streams. He knows how to turn water to a certain extent and to put an obstacle across a current that might give even a human occasion for thought. He knows how to build his house so that the water will rise to a certain point within it and no higher, to plaster it in such a way as to form a barricade against weather and a certain protection against coyotes and bobcats, who do like a bit of beaver meat when it's in the market. He's friendly, easily tamed, energetic and a bit of a clown. Up at a lake in which I'm interested and which we keep plentifully supplied with beaver, I've always noticed that there is a great deal more of swimming about and slapping of tails when the entire membership is there and the boats are all in use than when there is merely a lone fisherman roaming about the surface of Old Edith. And beaver are usually where there are fish, not because the fish have lured them there but because the opposite has been true. As for eating them ——

One of the Family

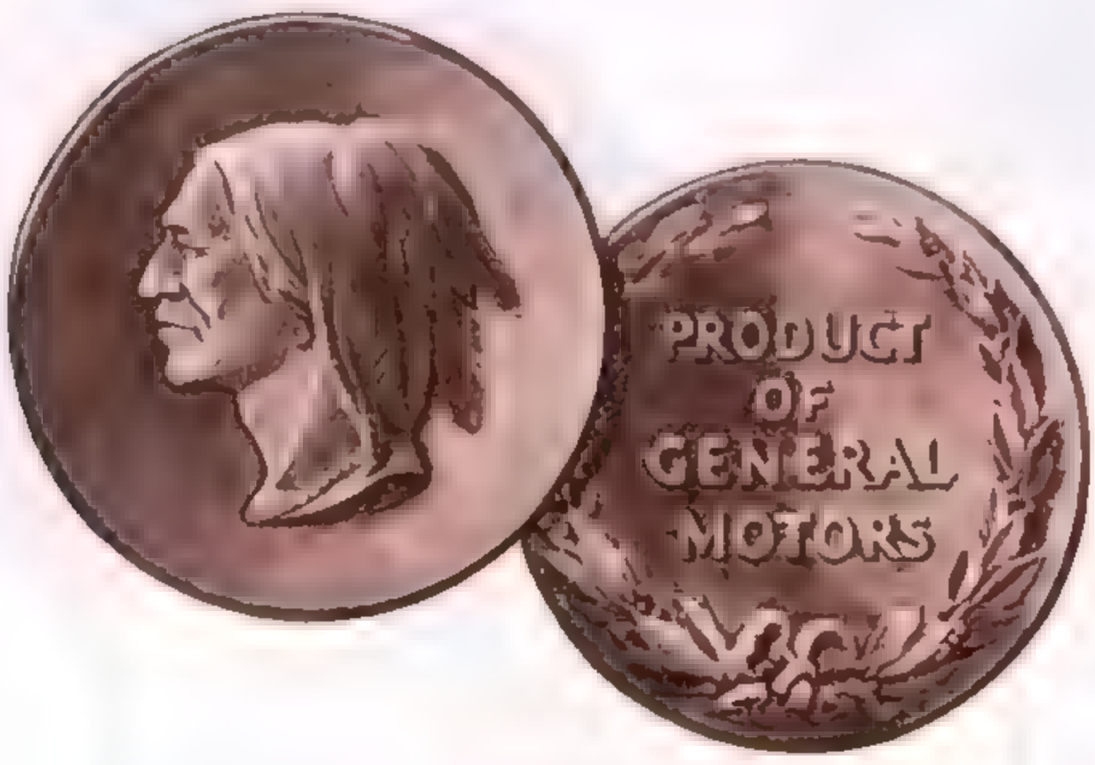
Fish are fools, that's true. Given the right kind of fisherman and the proper sort of lure and they'll keep right on biting until the last biter is gone. But they won't hang around something that Nature has taught them to be dangerous. Last summer in the cañon of the Cebollo I stood upon a log in a beaver dam. It was evening—evening in the high country, with the sun dropping suddenly behind the ragged edge of the Continental Divide and, by its radiation, throwing its colors of sunset into the east instead of the west. Evening, with just enough of a current flowing past that old log to make it the right and proper spot to appeal to a fisherman, and with an old beaver, lying over against the brush as if sulking, watching my every move as I cast and retrieved, retrieved and cast, like some querulous old man, wondering when in thunder I was going to get out and let him go to work. So, just for fun, I changed my direction of casting, throwing my fly directly toward my observer; in fact, striking the water within two feet of him. A surge, a swirl and a native trout would rise—not a small, foolish one but a big fellow, to be battled to the creel or lost in the struggle of landing him without a net as the case might be, while old man beaver remained stolid, merely waiting until it all was over and he could have his beaver dam again. Not once did it happen, but a score of times—he happened to be at a spot which trout had selected, too, and they had merely regarded him as one of the family. A thing which fish don't do when there's a natural enemy about.

As was evidenced the next day in the same place. I cast again where I had caught the trout of an evening before. Without result. Then a slow squirming caught my eye. A snake of the garter variety came out of the water, spread himself upon some dead willows and sunned himself. Snakes eat fish when they can catch them.

But the beaver won't. Instead, he builds retaining ponds where there is food and

(Continued on Page 129

Only General Motors could achieve such a Six



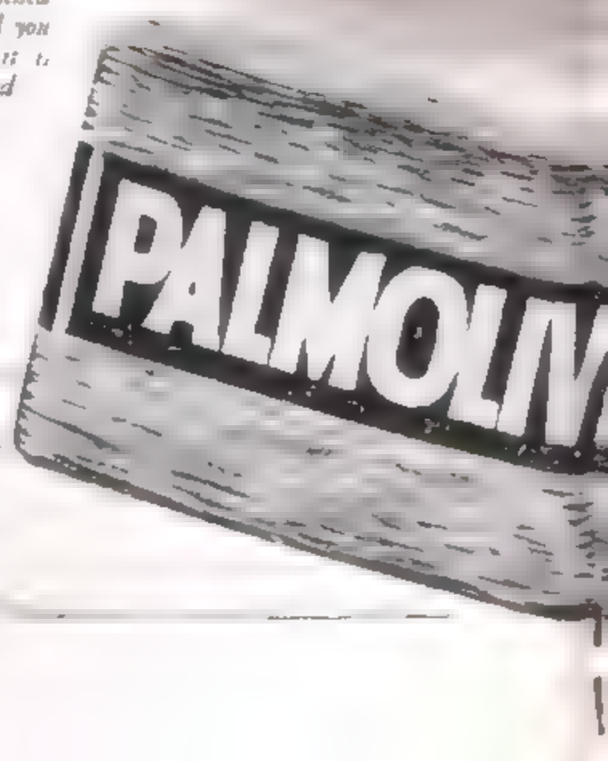
In the development of this NEW SIX, *General Motors has employed all the engineering skill and manufacturing experience accumulated during 17 years of leadership . . . The Oakland Division enjoys the honor of producing and marketing this* NEW CAR *along with the present* OAKLAND SIX . . . *Dealers should address the* OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Pontiac, Michigan, regarding the double franchise.*

Be

NOTE how conspicuously absent is the "middle-aged" woman in the modern social scheme. Note how the charm of youthful allure is no longer restricted to Youth itself . . .

That is because of more advanced methods in skin care . . . methods which supplant artificial ways to beauty with correct and proved effective natural ways.

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper — it is never sold unwrapped



Beauty is Youth at all Ages

Thousands have retained it in this gentle, natural way

ARTIFICIAL beauty methods have given way to a more gentle, natural method —and thus youthful charm through the thirties, and even well past the forties, is the custom of the day.

Beauty is retained through the years, safeguarded by *gentle and natural* ways in skin care. Only the woman who has lost the lure of youth, through improper care, knows how true this is.

The accepted rule in skin care today is . . . daily cleansing of skin and pores with the balmy lather of Palmolive.

Do this for one week.
Note the difference in your skin

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive. Then massage it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly. Then repeat both washing and rinsing. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

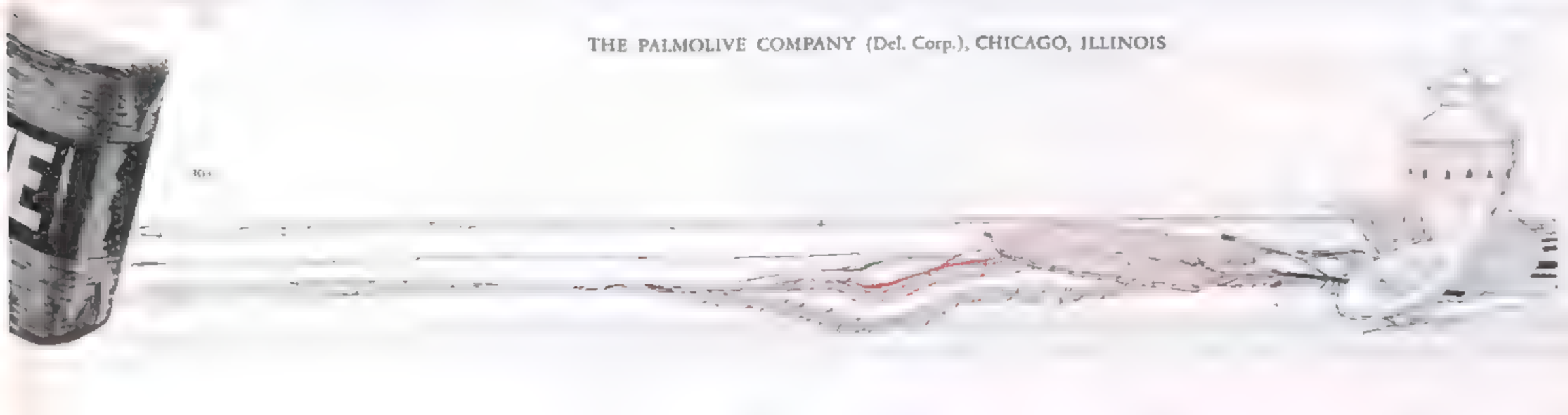
Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on overnight. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake—so little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



What makes a battery economical ?

THOSE LITTLE TRUCKS

that you see in railway stations and factories, saving man-power in bearing heavy burdens, are often propelled by powerful Exide-Ironclad Batteries.

Long service is what makes a battery a good buy. Then, the purchase price is spread thin over enough time to keep your total battery expense low.

Even before the present very low prices were in effect, Exide was known by experienced car owners as the economical battery because of its exceptionally long life. And Exide repair bills are usually little or nothing.

Get your next battery at the nearest Exide Dealer's. You will also find a complete line of Exide Radio Batteries at Exide Dealers' and at radio dealers'.

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO., Philadelphia
Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited, 153 Dufferin Street, Toronto

(Continued from Page 124)

where the fish hatcheries send their pack trains—careening along uncertain trails or marking their own path through seemingly impenetrable tangles of bog and willows and deadfall—to plant their fish that they may grow and ——

And then a road goes through. With consignments of motor cars halting in their journey. With fish to be caught by any method at all, and of any size at all as long as a game warden doesn't come along to interfere. With short sports of the nearest community telephoning to the warden's house that they may learn if he is in town, then assured that he will not be in their vicinity hying themselves forth with nets and sacks—all easily concealed in an automobile—to seine the spawners as they spread forth upon the sand beds for their annual egg laying. For the mountains have their short sports just as well as other communities. That kind of fellow, incidentally, usually likes the ease of a motor car. With the result that another supply base of fishing has its troubles and the next season there's a lessening of the catches in the waters below.

Only Fifteen Years Ago

In fact, to wander back to the troubles of those who would supply a tourist country with fish, the new road and the automobile have caused many adjustments. In the first place, they, quite paradoxically, have lessened the fishing areas instead of increasing them. True, they have reached out and opened new districts. But those districts do not remain open long. With the cutting through of the road there almost inevitably follows someone who sees a valley, likes it, builds a house and has for himself a ranch. And with the first fence up goes a sign:

NO HUNTING OR FISHING ON THESE PREMISES

NO TRESPASSING ALLOWED

VIOLATION WILL BE PROSECUTED

THIS MEANS YOU!

To the man who has seen other days of fishing and of outings, those signs cause inward ragings. But they do it in the same manner as the various warning signs of Forest Service and state protective associations engender—rage at the persons who make them necessary. True it is, of course, that there are persons who thrive upon a malappropriation of the rights allowed them under the no-trespassing laws, such as summer hotels which sell rights to fishing, for which other persons have been taxed and which those resorts themselves do not really possess, to every tenant. True, too, that many of these signs are a step beyond legal boundaries, for the simple reason that it isn't the fishing that a rancher can prevent, but the trespassing. Given an airship with the ability for hovering over the ground but not touching it and one could fish as long as he pleased. But the signs are there just the same—and in increasing abundance. Once last summer my outfit moved for two solid days along a stream; three men with the fishing itch breaking out at every portion of their bodies. But nary a scratch could we give to alleviate the suffering. The fences ran in solid lines. While in equally unrelieved array were those signs, one after another, sending forth their monotonous warning. Jack turned wearily in his saddle.

"I can remember the time when you could walk through any of these fences and get a mess of fish," he said sadly, "without ever a person bothering you. Seems a shame, don't it? But I guess by the time a fellow's had his fences knocked down two or three times and his meadow trampled to nothing and his stock turned out from having gates left open and maybe a cow or two shot by some nut with a twenty-two rifle, he gets a little sore. It wasn't like that in the old days."

Nor were those "old days" so long ago. Fifteen years, in fact, would cover it—then it was that we would all hit out from Denver with the beginning of the fishing season, moving where the spirit prompted us, and at our destination hire a wagon and a team at the nearest livery barn.

"Guess we'll stop at Frenchy's first," we would say, and when we reached the ranch there would be Frenchy standing by the gate, with his wife grinning from the doorway and the children hanging goggle-eyed to the palings, while the ranch dogs, excited by visitors, would bark and howl and get into a fight among themselves just to enliven proceedings. The lights would burn late that night in Frenchy's house, while Mrs. Frenchy heard what they were wearing in the city and wished some of those big shows could get out into the country sometime; and Frenchy heard the last word from the stockyards and asked innumerable questions regarding the future of the cattle industry, and if we thought hay was going to be much higher, or when the railroad was going to reduce its rates to a point that would pay a fellow to ship on to Omaha, if he couldn't get the right kind of market in Denver. A big day for Frenchy in those times when a fishing party went through, and he was right glad to see them. But things have changed.

For one thing, Frenchy gets into town more often than he once did. The roads which have brought to his door floods of persons with fishing rods in their hands to make his life miserable as he tries to do his haying and at the same time keep them out of his meadow, have at least brought the city, with its advantages, closer.

Radio aerials are quite common things on ranches; Frenchy knows the market now the minute it happens, as Mrs. Frenchy knows the styles—if she has time enough, in the daily maze of cooking, washing dishes, churning butter, getting the kids dressed and off for school, feeding the chickens and perhaps taking a turn on the seat of the bull rake when hay hands are short, to care about that sort of thing. The old spirit of communion is gone, simply because it has become too numerous; instead of a few fellows stopping by now and then in a ramshackle surrey, there are cars from Indiana, from Texas, from Alabama and every other state in the Union, accompanied by a generous portion from the old home state, and a request becomes monotonous when it's repeated for the thousandth time.

Putting Fish in Their Place

So, though Frenchy may not have time to wet a line a dozen times in a summer, neither has he time to run a nonpaying fishing resort, with the result that his sign goes up beside the others and another stretch of stream is eliminated. Thus the area is being cut down. It is seldom that one finds a spot now at which he may cast a line, other than that of public domain or a cañon stretch beside a roadway. While the methods of attempting to keep those spots supplied become yearly more energetic.

Different methods, incidentally, from the old days of more leisurely attacks upon the trout population. Then a fish hatchery, state or Federal, had a comparatively easy task. The hatchery men simply gathered the spawn, put it in the racks, kept the water at a proper temperature, hatched the eggs, allowed the fish to grow until they became about an inch long and to a point of progression known as the "fry stage," whereupon they loaded them in cans, moved them out, dumped them in a creek or lake and called it a day. Whereupon the big fish came along and ate them, the rise of flood waters scoured out their home and battered them to death, or starved them by moving away their food supply; the result of it all being that about 5 per cent of those fry stood the gaff and grew up to be he-men fish themselves, worthy of eating other fish, or biting at grasshoppers and artificial flies as they moved onward to the frying pan, thus fulfilling their purpose in life. But for the demand that 5 per cent was enough. Today it isn't, and the proposition of putting fish where they ought to be has become a much more laborious process

Because the trout—in hard-fished countries, at least—doesn't leave the dear old hatchery home any more when he has come to the surface of the water in the hatching trays and ceased to live on that portion of the egg which has clung to him. He waits for bigger and better things. First of all, for instance, with thermometers testing the water to insure a like temperature, he's transferred by careful methods to a retaining pond where his life is what he makes it and meals are the least of his worries. In fact, there even arrives the time when he comes to know that the sound of a hand pounding on tin means the dinner bell, whereupon he rises to the surface and with a hundred thousand or so of his comrades moves over to that side of the pond where stands a hatchery man with the noonday meal consisting of cooked and pulverized liver, or ground oatmeal, or various other ingredients which, when tossed upon the water, represent larrupin' good truck to a growing young trout. So he eats and eats, not knowing what it's all about, until he is about two inches long, at which time he's deemed worthy to go forth on his own.

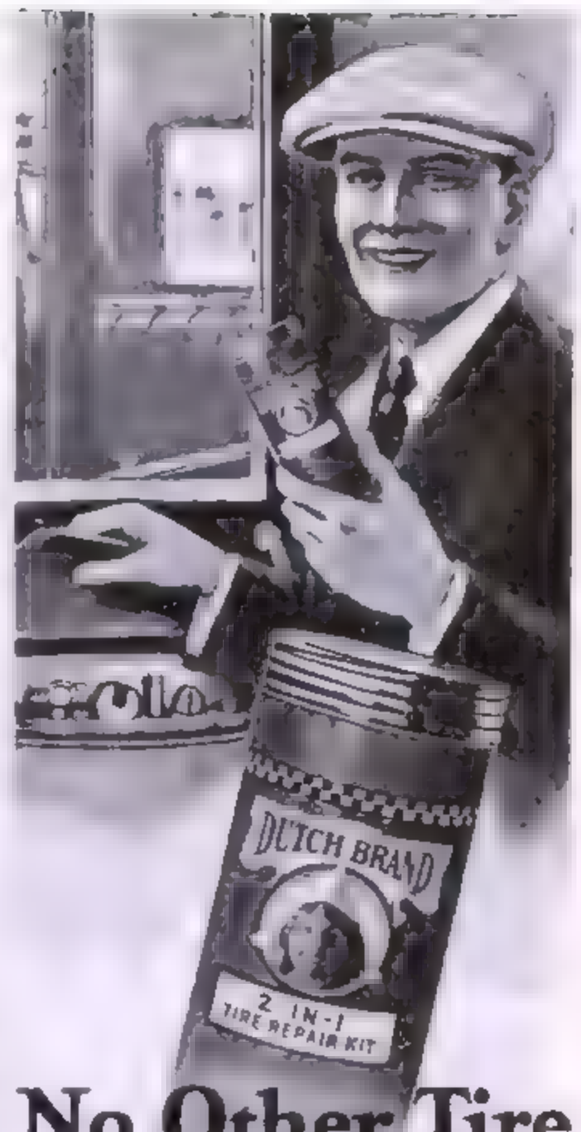
From Fry to Frying Pan

A two-inch trout can swim like a streak. More than that, he can fork his own food—I've even seen trout minnows strike with almost incredible swiftness and viciousness at a spinner far larger than they—and, above all, he can, as a general rule, keep out of the way of larger fish of his own breed which take right readily to their children as a fattening food. So, when the flood waters are gone, he is transported to his new home, where 85 per cent of his number will thrive and grow and fatten, and in his childish innocence care but little for the interruptions by fisherman after fisherman until he reaches an age where he should be a delectable thing for a frying pan. Then he becomes eccentric, objects to constant visitations, and finally one day moves on out to other portions of a stream where there's less noise and confusion, so that the unfished portions of the stream become more heavily populated and the heavily fished portions become more fishless. Thus the ball revolves and things for the casual visitor are not so good.

Therefore, the man who knows trout, and who follows trout fishing with that staring eye and obsessed manner which only a true trout fisherman can know, does one of three things in these days. And doesn't do several—one of which is that of hugging the automobile camps. For even though trout may be there, right in the stream, and willing and ready to be caught under the proper conditions, even a fish has his privileges. One of which is to stand for just so much noise, so much wading, so much whipping of a stream, and then hie himself to the deepest hole and there sulk until conditions become different. I know, for instance, a hotel keeper in Estes Park, who doesn't even take his rod out of its case from the time his hotel opens in June until it closes in near October. Then, when the roads are empty, and the innumerable horse trails have ceased to bear the beaten appearance of bridle paths, he walks a hundred and fifty yards in front of his hotel and within hailing distance of town catches all the fish that he or anybody else could desire. But he is one of those rare individuals who know how to wait. There are not many trout fishermen who can do it.

Therefore, the anxious enthusiast turns to a choice of the remaining possible things—that of owning his own fishing, of becoming the boon companion of a ranchman who invites him over or of hitting forth into the so-far unhighwayed wilds and going where the fishing really is and where he can get at it without rubbing elbows against anglers on either side. Principally he owns it.

A condition which is becoming more and more the thing in the tourist Rockies. A lake high in the hills, with nothing more



No Other Tire Repair Kit Like This!

DUTCH BRAND 2-in-1 Tire Repair Kit is a different kind of Tire Repair Outfit. In addition to a generous quantity of finest quality rubber for patching inner tubes, it also contains a supply of 2-in-1 Cut Filler.

Cuts in casings are dangerous. 2-in-1 Cut Filler fills cuts and gashes in casings, preventing oil, sand and water from penetrating to a vital spot—the fabric.

This newest kind of repair kit has the double advantage of repairing both tube and casing, something you cannot accomplish with ordinary outfits, and costs you no more. A Dutch Brand 2-in-1 Tire Repair Kit will save you money that would otherwise be spent for costly casing and tube vulcanizing.

BUY A 2-IN-1 TIRE REPAIR KIT

Ask for the Dutch Brand 2-in-1 Tire Repair Kit at your dealer's today, or we will send it direct postpaid on receipt of 50 cents.

National distribution through jobbing channels.

VAN CLEEF BROS., Chicago

Manufacturers

Rubber and Chemical Products

Established 1910

Three others of the 15 high quality Dutch Brand Motor Aids—they keep down the upkeep.

ELABORATE holiday feasts are prepared as easily and perfectly as are every-day meals, on this beautiful all-white Tappan.

The roomy cooking top over the efficient raised burners brings along all the cooking on schedule; and guarded by the Wilcolator Oven Heat Control, the roast will be done perfectly, on the dot. There's the convenient broiler oven, too, and the warming cabinet above keeps special dishes hot.

Make ready for the holiday homecoming and the big meals with a Tappan.

THE TAPPAN STOVE CO.
MANSFIELD, OHIO
ESTABLISHED 1881

The Range with Rounded Corners

TAPPAN
GAS RANGES
With Oven Heat Regulator

The Tappan Range must be seen to be fully appreciated. By all means see it at your dealer's before you buy a new stove. In one of the beautiful models you are sure to find your ideal of a range

than a trail to it, and no more purpose in life than to take the seepage of the drifts about it and store them for the irrigation company which has leased it far in the past, becomes suddenly the object of much interest. Far below a grading outfit takes up its position and begins the building of a road, heavily fenced, and well sprinkled with announcements that there must be no trespassing beyond this point. Carpenters move upward with pack trains and begin the building of log cabins. Ditch men start above the lake in the digging of retaining ponds—for when one owns one's fishing one must furnish the fish, purchasing them if possible from the oversupply of the state or Government, or buying them from private hatcheries—rules are made, memberships watched as carefully as though this were some exclusive society, and when it is all done another group of fish enthusiasts sigh with the knowledge that their trout worries are over. It's expensive, that's true, but it is becoming more and more popular in spite of its costliness. Within ten miles of my mountain home is such a club—and I might as well confess that I belong to it—where the investment in boats, retaining ponds, the lake itself, cottages, electric-light plants, land and various other essentials is close to $50,000.

A Blind Rainbow

Nor is that an unusual case. Fourteen miles in the opposite direction is another lake where men spend money for their fish. And off to the right is another, and over the hill in the direction of Georgetown are still more.

Trout still grow big on the trail. There's still the thrill of discovery when one has left the automobile road and followed some dim line through the forest to a stream or lake, unnamed except upon the maps, uncharted as to its fishing holes, untouched by line and fly, except those of like explorers. There's still the knowledge that, maybe, down there in the riffle—if it's the season for 'em to lie in the riffles—or loafing in the back swirls, there may be a four or five pounder, longing for the sight of a rightly placed Royal Coachman. And the best of it is, when one has trailed with a pack outfit far from the automobile road those happy things usually come true.

To say nothing of fish adventures. Such as the time when, having dropped down over snowdrifts and almost impossible rock slides, my outfit last summer came to a tremendous lake on the Rabbit Ear Range, and paused while my pinto debated before deciding to ford the inlet. Then a call from behind us, from Lee and Will Keller, boy companions of the Steamboat country, joining us from another lake:

"Go on, Spot; it ain't quicksand."

But Spot, my pinto, still hesitated, and I dismounted to poke a foot in the sand for the sake of assurance—suddenly to halt.

"Gosh, Jack!" I gasped. "Look at that whopper!"

Not five feet away, hugging the bank of the inlet current, was a rainbow trout nearly two feet long, merely lying there and apparently taking life as he found it. Charlie, the horse wrangler, goggled his eyes.

"Gosh, ain't he tame?" he asked. "Bet I could catch him."

Which was quite an assertion, inasmuch as Charlie was hardly a demon with a fly. Jack and I promptly applied the squelching process. If that fish was foolish enough to stay in that stream after ten horses had plunged through it, we'd do the catching.

So, after camp was made, Jack Nankervis and myself, with our rods and our flies and our knowledge, hied us to the inlet. The fish was still present.

"Certainly is a tame old baby," said Jack, and cast magnificently. But his fishship didn't bite. He didn't even give Jack the satisfaction of noticing the fact that an effort was being made to catch him. Jack rubbed his chin and cast again. And again and again. Then came my turn with no better result.

Jack gaped. "Now, what do you suppose?" he asked. "He ain't spawning. That's a rainbow, and the rainbows finished spawning a month ago. Besides, they ain't strong on spawning in inlets anyway. Let's try a spinner."

We did. We dragged it in front of his nose. We slapped it all around him. Without result; the fish didn't even budge. At last, a bit amazed and more chagrined, we gave it up and moved onward to newer fields, leaving the occupant of the little stream in full possession. But not for long. Soon yells and shouts came from the inlet. Wild scramblings on the part of the Keller boys, a tremendous bending of a borrowed rod as Charlie threw his shoulders into action, yanked a two-foot fish in a wide circle over his head, dropped the rod, leaped frantically a couple of times and then surged madly toward the capture. When Jack and I reached camp he had his prize in a dish pan, while, with goggled eyes and wild gesticulations, he told the story.

"Snagged him," he announced, "with a spinner hook. Missed him two or three times, and he'd move away, up into faster water where I couldn't see him good. So finally the kids here got sticks and herded him down every time he'd run away, and finally I got the ole hook right under him and let him have it."

"Wonder you didn't break the rod yanking him like you did," said Jack, then paused in wonderment. For the fish was two feet long and an inch thick. With all his length, he could be spanned by a circling of the fingers. Jack picked him up and pointed. Upon each eye was a white circle; an unhealed hole in the roof of his mouth showed where the hook of some other fisherman, when this elongated thing was a leaping six or seven pounds of fish fierceness, had penetrated, destroying the optic nerve. A blind rainbow, starving, yet making his fight for life in the current where perchance some food might drift—one learns many things after the catch is in the basket.

Teaching Charlie to Fish

Among those things is a spirit of wonderment about all the fine points of trout teasing that one has learned and followed and harped upon. For when one steps away, out upon the trail where conditions remain as they were back in the days when Indian maidens could spear fish—at least the pictures always show them doing it—and where humans are scarce, surprising things happen sometimes, and always to the fellow who knows as much about fishing as—well, it wouldn't be kind to speak that way about a good boy like Charlie.

Except that he really couldn't cast a fly. That is, to the requirements of Jack and myself. And he would insist, when he did get a strike, on seizing the five-ounce rod that he'd borrowed from me and making a baseball bat out of it as he strove to swing his catch out upon the bank with one fell swoop, instead of playing it to shore. And a lot of other things which forced us to break it to him as gently as possible that he couldn't hope to catch big fish by using such methods, that a man who wanted really to be a big-fish fisherman should use caution and finesse and lay his fly upon the water in a natural fashion. Fishing, we told him, was the creation of an illusion. The fish did not bite because he wanted to do somebody a favor. He bit because he was hungry, and being hungry he was watching the top of the water for possible food.

Now, if one attempts to create that illusion of real food with something that upon close scrutiny does not resemble food, one must use every precaution. One must have a riffle, for instance, owing to the fact that the water, in being ruffled by a slight wind, breaks the line of vision, thus causing the fish to believe that the bait is something which it isn't. And a lot more things of a like nature, to which Charlie goggled his eyes, put his hands in his hip pockets, then in his side pockets, then at his collar band, jingled his spurs—Charlie always fished a lot better with his spurs on—and announced that he guessed he'd get it all right, and that he'd "shore do his dernedest." Following which, filled with the righteous knowledge that we'd done our best to help a fellow out, Jack and I took opposite sides of the lake and applied ourselves to the serious matter of catching fish.

The right kind of riffle was blowing. Before me was a little sand bar—the kind that a rainbow likes to feed on when the wind is stirring up the sand just enough to create the semblance of a foam. I cast—farther and farther—meanwhile wishing that Charlie ——

Zowie-e-e-e!

Hot baby! One of those things that a fellow dreams about. Big as a tenement building and tougher'n tripe. Curving out of the water in a series of leaps that sent my heart in eight directions at once, swishing to deep water while the reel sang the national anthem and coming back twice as swiftly. Again a leap and two more after that, and then ——

Me standing there on the shore with my mouth open. Not saying a word. Not a single word. Just looking at the frayed end of a leader that I'd figured on changing after the next cast, seeing that it had begun to get a little weak.

The Caster and the Catcher

Oh, well, that's the way it goes. Best fish I'd seen in a thousand miles of packing. So, now that the horse was stolen, still wordless, still a bit gummy about the heart, I sat down and locked the barn by changing my leader. Then cast again for that fish, knowing full well that I didn't have a chance of catching him. For a full half hour—just standing there casting, going through the motions. He might come back, though I knew he wouldn't. And of course he didn't. So I moved on up the lake. Other fish struck, but they were just fish. Other fish leaped and danced on the ends of their tails and performed curlicues in the water while attached to a fly. I landed them perfunctorily—"horsed 'em in," to tell the truth, and went wearily on. At last, however, to turn and put a hand to my ear. Something was happening downshore, something vociferous.

It was Charlie. Yelling, squalling, in fact, as with both hands on the butt of the rod he swung it into impossible curves, yanked it this way and that without result, and then, with a leap of retreat, straightened it and with the pull full upon the line ran as fast as his legs would carry him far back upon the bar. Something pursued—I could see it even from that distance. Something which Charlie chased wildly for a moment then captured by the simple expedient of tripping on his spurs and falling with his prey beneath him. When I reached him he was still pounding it on the head, regardless of the fact that every blow was a death dealer.

"Didn't want to bust the rod!" he shouted, when I came within hailing distance. "Knowed you'd be sore if I busted that rod, an' I'd forgotten all them things you told me. So when I seen him comin' at me I just straightened 'er out an' ran. An' he come right in."

Then he ceased his pummeling of the captive and held it up. It was my fish. My six-pound fish—it weighed, in fact, a fraction more. My six-pound fish, with the fly still in his upper jaw.

"Funny thing how I got him," said Charlie. "I tried all them things that Jack 'n' you told me, but I just couldn't seem to make 'em work. So I took this here spinner and hung a bunch of ham fat on it an' threw it out and just let it lay there; an' sure enough, all of a sudden this here old pole starts bobbin' an' tryin' to yank itself out of my hands, an' there he'd went an' swallowed the meat an' the spinner an' everything!"

After that, Jack and I rather left Charlie to himself. We could see that he'd never make a fisherman!

THREE GENERATIONS OF TRAVELERS HAVE BEEN IMPRESSED WITH THE FINENESS OF FINISH ON RAILROAD COACHES OBTAINED WITH MURPHY MATERIALS. THE OLD-TIME CARRIAGE, LIKE THE MODERN TAXI, WAS SURFACED WITH MURPHY VARNISH. FOR SIXTY YEARS THE ENDURING BEAUTY OF FINE PIANOS, CARS AND HOME INTERIORS HAS BEEN CREATING

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Low in cost, if measured by satisfaction—but not cheap.

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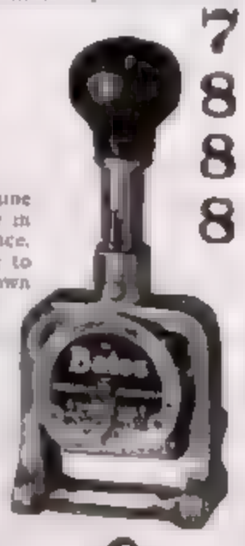

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THE TWO AMERICAS

Continued from Page 50

air and flag waving. It usually represents what the average man thinks, and is often at variance with speeches made at public banquets and ribbon bestowals. It is well, therefore, to keep these facts in mind, now that we are to begin our examination of the South Americans and their feeling about us.

First, the South American character. The qualification of South American is used here because these articles have dealt only with the republics south of the equator. What follows is applicable to all Latin Americans.

Since the racial root of the South American—I exclude the native Indian, who has been going through a process of assimilation since the Spanish conquest—is Spanish or Portuguese, it follows that he is proud, sensitive and susceptible. I have already indicated that he is impressionable and easily influenced. The alien business men who have won his trade have taken all these outstanding characteristics into account.

As in Spain and Portugal the political system operative nearly everywhere makes for easy money. Waste and extravagance are the rule. When a man of the type of President Bernardes of Brazil seeks to curtail it he incurs the hostility of old established rings and a revolution breaks about his head. The revolution is the shortest, easiest and sometimes least expensive way to put an obstructor out of commission.

Nor does graft apply solely to political office. The useless overhead in countries like Argentina, Brazil and Chile is almost beyond belief. Men of thirty-five are retired on railroads and other utilities just to give them an income without labor for the rest of their lives. From thirty-five to forty workers—I should say imitation workers—are employed on a single kilometer of track.

Democracy and the Latin Mind

South America is flooded with distant relatives—in many cases they are very distant—of the great national heroes. Each gets an annuity from some republic. The humor of the situation is that it is no uncommon sight to see some of these indigents drive up to public buildings in limousines to draw their cash.

Illiteracy, both economic and otherwise, vies with politics as the curse of the continent. It enables the political cabals to retain their grip upon so many countries.

In republics like Argentina and Chile the feudal order survives and caste remains a fetish. Until President Alessandri smashed it—he was the first middle-class president of Chile—the oligarchy of wealth and blood dictated presidencies and practically ruled the roost. You get some idea of the power of these old families when I say that 513 of them own 59.2 per cent of all the tillable land in Chile. Almost the same percentage applies to land ownership in Argentina, where ranches are measured by square leagues instead of acres. The old aristocracy was equally potent in Peru until President Leguia put a crimp in them.

This feudal idea and the widespread ignorance are two reasons why democracy has hard sledding in South America. The Latin does not yet comprehend the principles of representative government, simply because he has not been trained to the art, and for the reason that the iron-handed dictators do not give him a chance. Presidents are often named by strongly intrenched groups. Frequently presidential succession is a family affair. If one of the old lines cannot produce an executive it usually has a big say in naming the one who is chosen.

In this inability to assimilate democracy the Latin runs true to form everywhere, as a well-known Argentine pointed out to me. He said:

"Democracy has really failed in every Latin country where it has been tried out, simply because the Latin mind apparently does not understand the principles of democracy and it is not willing to accept them. I will give you two illustrations. After endeavoring for years to establish a democracy under a king, Italy failed and was glad to welcome the iron dictatorship of Mussolini. The Spanish people were the next to follow, and Spain with all her pride had to return to the days of the mailed fist with the coming of Primo de Rivera. If democracy fails in such old countries as Italy and Spain, do you wonder that it is not even an experiment in South America?"

A Habit Hard to Break

Here is a second point of view which confirms the point I have been trying to make. Shortly after my return from South America I received a letter from a prominent Latin American business man residing in Peru. He has lived extensively in the United States and has an open mind. He wrote:

"I shall be interested in your impressions of democracy in South America. This is a very important point with me, as I do not believe that democracy exists in this part of the world. It is only a name, because we are still living in monarchial times. The people fool themselves with the idea that they have democratic freedom."

There is another reason why democracy has not flourished in South America. The Spanish conquerors combined cruelty with cupidity. Theirs was the rule of might. The question of right never entered into the scheme of things. Hence the great mass of the people became so accustomed to subserviency that it is now a habit. This is why the dictator gets away with it everywhere. In many respects the vanished Spanish viceroy is reincarnated today in some Latin American presidents. This tells the whole story.

Harshness is still the order. Assassination is one of the favorite rivals of revolution as a means of removing an undesirable president or some other public official. Take Bolivia. Between 1825 and 1898 there were more than sixty revolutions and six presidents were assassinated. Brazil has had two civil wars since 1922 and the second is still going on.

In most of the South American countries the newspaper press is under strict supervision and at the slightest ripple of national trouble a strict censorship is clamped down. During my stay in Rio an incident came to my observation which showed how an almost medieval system prevails. I received a letter from the editor of one of the most influential journals in Brazil, written on the 308th day of his confinement in prison. Because of his criticism of the government his newspaper was suppressed on September 1st, 1924, and he had been immured. He had been a constant reader of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, had seen in a newspaper that I was in Rio, and had sent out the letter by his wife, who was allowed to see him only once a week. I am glad to say that he was released in July and his paper restored to him. I cite the episode to bulwark the statement that democracy and free speech still have a long way to go in South America before they find themselves.

The real South American mental, racial and temperamental affinity is with Spain and Portugal. In all the countries settled by Spaniards there is a national festival called Dia de La Raza—Day of the Race—to celebrate the kinship with Spain. The Ibero-American League, which has a big following in the most important republics, was organized to cement the ties with Spanish institutions rather than with ours. Incidentally, the Germans have lost no opportunity to applaud and encourage the league because they see in it an agency to divorce South America from our trade.

South Americans lean much more toward Europe than toward the United States. Every good Argentine wants to die in Paris. The French capital sets the fashion for styles and pleasures beyond the equator. It is worth repeating that for every Argentine, Chilean or Brazilian who visits the United States, a thousand go to Paris. So much for this business of kinship, which never sold a dollar's worth of goods. In fact, attempts at capitalization of it have impeded commercial traffic.

Now for the Monroe Doctrine. The average untraveled North American believes that at the very mention of it his neighbors across the equator palpitate with emotion and give three cheers for Uncle Sam. Far from it. Just as it has been necessary to shatter some of the illusion about that traditional kinship so is it now in order to disclose the real South American attitude about the edict that made President Monroe famous.

As most people know, the Monroe Doctrine was aimed at European colonial aggression on the western continent. It was really a defy to the Holy Alliance, composed of Austria, Prussia and Russia, who had united to suppress liberalism and to restore Spanish absolutism everywhere, which meant a considerable portion of the New World. Stripped down, the Monroe Doctrine construes any attempt on the part of a foreign power to extend its rule to this hemisphere "as dangerous to our peace and safety" and, therefore, an unfriendly act.

Mr. Root's Interpretation

While the primary idea of the Monroe Doctrine is to maintain Pan-American or continental solidarity and is the expression of a real and unselfish interest in all Latin America, the idea is strongly resented, even ridiculed, in some South American quarters. Wherever I went I found men who, when they were frank, were inclined to regard it rather as a piece of bossism than otherwise. This view is widely held, despite Elihu Root's apt interpretation of our conception of the Monroe Doctrine as "an assertion to all the world of the competency of Latin Americans to govern themselves."

Furthermore, many South Americans regard the Monroe Doctrine as merely an excuse to permit the United States to exercise a sort of paternalistic attitude toward them. They object to this big-brother attitude with its incessant emphasis on the desire to help. Here they have a real case, because our superiority complex is annoying to say the least. The plain truth is that many well-meaning North Americans have made themselves almost offensive by harping on the string of helpfulness. The South American does not want to be big-brothered or helped in the sentimental sense.

Nor do South Americans see self-interest altogether removed from our paternalism, or rather what they construe as paternalism. They point to a succession of Yankee acts ranging from the annexation of Texas to Roosevelt's Panama coup as examples of what they call "the big stick behind the Monroe Doctrine." This conception, combined with the issue of alleged economic imperialism raised by our own misguided uplifters, is not entirely provocative of good will for us.

South Americans lose no opportunity to make capital out of any step of ours that can possibly be construed as political imperialism. When Secretary of State Kellogg, for example, sent his sharp note to President Calles of Mexico admonishing him to mend his governmental ways or suffer the loss of our recognition, nearly every newspaper south of Panama immediately viewed it as a threat to Mexico's sovereign rights. Some even saw intervention already crossing the border. The Latin American Union, an Argentine organization, issued a statement condemning the Secretary of State, saying:

"The Argentine people cannot remain indifferent to the outrage inflicted upon a

(Continued on Page 137)

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INFECTION . . . . There is an endless number of panaceas for treating an open wound . . . from the salves and potions of Grandmother's time to drastic and high-powered germicides . . . But modern Medical Science recognizes the four units on this page as the gentlest, sanest and all-sufficient aids for sterilizing any minor break in the skin and sealing it against infection. They come ready to use in this easy way:—(1) Apply Iodine to sterilize the wound . . . (2) When Iodine is dry, cover wound with Sterile Gauze . . . (3) Bind with Sterile Gauze Bandage and . . . (4) Fasten Bandage with Adhesive Plaster . . . These are the *Safety Four*—obtainable, at small cost, in 45,000 drug stores . . . under the Bauer & Black name and guarantee of constant quality. Bauer & Black, Chicago, New York and Toronto.

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OVER 30 YEARS OF ETHICAL SERVICE TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION AND THE PUBLIC

In the recently opened American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City, hundreds of passersby stop every day to admire this old Colonial room. It is reconstructed as it actually stood in a home in Newington, Connecticut, built about two hundred years ago. An important architectural feature of the room is the china closet in the corner. Useful to a surprising degree, yet a thing of beauty, it is an heirloom of priceless value to this generation.

Painted especially for the Curtis Companies Incorporated, by C. L. Cole.

Two hundred years old and still good

You can have this same design of China Closet in durable woods in the home you build today. It is shown on the next page

COMPARE the China Closet in the eighteenth century home above with the one shown on the next page and known as Curtis design C-703.

This old cabinet is reproduced by Curtis even to the beveled or raised panels, which give depth and a look of solidity to the design. Note the arched panel and crossed stiles in the bottom door, a motif characteristic of the architecture of the Connecticut River towns.

While especially adapted to the Colonial house, this china closet will also look well in the home of English type, because the immediate inspiration for this style of paneling was English.

You can obtain this china closet in two forms: with a flat back to set into the wall, as shown in the picture on the opposite page, or with a triangular section to set across a corner. Any of the many designs of Curtis trim can be used. The china compartment has three adjustable shelves, and there is one shelf in the cabinet below. The glass in the door is double-strength. The design when set into the wall requires a rough opening in the wall 6′ 9 1/2″ high and 2′ 10″ wide, and about 1′ 2″ deep. It is available in oak and birch.

Woodwork that will always be admired

How many houses, built a few years ago, look out of fashion today because their woodwork is unattractive! It may be of the best materials and construction, but these are not enough.

You can now have woodwork that will always be beautiful and in good taste. It has not only good materials and sound construction, but it is *properly* designed.

With the aid of architects of high standing (Trowbridge & Ackerman, New York City), the Curtis Companies have gone to the finest old houses in the country for Curtis designs. Build your home with Curtis Woodwork and it will be admired throughout your lifetime as much as it is today. Time has stamped his coveted approval on the designs which Curtis Woodwork follows.

How Curtis builds-in quality

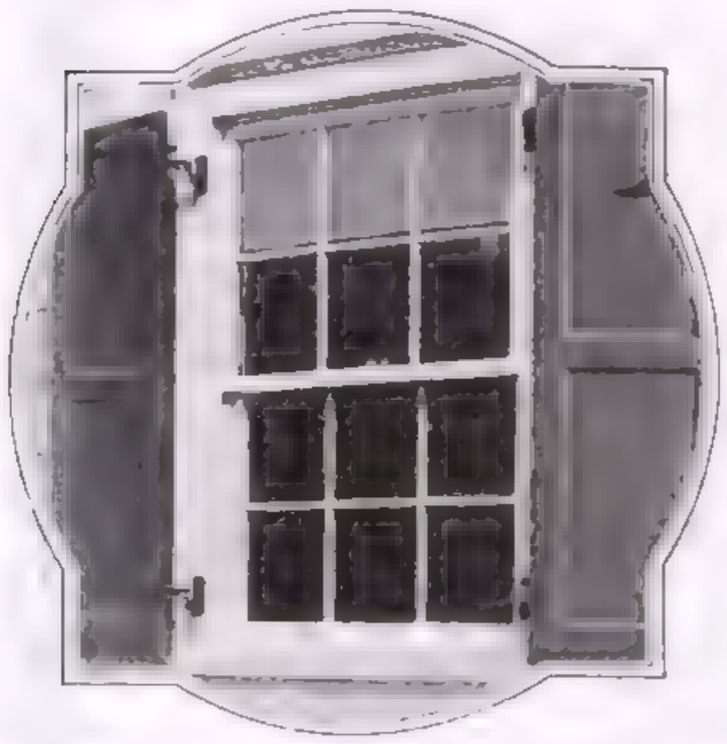
Design alone, however, is not all that Curtis Woodwork offers you. It has quality through and through. In Curtis doors, for instance, every piece of wood is conscientiously selected; stiles and rails are securely doweled together; solid panels in exterior doors are 1-1/16 inches thick. In veneered doors the hardwoods are skilfully matched in color and grain throughout.

In Curtis double-hung windows the check-rails (where the top and bottom sash meet) are rabbeted so as to keep out the wind and cold. All exterior woodwork is made of long-lasting woods and securely put together.

Interior trim is sanded and carefully wrapped for shipping so it will reach your job smooth and clean and bright.

Stairs and stair parts, as made by Curtis, represent the utmost in careful workmanship, selection of material, and authenticity of design.

In Curtis cabinetwork you get mantels, bookcases, china closets, sideboards, kitchen dressers, and bedroom tray cases and dressing tables constructed as fine furniture is made: the drawers have dovetailed corners and laminated bottoms that cannot slip out or crack, and each drawer works on a center guide so that it cannot stick; and 1⅛-inch stock is used for cabinet fronts and doors.



Windows that are beautiful and well made

Here is a picture of a Curtis window, with blinds. Curtis Woodwork is suitable for homes of all sizes and all types of architecture. Every article of Curtis Woodwork is good enough in design, materials and workmanship for the most expensive house; yet even the cottage can afford it. It isn't so much a matter of price, taste and suitability are what count.

This window is known as C-1024. You get a window of exceptionally graceful design and made of wood that is without sap, blue stains, knots or cracks, and so made that it successfully resists rough usage, and the relentless wear of time. Furthermore, you save fuel with Curtis double-hung windows because the check-rails (where the top and bottom sash meet) are rabbeted. That kind of joint resists seven times as much wind pressure as the ordinary beveled check-rail.

You pay no more for Curtis Woodwork

When the many points of superiority in Curtis Woodwork are taken into account, you will be surprised how little it costs—often no more than ordinary "millwork", and always considerably less when such expense items are included as sanding and cutting and fitting on the job.

Curtis Woodwork is sold east of the Rockies through lumber dealers who handle the line. Consult our catalog in the Curtis dealer's office. "Curtis Woodwork" (40 pages) contains valuable information. Write for it and for the name of the nearest dealer.

1865 CURTIS

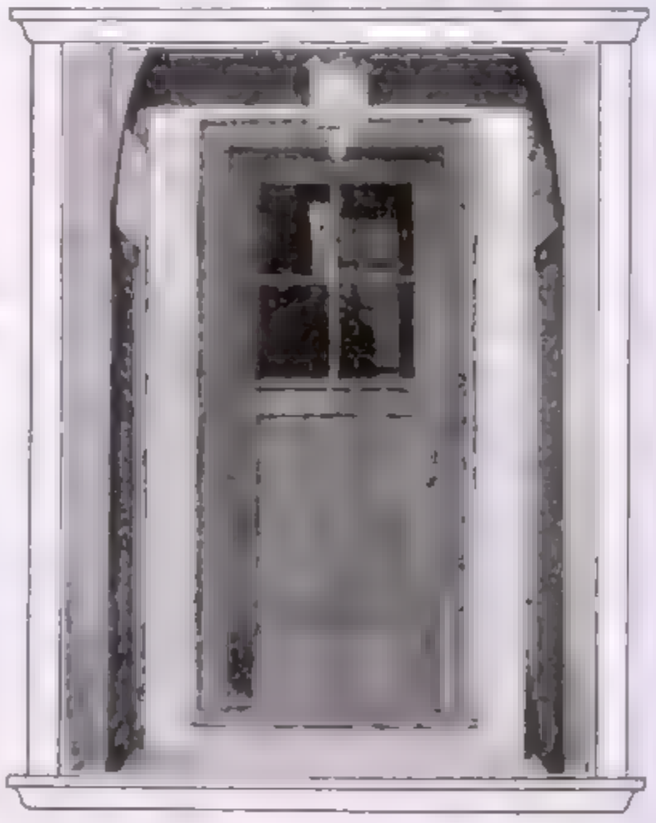
This trademark appears only on Curtis Woodwork. It guarantees the choicest woods, high standards of workmanship and authentic designs.

Stairs that dignify the whole interior

Stairs and stair parts, as made by Curtis, have many superiorities in design, materials and construction. Your builder, if he has not had previous experience with Curtis Woodwork, will be amazed at the manner in which Curtis stairs or stair parts reach the job. The ease with which they may be assembled will please him. Stairs C-900 are illustrated.

Entrances for all types of houses

Below is a Curtis entrance, particularly adapted to the house of English type or where stained wood is desirable. The glass area above makes a bright entrance hall. The panel below is of solid pine with V-joints between the boards. This is Entrance C-111. Priced less than $60.00.



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Women of today need efficiency methods just as much as men do

A single standard of convenience for both men and women—that's the ringing message of this new day. The wasteful and fatiguing practices of pre-war periods are gone forever from the home kitchen. Even the men are insisting upon the same kind of efficiency in their homes that they enjoy in their daily work. Where trained ability puts an end to needless drudgery, a scientifically designed kitchen cabinet is now a real necessity. Men and women who win at their work must have modern tools.

Investigate this most modern work-saver by sending for our new booklet

Against the background of a million women's household drudgery, with its endless chain of obsolete methods, we invite you to make an illuminating study of the Sellers Klearfront. Picture your own work done quickly on its oversize porcelitron work-surface, where focus all of its "fifteen famous features." Measure in steps saved the satisfaction gained from its scientific helpfulness. Booklet "P-11," sent by G. I. Sellers & Sons Company, Elwood, Indiana, gives new ideas concerning the kitchen.

SELLERS

KITCHEN CABINETS

(Continued from Page 132)

brother country. If we admitted without murmuring that a foreign power could dictate to the government of a Latin American country the manner in which its domestic problem should be solved, and the political tendency which should prevail in its public functions, threatening to provoke a revolution if it did not accept the orders received, we could not complain if tomorrow, in any situation equally grave to Argentina's national dignity, no brother people expressed its solidarity with us."

Thus the Monroe Doctrine, instead of being the instrument for a real accord between the two Americas, has lent itself to misunderstanding and misconception. Almost invariably, whenever I mentioned it to a South American, whatever his social or political degree, he shrugged his shoulders and seemed inclined to change the subject.

Pan-Americanism Defined

The fundamental trouble is that the Monroe Doctrine is often confounded with Pan-Americanism. As one Argentine said to me:

"The Monroe Doctrine and Pan-Americanism are unable to exist side by side because they are contradictory. South Americans view the Monroe Doctrine as a means to enable the United States to dominate the Latin American republics. Pan-Americanism is all right if it sticks to its real meaning, which is peace and accord between the great republic of the north and the sister nations of the south. In an excess of zeal many of your countrymen look upon Pan-Americanism and the Monroe Doctrine as one and the same thing, namely the right to run the Latin end of the Western Continent."

What is Pan-Americanism? The best definition that I have discovered is in The Republics of Latin America, by Herman G. James and Percy A. Martin. Here it is:

"Pan-Americanism is a moral union of the independent states of the Western Hemisphere, based upon certain distinctive principles which these states have in common and which they do not share—at least to any considerable degree—with Europe. These principles, which have their origin in geographical proximity and a common struggle for independence, may be defined as the belief in democracy as the ideal type of government, recourse to law rather than force for the settlement of international disputes, the maintenance of the territorial integrity of each of the American republics, the nonintervention of European powers in purely American affairs, and coöperation on the part of the American nations in the solution of their common problems and the safeguarding of their common interests. In its practical manifestations Pan-Americanism has aimed at the promotion of closer economic, political and cultural relations among the republics of the New World."

This fine conception of the purpose and destiny of the New World could, and should, be made the basis of a far-reaching and constructive coördination between the United States and the Latin American republics. There is nothing wrong with the idea of Pan-Americanism, but it suffers from the emotionalism of some of its advocates. Emotionalism, like sentimentality, is always highly impractical.

A composite view of what a large body of South Americans think of us would run something like this:

We object to your superiority attitude. We resent your attitude of might and power. We feel that we have the same right to the use of the word American that you have. We think that your sole interest is to commercialize us. There is no Yankee idealism. We still feel that, under what you consider the privilege of the Monroe Doctrine, you believe that you are not only the big brother but the watchman of Latin America. We do not altogether like the watchman idea

Let me add that this view is mainly held by those who have never visited the United States. The South Americans who have come here and who have an open mind do not resent our wealth and power. Their point of view, summed up, is as follows:

We respect and admire the United States for what it has done and what it is doing. We regard it as the great nation of peace and conciliation. When you went into Cuba we felt that our idea of your disinterestedness was wrong. When you intervened twice and then left the country restored to peace, order and prosperity, we realized that your aim was big and just. The Latin American is better disposed to assimilate North American ideas than those of any other country, but North Americans must first learn how to deal with us. This can be achieved only through visits to South America.

When you get down under all this pro and con talk, you learn that the underlying objection to us grows out of envy of our power and prosperity. It took the World War to drive home our idealism, because prior to 1917 every South American, however friendly, regarded us as mere dollar chasers. Our participation in the greatest of all conflicts showed what we could do for the sake of an ideal at an immense cost of blood and treasure. Incidentally, the German debacle put a crimp in the Latin American admiration of the Teuton. Formerly Germany, and not the United States, represented the last word in military and economic efficiency. Today the South American knows better.

These frank revelations concerning the South American attitude toward us are not made with any desire to condemn or criticize a great group of peoples. The sole idea is to try to provide some antidote for the high-pressure bunk that has wrought so much mischief in the relations between the two Americas. Exposure of any kind is only justified when it can point the way to remedy and reconstruction. The question therefore is: What can we do to bring about an accord that will harmonize all interests and make for mutual understanding?

Highways of Friendship

First and foremost is the matter of commerce. The basic kinship between nations grows out of the material need of one for the other. A business deal, satisfactory to everyone concerned, or the investment of millions in a railway or a mine, is worth half a dozen congressional junkets or a whole string of speech-making conferences. It is only by making ourselves economically indispensable to South America that we shall gain permanent good will as well as respect. Our growing interests in Peru, Chile, Brazil, Argentina, Bolivia and Venezuela, whether in oil, copper, sugar or nitrates, indicate our practical faith in the countries. When all is said and done, the dollar at work is the best envoy overseas.

It means that instead of harping on the old Monroe Doctrine we must concentrate on a new Monroe Doctrine born of the unalterable law of demand and supply, which can be construed as a notice to the rest of the world that we propose to get and hold the legitimate business of South America. With this we write the protocol of prosperity.

It is in deeds and not words that we can do our job in South America. I have already told how our trade everywhere has advanced. Getting business is only one detail. The bigger idea is to build something useful and durable. Nothing is so conducive to national prosperity as good roads. Improved communication spells the doom of sectionalism and contributes to wider education. Although Argentina, and more especially the thickly populated provinces of Buenos Aires, Santa Fé and Cordoba, are well supplied with railways, good highways are conspicuously absent. The difference in culture between the inhabitants of the city of Buenos Aires and those living at a distance may be the difference of at least fifty years. It is all due to lack of road facilities.

Here we have made a start. The Pan-American Highway Commission, which is the result of the Pan-American Highway Congress instigated by the United States Government with the aid of the Pan-American Union, has set in motion a work which, as has been well said, "is destined to bind the peoples of the two Americas together in a lasting pact of neighborliness." Under its auspices roads are being constructed in half a dozen countries. They will become highways of friendship for us.

A Cecil Rhodes Needed

Take irrigation which we are developing in Peru, where it can duplicate in a smaller way the beneficent work that it has achieved in the United States. Irrigation is peculiarly adaptable to South American countries because the original Spaniards and Portuguese brought the art over with them. It therefore constitutes a fit subject to interest jointly the peoples of the two great American sections, because it is intimately related to their social ideas and habits.

Then there is what might be termed the straight educational side. If we are to deal with the South American peoples they must know us and our ideals and aspirations. A great deal of money has been expended on exchange professorships with Europe, notably Germany. Before the World War they were principally advantageous to the Germans as a medium for exploiting their ideas of militarism. No agency for Pan-American good will could be more effective than the sending of North American professors to South American colleges and vice versa. What is really needed is a Yankee Cecil Rhodes who will endow scholarships in our leading universities for Latin American students.

In this connection is a corollary which can well be emphasized. It lies in the need of North Americans to visit South America. Nothing is so broadening or enlightening as travel. The South American trip is packed with romance and interest both on the east and the west coasts. The same advice is applicable to our friends beyond the equator. Once they see us in action on the home heath they will revise their ideas of our imperialism.

Already we have established what might be termed a scientific entente. It is through the operation of the Inter-American Department of the American College of Surgeons, which is making for coöperative research between the medical professions of North, Central and South America. This admirable work grew out of several visits to the Latin American republics by Dr. William J. Mayo, Dr. Franklin H. Martin, and other distinguished North American surgeons. Many disease problems in the tropics and elsewhere which have baffled individual investigators are now being successfully combated under these joint auspices, which make the American College of Surgeons truly American in every respect.

Everywhere are signs of a sincere desire to bring the Latin American countries together for a larger union of interests. A notable illustration is in the series of thirty treaty drafts prepared by a committee of the American Bar Association with the assistance of our State Department and the Pan-American Union. The conventions range from proposals to outlaw wars of conquest among the American republics, to the writing of an admiralty code to govern international phases of commercial navigation of the air. Together they represent a sweeping scheme to establish the solidarity of Latin American republics as a real community of nations on a legal basis. They set up a complete machinery for the pacific settlement of all disputes.

These treaties will come up for discussion at a meeting of the International Commission of Jurists which will be held in Rio de Janeiro late this year. If adopted it will mean that all the American republics pledge themselves to solidarity of aims and actions, and that wars between them will be

Opportunity's Year Round Playground

THE eyes of the Nation are focused on Florida and — *Lakeland*, commercial center of Polk County, wealthiest county, per capita, in the United States. Lakeland, a lively, thriving place, beautifully located among rolling hills and lovely lakes, is rapidly winning place among the leading cities of a great State.

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frustrated as far as it is humanly possible to do so. Putting it in another way, it will make for a league of nations on the Western Continent.

Linked with this broad program for harmony is another epoch-making event in which we have a star part. I refer to the impending settlement of the Tacna-Arica dispute, which has been the chief political storm center of South America for nearly forty years. It grew out of the War of the Pacific, waged between Peru and Bolivia on one side and Chile on the other. As a result of Chile's victory, the provinces of Tacna and Arica, which were formerly Peruvian soil, came under her rule for a period of ten years, after which a plebiscite should determine by a popular vote whether the territory should remain under perpetual domination and sovereignty of Chile or revert to Peru.

So bitter became the feeling between the two countries that for nearly four decades it was impossible to hold a plebiscite. The Peruvians maintained that on account of Chilean penetration a fair poll was impossible. A state of bloodless war has existed. The debatable area became a South American Balkans, bristling with potentialities for serious trouble.

The Gorgas Memorial

The late President Harding got representatives of the embroiled countries to agree to arbitration by him and to accept the decision as final. President Coolidge, who inherited his responsibility, decided last March that the dispute must be settled by a plebiscite held under the supervision of a commission of three members, one to be named by Chile, one by Peru, and the other, the chairman, by the President of the United States. General Pershing was named as our representative, Augustin Edwards by Chile and Señor Freyre by Peru. The first meeting of the commission was held on August fifth.

In his opening address to his colleagues General Pershing said:

"The adoption, on the part of the governments of Chile and Peru, of the principle of arbitration agreed to through the initiative of the Government of the United States for determination of a controversy of long standing, and the acceptance of the award of the arbitrator as the basis of a final settlement, cannot but be regarded with deep satisfaction by your friends and neighbors in the Americas, and by all who would advance the cause of peace throughout the world. Emerging from the devastation of the greatest of all wars, the peoples of the earth are groping for some less disastrous means for settling disputes with dignity and honor. The opportunity for leadership toward that most worthy goal has fallen to two nations which you so worthily represent."

The significance of the Tacna-Arica plebiscite is first of all that a sore spot in South America will be eradicated, and that eventually Peru and Chile will dwell together in peace and economic harmony. This means much for the material prosperity of the whole west coast. The second is, as General Pershing pointed out, that the efficacy of arbitration will be emphasized. Third, through our disinterested influence and the naming of a man of the type and integrity of General Pershing, our prestige is heightened. The larger view is that the settlement of the Tacna-Arica tangle will be an object lesson for those other South American countries that are not entirely without friction. There is intermittent tension, for instance, between Brazil and Argentina because the former believes that Argentina covets a slice of Paraguay.

For the concluding evidence of the new Pan-Americanism I have reserved an undertaking which expresses the broad vision and constructive benevolence of the North American race. It is the Gorgas Memorial Institute of Tropical and Preventive Medicine, which will be an enduring tribute to the memory of a man whose work belongs to the ages.

Doctor Gorgas was one of the remarkable figures of his time. The average man knows him mainly because of his historic clean-up of the Isthmus of Panama, which made the construction of the canal possible. But he did much more. As field marshal of the world forces for the subjugation of yellow fever from Cuba to Africa, he wrote his name imperishably into the record of international humanitarianism. South America came under his cleansing influence, notably Ecuador and Peru. He also planned and instituted health and sanitation surveys in Colombia, Venezuela and Brazil. Malaria and pneumonia in Rhodesia found in him a victorious foe. When death overtook him in London in 1920 he was on his way to West Africa, the only known place where measures for the control of yellow fever had not been undertaken. Nor was this all. As Surgeon General of the United States Army in the war of wars, he organized the greatest of all medical corps, both in efficiency and size, and instituted a base and cantonment hospital service without precedent.

Shortly after his death a group of the friends and admirers of General Gorgas met at Washington to discuss the establishment of a suitable monument to him. It was decided that any memorial typical of the man should embody the ideal of his services to humanity. In this meeting was born the Gorgas Memorial Institute of Tropical and Preventive Medicine. The first board consisted of the incorporators, and included: Dr. Belisario Porras, President of Panama; José Le Febre, President of the Panama National Public Health Board; Rear Admiral William C. Braisted, Surgeon General, U. S. N.—retired; John Bassett Moore, Judge of the Permanent Court of International Justice; Dr. Franklin H. Martin; Surgeon General Merritte W. Ireland, U. S. Army; Surgeon General Edward R. Stitt, U. S. Navy; Surgeon General Hugh S. Cumming, United States Public Health Service; and Dr. Leo S. Rowe, Director General of the Pan-American Union. Subsequently the board was enlarged, the President of the United States was elected honorary president, and Doctor Martin vice president and chairman of the board. An organization of state governing committees was set up to enlist all the people. There are now 1600 representative physicians and laymen identified with the movement.

Panama's Contribution

As one of the principal sponsors for the enterprise Doctor Martin has made three trips to South America to interest his colleagues, as well as the presidents of all our sister republics.

Everywhere he found an enthusiastic response and the conviction that the institute is a real evidence of our good will expressed in a practical way. This sentiment is also shared by North American commercial organizations, such as the United Fruit Company and the Cerro de Pasco Copper Company, which have extensive interests in Latin America.

The Republic of Panama, in recognition of Gorgas' incalculable contribution to her prosperity, donated a site for the institute. It is on the shores of the Pacific, on the point of land which projects into the Bay of Panama, and not far from the western end of the canal with which the eminent surgeon's name is so intimately identified. The corner stone was laid in 1922, when plans were formulated to proceed with the raising of a $5,000,000 endowment fund.

The Gorgas Memorial Institute program consists of two phases. One is research and suppression of tropical diseases, and the other a health educational movement to reduce preventable disease and extend the span of life.

Just what the first phase means to world progress, to say nothing of the benefit to human life, was evidenced in the transformation of Panama into a health paradise. Without the Gorgas cleansing the canal could not have been built.

The economic value of the conquest of tropical diseases can scarcely be estimated. Half the sugar of the world, and a great amount of cocoa, spices, bananas and coffee come from the hot countries. In addition to food resources, the tropics are rich in timber, much of which is inaccessible because of the dread scourges that lurk in the forests. If the tropics can be salvaged, not only will vast areas of production be made available but a whole new empire will become accessible for colonization and development. A striking illustration is presented by the Gold Coast of Africa, where a disease-ridden land has become the greatest of all producers of cocoa.

The effect of releasing the tropics from the thrall of loathsome disease is bound to influence the larger movement of the human race. In one of the preceding articles I pointed out how South America would be the next huge reservoir for immigration, and especially for the excess populations of those European countries that have flocked to our shores for years. With the quota system established they must seek new fields. The domain beyond Panama will be their goal. Thus the purification of the tropics is essential to all future progress.

The New Pan-Americanism

The second phase touches every citizen. While public health is provided for by existing civic and governmental agencies, the responsibility for personal health rests with the individual, who is inclined to be more solicitous of his horse or motor car than of his own body. Few realize that in the United States there are always 3,000,000 on the sick list, of whom 1,000,000 are in the working period of life. Preventable illness and premature deaths cost us $1,500,000,000 each year. If curative and preventive measures known to scientific medicine were available to all people, a reduction of from 20 to 25 per cent could be made in casual illness; at least $100,000,000 could be saved annually, and nearly a quarter of a million deaths prevented.

The Gorgas Memorial Institute plans to bring about these reforms through fortifying the individual against preventable disease and premature death by supplying him with a constant fund of authentic information, radio health talks, health films, lectures by leading physicians, all reënforced by investigation conducted by the most eminent members of the medical profession. The inroads of tropical diseases, such as sleeping sickness, into the life of temperate climates have become so destructive that the researches of the institute at Panama, together with its work in the field, will be a genuine first aid to the peoples on both sides of the equator.

Thus the Gorgas Memorial will keep alive the indomitable spirit of that great scientist, so aptly called the Redeemer of the Tropics, in whose name it is established.

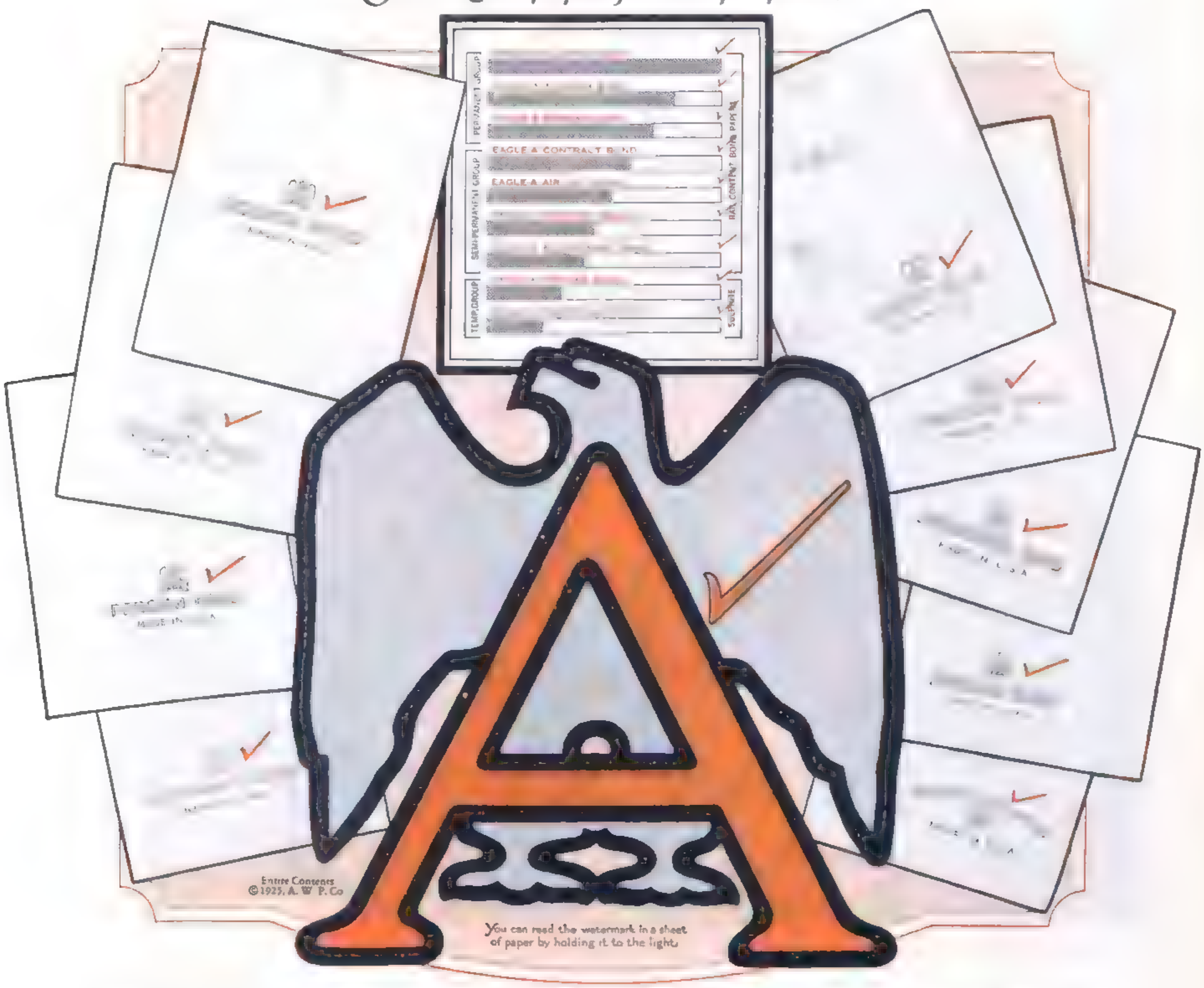
What was said at the beginning of this series may now be repeated at the end. Whether for the employment of surplus capital or to provide a market for our export production, South America is the ordained objective. Cultural and spiritual harmony has invariably followed in the wake of commercial and industrial relationship. By strengthening the bonds of business we unite the two Americas on a basis of mutual and practical helpfulness. Our economic destinies are linked just as our territories are joined.

I know of no better benediction on the new Pan-Americanism born of commerce than to quote these words of Charles E. Hughes uttered at Rio when he was Secretary of State:

"The United States coveta no territory and seeks no conquest to the south of its present boundaries. The liberty we cherish for ourselves we desire for others. We assert no rights for ourselves that we do not accord to others."

Editor's Note—This is the eleventh and last of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with South America.

The right paper for the purpose /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(Signed) H. S. Firestone

President

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

Firestone

PRODUCE THEIR OWN RUBBER

IN EVERY BUSINESS IS KINKS

(Continued from Page 35)

Amazement bound her words, her thoughts, even. Then she burst out:

"David Reist! David Reist ain't no sharper. Whatever he might be, he ain't tricky mean anyway. What he says he says plain on the surface. He ain't holding back nothing from you but them mineral rights or what he calls it underneath the ground. And you says a'ready you ain't caring nothing about that anyway."

"No, I ain't caring nothing about the underneath of the ground," laughed her companion shortly. "But neither I ain't leaving nobody sharper me out of my surface rights. I will look a little out till I am signing off my name onto them papers tomorrow. If he tries to do me somepin, I will quick git Lawyer Schindler onto the job."

"You will see," said Esther firmly, and bade him good-by cheerfully enough. But a night breeze had sprung up, chilling the fine spray of her hair from off her forehead, and she felt unaccountably depressed as she went slowly down the slope. She thought it was because they had never been so near to a disagreement before. She must never let them come so near to it again. But he should not have been so suspicious of David Reist. And what was that phrase of Reist's which came edging again and again into her weary mind? "A thin streak." She shook herself crossly. Why did she think of that now? She had thought it first when her lover's voice had gone thin and shrill—that was it—his voice had been thin. She could smile a little over that. How beautiful he was! Tomorrow he would see that she was right about David Reist, and all would be well. There would be a way out for them all. She looked back upon the slope where her home was to be; the first evening star hung, pallid and innocent, above it; and she made an innocent little wish upon it.

On the morrow, indeed, Litwiller saw that she had been right. He stood before David Reist, unused to the ways of business, and nervously blurted, "And Schindler says you got to give me a way out ower your land. He says oncet it's the law all ower these here United States where one feller can't lock such another one into his land yet."

David Reist looked up in quick surprise, then he threw back his kinky forelock and laughed.

"What fur kind do you think I am, anyhow? I would sell you the land fur to raise your crops and then I wouldn't give you the way fur to git them out from? It might be some such a one in the world where could be that mean, but if it is, I ain't ever near heard of him. No, no, Ernie. I sell you the land and you pay fur it by the crops according, so if comes onto you a dry year or whatever, it won't pinch you out. All I hold from you is the underneath. Look oncet how it reads in the paper where Lawyer Struckmeier drawed us off:

"'Reserving however unto first party, his heirs, administrators and assigns forever, all coal, oil and other minerals, together with the right to mine, drill for, take and receive the same, with the right to use so much of the surface of said property as may be reasonably necessary therefor.'"

"That's plain enough," studied the other. "I could signature it, I guess."

"What Struckmeier writes, he writes in easy reading, even if it is the fancy laws," Reist smiled. "Take my advice now, and if comes the time agin when you are gitting suspicions of me, go anyhow to Struckmeier. He might be a little dearer than that young sharper Herbie Schindler, but he stays always on the levels with both parties. And Schindler has afraid of him, too; I was once on the jury setting, and it was now too comical to see Schindler running around and around fur his hole when Struckmeier come after him. But what does it make to talk about lawyers? It will go a while yet till you are needful to draw another lawyer on me, heh, Ernie? Crops is now what you are needful fur and it's full time to be gitting them in. You will work hard and you will fetch the good crops, ain't?"

"You want me to prove you what fur good land you are selling me," smiled Litwiller.

"I want fur you to prove it to yourself," said David soberly. "I have got yet my reasons fur wanting you to make from it."

"You will see oncet!" boasted the boy.

Reist did see. Everybody saw; and everybody marveled. Litwiller worked early and late; he took David Reist's advice humbly and gratefully and from the seed which Reist generously gave him, he raised full yields of oats and wheat and corn. And while his fields were yet swelling in their golden promise, he received, like a reward for his labors, an unexpected gift of a thousand dollars. David Reist told old Tobias about it.

"It was that uncle from marriages, that furriner from Kansas or wherever. Yes, it was him where wrote Ernie into his will. You mind of how he come two months back or such. Purple and funny at the eyes he was, and I says still to myself, 'It's somepun at his insides,' I says. And sure enough it was; it was his insides where quick took him off. He come one day fur to make conversations ower Ernie and to git him my opinion about the boy. He says yet if it was any Litwiller where could stick by a job he had ought to have some encouragements; and I make no doubt it was that very night he wrote Ernie off fur a thousand dollars."

"I should think he would anyhow have had enough of the Litwillers," wheezed Tobias scornfully. "It was his woman where got her picture printed off onto tooth powder and then up and run off from him, ain't it? A thousand dollars! Gol-swang the thousand dollars! See here now—how long will it go yet till he gits that swang farm paid fur?"

"That depends on the swang crops," laughed Reist. "But he has done good, that I can say. Not a minute he has wasted; into the rain he works even. He is proving to have the stuffs in him."

"Proving nothing stuffs!" Tobias struck furiously at two flies at once, and broke his fan. "He ain't had nothing yet to prove him. Everything is made too full easy fur him. And it's you where has packed him along like he was on pillers. Yes, I heard a'ready how you was giving him always the lend of your tools and your horses and your thresher even. What fur right have you got to hustle my girl into marriages with a Litwiller, heh? A Litwiller—och, my gosh! A body would think you was working to make a home fur her yourself!"

Reist's eyes went far for a moment. Tobias fell back in a rasping strangle of coughs. Esther appeared hastily with a spoon and a bottle of cough sirup. Then she sat down between them with her sewing; she was always happily sewing these days. Reist abruptly swung the conversation into a different channel:

"It looks to be that I will get that three thousand bonus for the oil I have been sticking out fur. Them four companies are still bidding against each other fur the dare to drill; and now that the well on the Krautz farm has come in, it proves the anteloe. They are down a'ready through the gas fur Krautz and it is running a slow ten barrels per the day, it's all slow wells in this district, so it ain't nothing very excitatone. But there is this to say fur the slow wells, they run often a lifetime out. So I might as well be getting me them few exter dollars a day as soon as I otherwise kin. Every day now I am losing ower it."

Esther laid down her sewing and looked at him in happy excitement.

"Oh, but I would like to see it run fast, fast fur you! Might it could mebbe run more fast yet, just onto your land?"

Her speech epitomized so nearly, so dearly, the pleasant understanding between them—that relationship indefinably closer because of her enduring gratitude to him—that Reist's long limbs suddenly convulsed. He swung his eyes resolutely from her face to her sewing upon her lap, the sewing for another man's home, and held them there as he corrected her, driving his lips into a smile. "Not my land anyhow. Litwiller's land."

Tobias snatched his broken fan and glared in vain for insects.

"Litwiller! That light-weight sliver! Tell me this now. Have you got it in legal penmanship a'ready that he ain't making you no trouble?"

Esther's scissors clattered to the floor. Reist's kneecap cracked. Their glances clung; his commanding gaze checked the words which bubbled hotly to her lips. He got up quickly and took his hat.

"To be sure, it's in writing," he said lightly, "but it wouldn't be kreistling me none if it wasn't."

Tobias, as always in moments of great anger, snapped open his penknife and drove it into his wooden leg.

"I know what I know," he crackled, "and I know what I am hearing. You come back here and I tell you what I am hearing a'ready."

But Reist waved his arm good-humoredly and unlatched the gate. Esther went, a red flame, into the house.

But hers was a retentive mind, cruelly retentive. Curiosity gradually paled the scorch of her indignation. What had her father meant by that last cryptic remark? He talked much and stubbornly, but he did not state facts without truth. What, then, had he heard? Falsehoods, of course. Ernest has not yet had time to redeem his people from their slander-feeding past. But what had her father heard? She watched him with question-hungry eyes as he dealt toothily with his supper, but hers was too proud a tongue to raise the query to her lips. The following was her night for meeting with her lover; she would warn him gently then that people were busy with their gossip. Perhaps he knew already.

Perhaps he knew. . . . The sun sank in a smother of restless fires. The early twilight was warm and breathless; the listening air was not to be borne. She went, as if drawn, down the road.

She slowed as she saw his cabin upon the slope across the long cornfield. What mad thing was she doing? She had never gone to his house, that one room with its lean-to, built with discarded lumber from Reist's. She could not go there now. She did not even want to go. She could have laughed over the petty curiosity which had urged her there. With a last yearning look toward the slope where she herself one day would live, she turned to go. At that moment the door of the tiny house opened and she saw that her lover was starting down the long road through the cornfield.

He had not seen her, of course; she would wait and surprise him. But, after all, he did not show surprise when he saw her; he threw up his arm and started on an eager run, but it was plain even before he reached her that he was charged with something momentous. He did not even comment upon the odd fact that she had walked that way an evening before their time.

"Now you can quick make ready the wedding dress!" he cried gayly. "Yes, that you can! I was coming fur to tell you. On your pop's porch I will be soon setting and he can't say us no. Yes, it could be tomorrow. You don't believe me? Listen on me then."

She listened, and she did not believe. She listened, and she looked more ready for a shroud than a wedding dress when he had finished.

He laughed when he saw her fingers go plucking at her gown, when he saw her lips trembling with the words they could not carry.

"A surprise, heh? I guess anyhow! I could have been surprised myself when I got it thoughtened out. But I told you in every business it was a kink. And Schindler gives me right on it."

"Schindler?" echoed Esther. Her stunned mind still clutched at the obvious, refusing the essential.

"To be sure, Schindler," he defended, puzzled by the dullness of her tone. "What would be the sense of paying Struckmeier his fancy prices? I knowed good enough I had got onto the hint of something and I only needed Schindler's yes on it. Or, anyways, he says it's so near something that Reist will pay sooner as to law in the courts ower it. Oho! I told you oncet you didn't know what fur a schemer I could be oncet I seen my chance! Schindler says still I ought to been a lawyer. But mebbe you ain't seeing it just so plain, Esther? You look kind of dizzy at the head."

"No," contrived Esther, "not so plain." Her eyes glowed upon him like the fires of black opals.

"Why, it's easy oncet you see into it. It reads into the contract where Reist reserves 'all coal, oil and other minerals.' 'Other minerals'—hold oncet your mind onto that; that there's where the kink comes in. 'Other minerals,' I says to myself. 'I will look oncet a little into this,' I says. So I goes to work and borrows Reist's books on it and I inquires around from them oil men from else; and I find out where always lays above the oil such a pool full of gas. Always, mind; so they can't git to the oil if they ain't first drilling through the gas. Was you beginning to see into the hint of it now? So I says to myself agin, 'Other minerals.' Minerals, see? Well, now if gas ain't no mineral, he ain't got the right to take it, heh, see that? No. The gas would be mine, then; but how then could he git to his oil if I ain't giving him dare fur to drill through my gas? And I ain't giving him dare until first I git him to sign off the deed to me. You see there how smart I was? Laugh a little oncet now!"

But Esther turned from him and raised imploring eyes toward the slope with the little house upon it. Through some mysterious quality of the dusk, it seemed to be retreating from her, retreating from her.

She turned back, she could manage slow words now, "You have told Reist a'ready?"

"I ain't told nobody. Fur I wanted to tell it to you first of anybody, Esther. And I was holding it from you till I was sure I had got him tight into a box so I could surprise you good. And even now," his voice lowered and he glanced cautiously down the road, "it ain't just so sure; it can't be, Schindler says, fur the reason that in some states gas is named a mineral and in others not. He says still it's been a-many cases on this here one point in one state and another and he wouldn't want to fetch it into the courts. But I say—and he gives me right on it—what fur difference does that make with us? We kin make a bluff fur Reist with it. Reist is losing his eight, ten dollars a day from the oil and Schindler says he kin threaten him that he will drag it on into the courts so that he will lose by it twicet, three times what it will take to settle me with the gas. So, you see, Esther, how I buy you? I buy you with gas, heh?"

"You ain't buying me," said Esther, and her voice was low and hushed, for something was dying within her. "It ain't nothing could buy me fur you now."

Afterward it seemed to her the most tragic thing of all was that he could not see. He could not see, though she explained the enormity of his treachery to Reist, at first passionately and scornfully, and then, with dawning comprehension, as simply as to a little child. His eyes were holden that he could not see. He stormed at her in angry bewilderment and then he pleaded—not for

(Continued on Page 147)

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Sam shaves smoothly,
Sam shaves clean,
Sam swabs his razor-blade
With oil to make it keen,
Sam shaves safely,
Sam shaves apace,
Sam uses 3-in-One
So Sam saves his face

The course of a muddy golf ball never rolls true. When playing on a wet course, wipe off the ball at each tee with a sponge or cloth moistened with 3-in-One. Best little mud-guard that ever won a game.

Drop one letter and a trusty tool becomes a rusty tool. A drop of 3-in-One and it doesn't.

Put this in your Jimmy Pipe

S. J. S., of Pennsylvania, writes that when his Jimmy Pipe goes sour on him, he dips his li l brush in 3-in-One for the clean-out, with this result: "A sweeter, cleaner smoke—almost too good to be true

Freddy and his Flivver

Freddy had a flivver,
It was full of squeal and groan,
And every little movement
Had a squeaker all its own
He oiled the springs and hinges
And the hood with 3-in-One,
Then you had to have a "trumpet
To hear Freddy's flivver run

FREE SAMPLE AND CIRCULAR

Three-in-One Oil Co., 130 G. William St., N Y

Please send sample, special Shooter's Circular and Dictionary to

Name _____

Street Address or R. R _____

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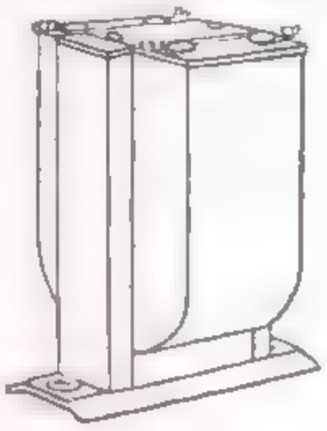
J243

Acoustics

The Type H—a horn of graceful lines and antique green and black finish. Great in volume—true in tone. Adjustable. $18

The Phonograph Attachment—a splendid speaker with any good phonograph. Same unit as Type H horn. Adjustable and furnished with a connection to fit all phonographs. $10

The Audio Transformer—amplifies at an unusually high ratio—1 to 5. Two steps of amplification may be used without transformer distortion. $4



Prices slightly more, west of the Rockies and in Canada.

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EXPERTS IN RADIO ACOUSTICS SINCE 1908

by Brandes

means better radio

LET the voice of your set be a Brandes. Let your set sing its best and speak its clearest—through a Brandes. The new Brandes Speakers—perfected now after many busy years of experiment—give new clarified mellowness to the low tones, new rounded sweetness to the high.

And there is a Brandes Speaker to meet each person's requirements of appearance and price. A cone, a cabinet, a horn (Type H), a smaller horn, a phonograph attachment. All of Brandes quality.

Be sure your set is in its best voice—always—with acoustics by Brandes.

Send for an interesting booklet describing Acoustics by Brandes.

Brandes Products Corporation
200 Mt. Pleasant Avenue, Newark, N. J.

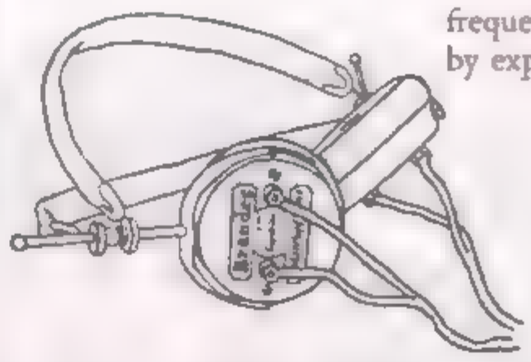
The Brandes Cone—a truly decorative bit of furniture that conceals a remarkable speaker. $38

The Adjustable *Table-Talker.* Gooseneck horn. Finished in brown—felt-padded base. Adjustable. A most satisfactory buy for $10

The Brandes Cabinet of mahogany, finished in walnut brown. The same unit, quality of tone and even greater volume than the Type H Speaker. . $30

The Superior *Matched Tone* Headset is now, as always, ideal to tune in with—to listen undisturbed and undisturbing. Offered at a new low price. $4.50

The Navy Type—with radio-frequency shielded cord. Made by experts for experts. $6.00



EXPERTS IN RADIO ACOUSTICS SINCE 1908

Gifts for Everyone

A beautiful white Fullerex set of Clothes Brush, Manicure Brush, Hair Brush and Comb to give the friend who loves dainty things.

This Ivory Fullerex Crumb Set is a useful as well as beautiful gift. Every housewife will be pleased to receive it.

For the dressing table—A comb, a brush and a tray all in snowy Fullerex. Each set comes packed in a colorful holly box.

Here is something to please the man of the family. Give him this practical Shell Fullerex set of Clothes, Manicure, Hair Brush and Comb.

The Fuller Furniture Set: A gift that will save time and work for her every day of 1926.

The Fuller Shower Brush is a most desirable gift that will bring to the home of a relative or friend the comfort and convenience of a shower bath without the expense of additional plumbing.

A practical gift set for the woman who likes to have the very newest things for her kitchen.

A feminine Clothes Brush, with white bristles and ivory Fullerex Handle. It will be a constant reminder of your thoughtfulness.

The white Fuller Flesh Brush is a welcome addition to the personal toilet set. Each is packed in holly box.

A dainty remembrance for anyone—the Fuller Manicure Brush in a holly box.

For the man you want to be sure to please there is nothing nicer than the Shell Fullerex Comb and Brush.

Pleasing the men at Christmas time is no longer a problem. Why not give "him" a shell Fullerex Clothes Brush?

A Vanity Case, which includes a comb, for the "sub-deb" or her mother.

If there's a boy in the family see the handy Outing Set in a leather case.

When you give the Fuller Broom you give shorter hours and easier work to someone.

Be Sure to See These Two Beautiful Sets

You can bring real joy to some relative or friend with one of these wonderful gift sets of six personal brushes either in Shell or Ivory Fullerex. The sets are neatly packed in trim holly boxes, all ready to send or to hang on the tree.

The Fuller Dry Mop—a practical gift that will save much time and work for someone all through the coming New Year.

The Fuller Man brings to you these beautiful and useful Fuller gift brushes, and many others which are so new that we could not show them here. From them you can make your selections in the quiet leisure of your home. The Fuller Man who comes to your door is a home-town business man representing a nationally welcomed service. If he has not called by the time you are ready to do your Christmas buying, telephone The Fuller Brush Co. Branch office in your city, or write, 1058 Windsor Ave., Hartford, Conn.

FULLER BRUSHES

(Continued from Page 142)

forgiveness, for he could not understand that there was anything wherefor he should be forgiven—but for herself, for her dear self. He was frantic at thought of losing her: he threw his lithe body this way and that, like a mad thing in the darkness which was drawing down between them, but she retreated from his imploring fingers as from something unclean with disease. And so they parted in the night, and the night was black indeed.

The night was black, but as Esther fumbled through it, she saw something clearly. Clearly, clearly she saw it, and she stepped back as though something had barred her path, something so huge, so compelling that she could not get around it—she had to stop and reckon with it. She had saved herself—but what of David Reist? Had he no claim upon her then? Had he not suffered enough at her hands? Had he not sacrificed enough for her and for Litwiller? And now she had thought only of herself—just as Litwiller in his treachery had thought only of himself. She was on a par with Litwiller then!

She was walking—she was walking, fast, fast toward the cornfield, and now up the long straight road between the cornstalks. That road, the way out, which David had given so generously. Well, she herself would give David Reist a way out!

She kept her eye straight forward upon the light from the little window in the cabin; and went on and on, it seemed to her, for a long time. When the door opened to her and Litwiller swung back before her, haggard and forlorn, she did not pause for breath.

"I will marry you," she said, "if you will pass me your word you ain't letting this go no further. If you won't even tell David Reist what you planned to do him."

He gazed at her for a moment as though she were some spirit which had appeared before him. Then he broke into incoherencies of delight.

"You have come into your senses then! Oh, Esther! Esther! Now we have got our happiness again!"

But she stepped swiftly back as he sprang toward her and wrenched her wrists from his grasp.

"I want your word on it," she said coldly. "I want your word you ain't hurting David Reist, no, not even by telling him."

She got his facile promise and she went down the long, straight road. She stepped high as though the wreckage of unseen things were strewn about her feet, blinded from her by the night.

The long, straight road—the long, straight road. She saw it again and again all through that weary night. Why should she see it? It had been the way out which David had given, and now she herself had given David a way out. And she—was there a way out for her? No But that did not seem to matter. What mattered for the moment was that she wanted to lose in sleep the memory of the things which had transpired upon that momentous night.

But that was impossible, and another of the inconsequential visions which hung upon her weary lids was her last glimpse of Litwiller as she had stood at his cabin door. It had been a curious moment, a moment in which she had stared at him as at a stranger. She believed, as she tossed restlessly upon her pillow, that it had been a trick of the lamplight which had made him seem beautiful no longer, which had made his dimple seem a gash, a mar, a defect in his slender cheek; which had made his curved nose look thin and cruel like a hawk's beak.

Thin—thin? What was that now? A thin streak! That was what David Reist had said. Oh, he had been right! It was a thin streak indeed—a streak so thin that it had warped and bent and broken when the strain came. And she had had to travel the long, straight road to see it. The long, straight road again. Why did that restless mind keep pointing her to the long, straight road? It should have been a crooked road for Litwiller. Crooked. She sat up then and braced herself upon fists clenched into her pillow. What if he should be crooked with her? Crooked in the bargain she had driven with him that night. He had been crooked before and had not been able to see that he was crooked. Would he be straight with her? Could he, even, be straight with her? Tears came then, and when they had drenched her parched eyes, she went in sleep down a long, straight road. She awoke and she was still in the middle of it, with the question upon her lips.

The day was cool, with a faint gray presage of rain. Tobias was petulant with rheumatism.

"I could wish if I had two dumb legs," he wheezed. "What fur good is this here live one if it has got fur to kreistle me every time it looks fur falling weather? I will take me my knife and I will cut me it off, that's what I will do, and I will throw it to the fools of the air like the Word calls them. Ha! I could wish if all the fools was in the air, that sliver Litwiller with the rest of them. Mind now, Esther, don't you be coming home from your marketing without a new fan in the place of the one that there slinker broke fur me yesterday after. Here I have got to set and leave the flies eat into me, and all because you will go galliwantin' after your Litwillers. Make hurry now!"

Hurry? Yes, Esther wanted nothing but hurrying moments that day. Especially did she want to hurry down that long stretch before David Reist's, that fateful stretch in which she promised herself that she would look neither to right nor left.

But what she saw, she saw while she was still a considerable distance away and she saw it straight in front of her. Before Reist's gate a vehicle was halted—a spring wagon—Litwiller's spring wagon! And upon its seat two figures—Litwiller surely; and—Schindler? Even as her eyes rested upon it in startled recognition, it swung into the road toward her. Litwiller and Schindler! And they were coming from David Reist's! Her fingers, which had gone slack upon the reins, tightened. She backed her top buggy behind some sumacs and watched. The vehicle came on and on. Would she have to meet it, after all? No; it turned into the long, straight road through the cornstalks.

She did not hesitate. She made swiftly for David Reist.

He was sagging over his gate, and she had the instant conviction that he had not changed his position since the spring wagon had left him. Not even her appearance before him shook entirely from his face a heavy disillusionment which had settled upon it like a mask. He straightened his bent shoulders and studied her with eyes as questioning as her own.

"Then you know," Esther stated at last. He grasped a picket in either hand, opened his lips, closed them again and looked down in a curious embarrassement. "And they made you promise you ain't telling me," she probed, and had her answer in his silence.

"What's now to do?" she cried sharply. "Talk to me! You must talk to me! Don't look at me like that!" For a great pity for her was dissolving the angry puzzlement from his face. "Struckmeier!" She whipped to one side of her seat. "Get in here! We must go quick fur Struckmeier."

But the angles of his face set squarely, and he shook his head.

"And get the law on the man that's to be your husband? No, no, I couldn't do that. I couldn't near do that. It ain't so much." He swung back from the pickets and attempted to speak lightly. "It's his gas. It's only that I wasn't seeing it that way at the first. I have got to go through his gas to git my oil out, so I will pay him fur it."

"And that you won't!" she cried furiously. "Ain't he going through your corn fur to git his crops out? Why ain't you taxing him fur that then? Leave loose of my horse! If you ain't going fur Struckmeier, I am anyhow!"

But his strong fist clenched her bridle so that her fingers tugging upon the reins were futile.

"I needed FEET!"

"I HAD perfect health, a good education, and a fine start in business," says one of the most successful engineers, a man who builds skyscrapers, "and at thirty-five I was at the head of a fairly prosperous concern.

"But it wasn't success as I had dreamed that my success would be. I was lagging in my work. I lacked enthusiasm and energy. My nerves were usually frazzled, too. I found myself making excuses for not going on to jobs and watching work. I dreaded walking and being on my feet.

"Then I got Arch Preserver Shoes, and I have been wearing them since. I do not hesitate to say that they have changed my whole business future. I now get a real thrill out of being on the job. I enjoy walking and hustling—and my success is now what I had planned it to be.

"The whole secret was that I needed feet!"

You can make *your* feet useful, profitable—worth real dollars to you—by wearing the Arch Preserver Shoe. This is the shoe with a real "chassis." Its concealed, built-in arch bridge prevents sagging; its flat inner sole prevents pinching of the bones, blood-vessels and nerves of the forepart of the foot. It keeps your feet healthy, on the job, vigorous and comfortable. It will give you that little "edge" that may be holding back *your* success.

And further, when you wear Arch Preserver Shoes you have that well-groomed appearance of a successful man.

The Arch Preserver Shoe is now made in a range of prices that bring foot comfort and style within the reach of all

Get right with your feet. Send for our Check-up Chart and learn just why your feet annoy you and how simply this shoe eliminates the difficulty. Use the coupon, please.

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Makers of Men's Fine Shoes since 1870

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE
"KEEPS THE FOOT WELL"

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The Man's Styleful Shoe on a Real Chassis

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Send me the "Check-up Foot Chart," and name of nearest dealer.
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CORROSION
is the cancer of metal

A $100.00 "Saving" in a $25,000.00 Home.

NOTHING illustrates the false economy of cheapness quite so graphically as the pipe within your walls. Such a scene as pictured above is unnecessary when you consider that a small amount of foresight and a few additional dollars are sufficient to banish forever the menace of rusted pipe and damaged property.

Possibly you have yet to experience such a disaster; but unless you have guarded against it, corrosion is slowly but surely working in your piping, toward inevitable leaks and their accompanying expensive repairs.

Reading Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe costs but little more than steel pipe, yet its rust-resisting properties guarantee it a useful life equal to that of the house itself.

When you build or remodel specify the pipe that endures—and then see that it is marked "Reading."

READING IRON COMPANY
READING, PA.
World's Largest Makers of Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe

READING PIPE
GENUINE WROUGHT IRON

In the darkest corner a man with a flash light can instantly identify "Reading"

For your protection Reading Pipe is now marked with a Spiral Band of Knurling, stamped into the metal. You can be sure it's genuine even through a coat of paint!

Even on the shortest length "Reading" identification is instant and positive

"Esther! Esther! Look now. I ain't doing it and that's all to it. Can't you anyhow see how it would go with him and with you—yes, with you—if this here was to git put out common? It would ruin him and it would ruin you. And besides, see here, girl," his tone slowed and his eyes fell before her, "I have pleasure, yes, that I have, fur to sign off that deed fur you. Your pop spoke true when he said I made like I was fixing a home fur you. Fur them same thoughts had come to me still; fur this year back a'ready I was doing what I could fur to make you your home. You ain't minding that, Esther? You wouldn't fault me fur that?" He raised timid eyes to her, but what he saw behind her caused his tone to quicken and his fingers to drop from the bridle. "But now you better go. Yes, you should go now!"

Esther's hands had gone inert; her eyes, dim with mist, had stared down upon them as at dead things in her lap. Now she tensed upright at the sudden change in his tone and, following his gaze, saw that the spring wagon had circled before the little house and it was starting down the slope.

"They have went fur to fetch the deed then!" And as she read the confirmation in his eyes, struck sharply with the reins and wheeled from him. "But you won't sign it! You won't sign it!"

He called to her as he started on a run after her, but she paid no heed. Her thoughts went whirling, rising and falling, as light and powdery and ineffectual as the dust which whirled, rising and falling, from beneath her swift wheels. And yet there was dim, predestined order in it all; it was as though some sure force within her, some synthesis of her thoughts through the night, were pointing her to the long, straight road through the cornfield.

To the middle of the long, straight road; for it was there she stopped with her question, as the spring wagon jerked to halt before her. Again she did an unconsidered thing; she swung her vehicle about until it crossed the road transversely.

"And what's this now?" shrilled Litwiller, his eyes as wild as his voice. "You, Esther? What was you doing here?"

"I'm blocking your way out, you and your crops," Esther replied, foolishly enough.

"But I ain't got my crops by me," he chattered back, as foolishly.

Then suddenly her thoughts fell into as ordered a sequence as the rows of cornstalks stretched in serried ranks on either side. As slender and straight as they, as calmly destined in the ultimate order as they, she sat and gazed from one to the other of the demoralized faces before her.

"Now leave me handle this here," blustered Schindler. "I don't know right what you're up to, but if it's got anything to do with back-firing for Reist, I can tell you you're on the wrong track, that's all. If you're trying to make out Reist can landlock this man's land, I can tell you right now there ain't a state in the Union but what gives a man the way out to his market. So you can tell Reist for me, Attorney Schindler yet, that the law compels him to give Litwiller here the right to go through his corn fur to get his products to the market. And you can tell him for me he can't run no bum bluff on me, Attorney Herbert Schindler."

Esther looked down the long straight road. The long straight road through the corn . . . through the gas. . . . Like a series of pictures her thoughts rose before her and fell, and as they rose and fell she felt her way through them with words.

"Then it don't make no difference what fur way the road goes?" she asked quietly.

"Certainly not!" Schindler laughed scornfully.

"Nur it don't make no difference what it goes running through?"

"To be sure not," said the legal gentleman decisively. "It was Reist's own lookout if he give it through his corn. And he can't be collecting past damages for it either. Now leave us pass, please."

"Then if if don't make no difference what fur way the road runs, it could run up and down through the ground as good as on the top of it," pursued Esther. "And if it don't make no difference what it goes running through, it could go running through gas or either corn. You can't go locking his oil into the land. You have got fur to give him a way out to his market fur it."

She sat tensely upright, gazing from one to the other of the slender manikins who were staring at her with identically the same expression of blank absorption. But she did not sense the confusion into which her words had cast them. She felt a sudden emptiness, as though she had said all she had to say, all she could ever say. What would she do now? Schindler's lips were jerking open—helplessness swept her—"Struckmeier would give me right on it anyhow," she murmured, in vague attempt to forestall him, in vague attempt to reach out for some reassurance. . . .

"Struckmeier!" cried Litwiller. "Did you say Struckmeier oncet?" Esther looked at him without speaking. His eyes flew from her to his companion; Schindler looked at him without speaking, though his mouth was lolling open. Litwiller's eyes flew down the road in the direction from which Esther had come. "You have been to town a'ready then!" he concluded shrilly. "You would see a lawyer oncet without saying me nothing! What do you mean by sompun like this anyhow?" He had risen in his excitement and the light vehicle was swaying beneath him. There are wagons and wagons, and this one was not made to carry weight.

The motion made Attorney Herbert Schindler seem curiously unsettled also. He sought to brace his feet against the dashboard as he exclaimed testily: "Well for gosh sake, set down, Litwiller! What's the good of getting worked up ower this here? It ain't anybody getting killed; it ain't even very much involved. And now that's just the point; when it comes to dragging all the lawyers in the country into this here, it ain't enough involved, that's all. I ain't backin' down before Struckmeier, don't you go thinking that—I kin beat that chap any day in the year with both hands tied at my back—but it's just a case of its not being enough equities involved, as us lawyers put it, for to justify a trial in the public courts. Now me"—he eased a trousers leg magnanimously—"I'll be willing to leave my fee run on for a while yet, if you're agreeable to dropping this here where it stands."

"What is this now?" panted David Reist, as he reached the vehicle and gazed up anxiously into Esther's face. "What is it anyhow?"

"Leave us pass here," commanded Attorney Schindler with dignity. "Me and my client are wishful to go into private conference over this issues involved."

Esther turned the horse that they might pass, then she leaned back with a spent sigh and answered Reist's question.

"It was a way out fur you, David," she said. "And fur me. Fur me yet!" She added the last in soft astonishment.

His lips opened to ask more; but, after all, that did not seem the important thing. The important thing seemed that expression upon her face which he had never seen there before.

She looked at the square angle of his cheek, at his wide, kind mouth, at the warm red-brown of his eyes; and it seemed to her she could never see them enough. They rested her; they comforted her; he had never looked beautiful to her before as at that moment in which she had just parted from Litwiller. Her lips began to tremble into a smile.

His eyes fell from those trembling lips. He had himself well in hand now, but the hurt that he had once caused her was still a poignant memory with him.

"Yes, you took it from me," she said softly, and her eyes did not waver from him, "but, fur all, it was belonging to you, David."

"61" FLOOR VARNISH

Painted by Walter Biggs. Copyright 1925 PFC

Accidents become incidents when floors are finished with "61" Floor Varnish

Where floors are finished with "61" Floor Varnish, accidents not only become incidents, but floor cares almost cease to exist. No attention is necessary for years, other than ordinary cleaning.

"61" Floor Varnish is so durable, tough, elastic and resistant to abrasion that the dropping of heavy articles, the moving of furniture and the pounding of countless heels do not mar its smooth, beautiful luster.

That is why we say, "Test it with a hammer—you may dent the wood but the varnish won't crack"

As for being waterproof—"61" is so resistant to water and other liquids, hot or cold, that for years, little mention has been made of this inherent characteristic. "61" Floor Varnish will *not* turn white and the old-fashioned woman who wants to be sure the floor is *clean* may, if she wishes, scrub it with soap and water. "61" is not only waterproof, but also heelproof and marproof.

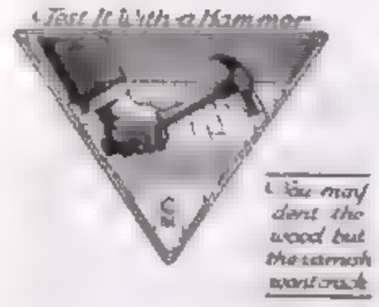
"61" Floor Varnish is available in Clear Gloss, six woodstain colors and the popular Dull Finish.

Send for Free Sample Panel

finished with "61," Color Card and names of local dealers. Try the "hammer test" on the panel!

Guarantee: If any Pratt & Lambert Varnish Product fails to give satisfaction you may have your money back.

Pratt & Lambert Varnish Products are used by painters, specified by architects and sold by paint and hardware dealers everywhere.



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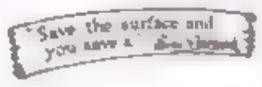

Long-Bell Douglas Fir

Users of this product give voluntary praise of its value in construction.

Long-Bell timber holdings in the Pacific Northwest are of the finest stands of virgin Douglas Fir.

Manufacturing plants at Longview, Wash., which produce Long-Bell trade-marked Douglas Fir lumber products are equipped with the latest type machinery, completely electrified, and under the most skilled supervision.

Long-Bell Oak Flooring

This product has been found dependable and has met the most exacting demands of builders everywhere for many years. It is unsurpassed in beauty, excellence of manufacture and economy in laying and finishing.

A booklet, "The Perfect Floor," containing information on laying, finishing and the care of oak flooring, will be sent free on request.

Varied Lumber Products

Long-Bell trade-marked lumber products include many items of importance to the builder. Every product has behind it the experience of fifty years as lumbermen, as well as widely recognized standards of production assuring *maximum building value*.

Hidden Comfort

THE home investment should be in *comfort* as well as in shelter. Walls must turn the fury of a storm . . . . protect *in comfort* those within . . . . . keep excessive heat and cold without . . . . save fuel.

CONSTRUCTION TELLS. A home can be as *permanently* comfortable as the builder wishes to make it. Through the passing of many summers and winters a man never regrets having built *lasting* comfort into the home.

Now and then it seems easy, yet unwise, to slight construction here and there, substituting inferior lumber or less dependable workmanship for the sake of a small saving in first cost. No matter how small the home, the wise investor can appreciate what a tax such folly levies in excessive repair costs and undue depreciation later on.

Good workmanship and dependable lumber cost little more in the first place. Long-Bell trade-marked lumber is giving hidden comfort in many a home . . . . making a better home investment. It offers the same dependability for years to come to any builder today.

Ask Your Retail Lumber Dealer

THE LONG-BELL LUMBER COMPANY
R. A. LONG BUILDING *Lumbermen Since 1875* KANSAS CITY, MO.

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Douglas Fir Lumber and Timbers; Southern Pine Lumber and Timbers; Creosoted Lumber, Timbers, Posts, Poles, Ties, Guard-Rail Posts, Piling; Southern Hardwood Lumber and Timbers; Oak Flooring; California White Pine Lumber; Sash and Doors.

KNOW THE LUMBER YOU BUY

TRADE FOLLOWS THE FILM

Continued from Page 13

becoming part of popular conversation, and all owing to the subtitles on the films made in America.

"An American firm manufacturing sewing machines was surprised to receive a number of orders from Java and Sumatra. There were no agents of the firm out there, but inquiries disclosed that an American film showing one of the characters sewing on one of the firm's machines had brought a small flow of orders to the factory."

But perhaps these are enough citations to support and confirm the apprehensions of foreign traders that trade really does follow the films.

Trade as between man and man and as between nation and nation is a whimsey thing. Its course cannot be charted. Apparently the slightest and most remote cause can deflect it from its course. I think I have told before in these columns of the old Martha's Vineyard whaling captain encountered by chance in the streets of New Bedford who, on his long three and four year voyages to the South Pacific, was interested in only one piece of home news.

Postwar World Trade

Whenever he touched at a far-away port he tried to find out what sort of weather they were having in the Mississippi Valley in the corn and hog states. It made all the difference to him. If in Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska they were having good growing weather they raised a big corn crop. If they had plenty of corn they grew lots of hogs.

Lots of hogs meant much lard oil and much lard oil spelled a poor price and a reduced demand for sperm oil, and sperm oil was what my captain was giving his days and risking his life to bring home. His fortune rose or fell with the weather in the corn states.

When the tariff makers in Congress put a 15 per cent duty on elephant tusks—raw ivory—they wiped out an export trade of more than $1,000,000 in cheap print goods to the African coast. It was diverted to Manchester from a group of the New England mills. Moreover, at the same stroke, a promising going industry in the manufacture of ivory articles—billiard balls, hairbrushes, combs, that sort of thing—was killed dead in this country and resurrected in Italy. All this injury was wrought with the best intentions in the world. None of it was intended. I cite these cases here to show how delicately adjusted is the whole fabric and machinery of trade.

And now the movies threaten to reshape in details the structure, in process of building, of postwar world trade. To me it is right much interesting and teasing to the imagination that the recurrent spectacle of Gloria Swanson may cause all the Circassian girls to bob their hair, with a consequent profit to the American manufacturers of hair clippers. But to the European trader the new movie peril goes farther and deeper than that.

We might, if you care to, take a look at this new menace in its present estate, since it bids fair to affect our relationships with the rest of the world. You will find that motion pictures are an astonishing development and that Will Hays is more than half right when he says that no romance written for the movies is so dramatic as the story of the rise of the industry itself. The whole curious, amazing phenomenon had its beginning at the World's Fair in Chicago, when Edison exhibited his new invention, the kinetoscope. In the first years it was just a peep show; five cents' worth of novel entertainment shown in an arcade or a vacant shop temporarily made over into a showroom. Such familiar present-day phenomena as movie actors, movie plays, great studios and costly movie theaters had not cast their first faint shadow. They were not even dreamed of. The first pictures were short reels showing a train coming into a station, a parade passing in the streets, something of that sort.

The new entertainment outgrew its swaddling clothes with incredible rapidity. It moved ahead and developed faster than its nurses and mentors. From a peep show it became the world's most popular and widespread diversion and amusement. This great stride was made in less than twenty-five years. Only about half a dozen of the pioneers of the industry managed to keep pace with the procession and survive. The others were lost in the shuffle because they did not realize the vitality and the capacity for growth and expansion of this new thing. It grew and grew and grew.

Came the war, as the title writers used to say until they were laughed out of it. The American movie made its final conquest. It spread itself all over the world, until today 85 per cent of all the motion pictures shown in the Eastern and Western Hemispheres are American made. It is perhaps as nearly a world monopoly as can be devised. So long as it was an amusement no alarm or apprehension was created abroad. The domestic producers and the foreigners were on the happiest terms of amity and good will. The industry, through its national organization, actually established diplomatic relations with more than one foreign government. It dealt directly with foreign offices. It received direct coöperation and assistance from foreign governments in making pictures. It became in truth a living actual factor in our international relationships.

The responsibility was quickly realized. The utmost care is taken at Hollywood and in the Long Island studios not to portray the nationals of another country in an unhappy or inaccurate light or in such a way as to wound susceptibilities.

No Foreign Villains

You who attend the movies may recall that at one period Mexican and Japanese villains were almost the rule in motion-picture dramas. They afforded an opportunity for picturesque characterization and provided effective and striking contrasts to the hero. You may have noticed that for a year or more all the villains have been Americans and that the Japanese and Mexicans have faded out as oppressors of the virtuous. An interesting story of long negotiations lies behind that elimination. It marked a step in the progress of the education through experience of the motion-picture producers. It was one of the

(Continued on Page 154)

"They Saved Us 75 Cents On the Dollar"

Usually we accept our blessings "and no questions asked," but now and again our curiosity gets the better of us. "Why," we inquired of the Superintendent of the Rockwell Lime Co. of Chicago, "do you stick to Red Edge Shovels exclusively?"

"For the best reason in the world," he answered. "We find that twenty-five cents' worth of Red Edge Shovel does the work of a dollar's worth of other makes. Since using Red Edge our shovel bill has been cut 75 per cent. Furthermore our 'lost shovel' problem has ceased to exist. Our men appreciate a good shovel sufficiently to lock it up every night.

"I don't know just how long the average Red Edge lasts us. But here are two Red Edges that started work the same time as a steam shovel. The steam shovel is worn out after long and meritorious service, but those two Red Edges are still on the job."

For the benefit of those who want to know what those Red Edges looked like after outwearing a steam shovel, we show the portrait of these two sturdy veterans at the head of this column.

THE WYOMING SHOVEL WORKS

WYOMING, PA.

WYOMING RED EDGE SHOVELS

The Remarkable Performance of

GARDNER

Sheer merit—nothing else—could account for the swift rise in public esteem of the Gardner Eight-in-line and the Gardner Six.

Like most great achievements, they have taken their deserved place quietly and naturally.

A few thousand of the new series Gardner Sixes and Eight-in-Line went, unheralded, into the hands of people who had confidence in Gardner ideals, in Gardner reputation and organization. It became immediately apparent that they were remarkable automobiles—in performance, appearance, and in price.

Inevitably, these first thousands sold other thousands. This simple process continues to gain momentum for sales have been made upon the basis of appreciation and merit which accounts for the fine public esteem enjoyed by Gardner today.

But simple as the process has been, it would not have been possible except for this unusual background. Behind this gratifying public confidence is the solid foundation of three generations of continuous experience in the building of vehicles, horse-drawn and motor-driven, and an exceptional financial stability that establishes Gardner as one of the soundest car investments of the day.

Is due to its marvelous power plant~ The LYCOMING *built Gardner motor*

A fine motor car is a composite achievement.

While specialized experience is necessary in the developing of each element, from motor to body, if the car is to be superlatively fine, no one element can safely be considered as an isolated unit, independent of the others.

Least of all the motor. So far reaching is the influence of the motor upon the car as a whole that every phase of car operation must be anticipated in its design and its development.

When, six years ago, Gardner engaged the Lycoming organization with its then eleven years of experience, to co-operate in creating the power plants for Gardner cars, it was another tribute to Lycoming ability and achievement. In making this decision, Gardner endorsed the judgment of an important part of the automobile industry.

In both Sixes and Eights-in-line, the fluid, vibrationless, flexible power, the economy and remarkable performance of the Lycoming-Gardner motors, have been a revelation in the industry.

The nation-wide public approval which has this year been accorded these Gardner automobiles is only a natural result of uniting the experience and resources of a fine car builder and a great motor creating organization.

31st year of this peerless train

California Limited

Santa Fe

This exclusively first class train brings California to you. The hospitality of the romantic land of roses, seashore and mountains. It is your hotel, club and home on wheels. Fred Harvey dining cars. Supreme in the transportation world, are operated through. Also there is a pullman via Grand Canyon National Park.

Mail this

W. J. Black, Passenger Traffic Manager
Santa Fe System Lines
1274 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me Santa Fe picture-folders of trip to

.....

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(Continued from Page 151)

industry's most important lessons in statecraft and the conduct of foreign relations.

The Mexican Government was displeased at the plenitude of villains it was supplying to the pictures. As a sign of its displeasure, it put an embargo on all American films, thus closing for the time a rich market. The industry promptly sent an embassy to Mexico City. There followed negotiations which lasted for months. A complete agreement was reached. The embargo was lifted and once more the neighboring republic became a consumer on a large scale of American films. Mexican taste and Mexican sensibilities are now consulted in making pictures to be shown there. While I was in Hollywood a little while ago, the producer, director and author of a picture depicting life in Mexico came into the headquarters of the Western branch of the industry to submit the action of their story and have it approved before they began shooting.

It is now the practice to ascertain the feelings of a foreign government about a book or play concerning its own nationals before the story is filmed. For example, a story about the Japanese was offered the producers a little while ago. Inquiry through the Japanese Embassy at Washington disclosed that the Japanese Government would be pleased if one feature of Japanese life which was emphasized in the story was not brought before the whole world on the screen. That was enough. The story was not accepted and the picture has not been made.

Pictures as Peace Agents

But more often the proposed picture of foreign scenes and foreign life enlists the approval and coöperation of the foreign government whose counsel and assistance are sought. Madame Sans Gêne was made into a picture in France by an American producer with the closest coöperation and assistance of the French Government. The film was made in the salons, chambers and gardens of Fontainebleau and Compiegne, where no camera had penetrated before, and with Napoleonic relics and furniture as props, under the eye of the French Ministry of Art. The historical setting was done just as the French Government and its experts on the period would have it done. It was free of anachronisms. Official Paris was given a private preview and approved.

The Italian Government was equally helpful in the filming of Ben Hur and The Eternal City. Italian professors ransacked libraries and museums for costumes and properties of the period. The King loaned a palace. The Italian ambassador came over from Washington and sat often in conferences in the New York offices of the industry. Mussolini gave orders for large bodies of the Fascisti to participate in the picture. Every assistance was given the Americans in faithfully portraying the Italian scenes. The same sort of help has been given in making English historical pictures.

To avoid giving offense to other nations became a fundamental rule and order of the industry. While affairs were in this posture, Will H. Hays, head of the national organization of the industry, spoke for the chief producers when he said:

"I do not believe I am too enthusiastic or too visionary when I say that the motion picture may be, probably will be, the greatest instrument humanity has yet known for the bringing about of better understandings between man and man, between group and group and between nation and nation. When we know one another we do not hate one another. When we do not hate we do not make war. Wars and lesser conflicts are caused because groups and peoples do not understand one another's ideas and beliefs, one another's backgrounds and ambitions. Were all these things clear, there would be no hatred, no bitterness and no war.

"The motion picture knows no barrier of distance. We are apt to look upon the distant group or nation as something different from ourselves and therefore as inimical. The motion picture knows no barrier of language. We are apt to regard those who do not speak our own tongue as different and inimical. But a few thousand feet of celluloid film in a metal container can be sent to the ends of the earth to speak the language which everyone understands, civilized or savage—the language of pictures. Under the benign influence of familiarity with one another, no matter where we may dwell or how we may speak, the world is bound to grow better, I believe, and this is one of my greatest hopes for the motion picture."

So much by way of background and development against which may be displayed the new condition of the pictures as a trade and political factor. Keep in mind, if you will, the successive stages of this new element in the world. First a peep show, then a domestic and popular form of cheap entertainment, then a world-wide amusement and one of our first dozen largest industries. It is pertinent and relevant to note just here that the makers of pictures have never thought of themselves or of their product as part of an art, trade, craft or profession. To themselves, they have always been an industry, and it is as an industry exporting a manufactured product that apparently cannot be made elsewhere with equal success that they now disturb the foreigners whose quest is international trade.

Germany is the sore spot in Europe just now for the American picture makers. Before the war it was complained of the Germans that they were not square shooters in going after foreign trade. The German trader and his government were usually hand in hand. The power of government was used to force a way and make a place for the distributor of German goods. Apparently the old methods have not been abandoned in the postwar effort to recover trade.

The motion-picture industry in Germany, for example, has been put in a very special position to guard it against competition from abroad.

Germany's One-for-One Plan

The reason for this is both economic and political. While the war was in progress and Germany was isolated, the German Government, as one of the measures to maintain morale among the population at home, induced the German banks to finance and keep alive the motion-picture industry. It was classed as one of the necessary industries there just as it was here. In pursuance of this governmental demand and policy the banks advanced money to the picture makers. Through this beginning the banks have become closely allied with the German industry and the government is supporting and helping the banks. The largest and most formidable motion-picture producer in Germany is the UFA. It dominates the industry. It appears from trustworthy reports that the powerful Deutsches Bank owns about 87 per cent of the UFA stock. The UFA is protected by the government, not by a tariff but by an ingenious contingent-compensation system, or, as it is commonly known, one for one. The scheme is this:

All goods imported into Germany are on a tariff basis except films. They are in a category alone. The present system of regulating film importations is to grant permits to bring in a foreign picture—that is, in effect, an American picture—only to German renters who exhibit a compensation German film produced in 1923, 1924 or 1925 and censored in 1924 or 1925. This means, roughly, that only one foreign film of standard length can be brought into Germany for every domestic film produced; that is, one for one. But there is a joker. There is no provision in the law that these licenses to import held by the German producers must be used to bring in foreign pictures. Conceivably, domestic producers in Germany can let their licenses lie dormant and thus restrict importations and control prices and exhibitors at will. It is this condition and situation that is causing the American industry some concern. A fair-minded man, who has given the situation abroad first-hand study in behalf of the American producers, tells me:

"The present German import restriction on foreign moving pictures, although unusual, cannot be defined as a discriminatory measure directed against the American moving pictures in particular. Its practical effect, however, if maintained long enough, will be discriminatory in a dangerous degree.

"The German film producers, as well as the government, feel that the recovery of their moving-picture industry demands the maintenance of the present contingent-compensation system or the import of one foreign feature film for each one domestically produced. If this conclusion is carried into effect again in May or June, 1926, when the present importation regulations expire, it is their own economic affair. Our Government cannot interfere except to make protest; nor can it retaliate under our present tariff laws by raising import duties on some special German product to our country."

Eliminating Our Pictures

"The government and all of the German industries are anxious for a home film industry as an advertising agency for their goods in all markets. Germany's national trade supremacy in the past was to a great extent based upon trusts and monopolies. It is apparent in the film industry that the German Government is favoring the development of one powerful concern into a great monopoly for trade purposes. It has been able to force its government to establish and maintain import measures that have shifted from the government into its own hands most of the power for regulating the import of foreign pictures into Germany.

"To what end this concern will use its power can only be guessed by observing its policies and general tendencies. By virtue of its own large production, purchases of others and ownership of key theaters, it now practically controls the German market for domestic films. By virtue of having in its possession this great number of German films, it can import an equal number of foreign pictures. These facts, coupled with its control of key theaters, will soon place it in a position to dictate to all German exhibitors. It, I believe, is making good money on imported American films; but each year it considerably increases its own domestic output and the time will soon come when this concern will be making enough German films, with a booking control of its theaters, so that it can begin to cut down on the importation of American pictures.

"As yet, the present system does not work any great hardship on the admission of a fair amount of American pictures, except for the annoyance of a market full of trade obstacles. The unusual protection thus given by the one-for-one system, if continued, would artificially aid this one company to become strong enough to control the German market for itself and gradually to eliminate from it the major portion of American pictures. The German Government is naturally in favor of promoting this effect for the success of its own film industry and to provide a free advertising agency for German goods in our markets, and the elimination, as far as possible, of the same agency for American goods. Further, the success so far of the contingent-compensation system in Germany in protecting its film industry has had the spreading effect of causing other foreign governments to take tentative measures by legislation on other measures for the same purposes. For these reasons the American industry is concerned and is considering what steps to take for its own protection."

In some quarters in the American picture industry warm feelings are expressed because of the belief that the German film

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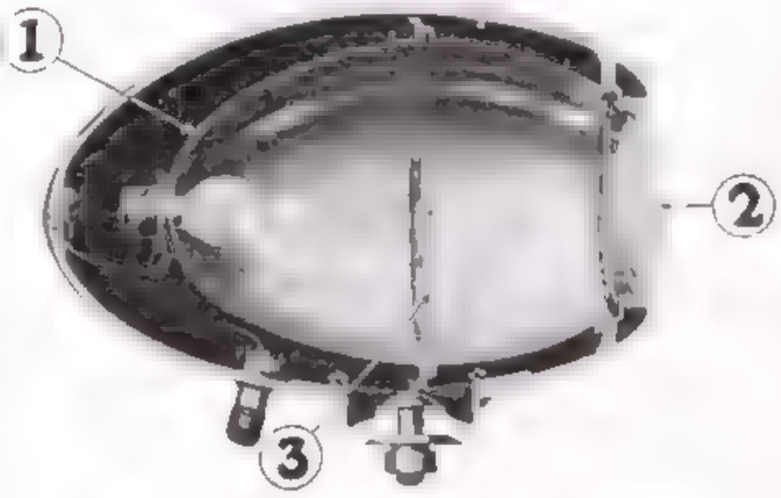

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E & J Type 20 lamps give you *greater road safety* because you can always drive with them full on.

You don't have to dim E & J Type 20 lamps. Their exclusive patented construction is such that while they give you a broad path of clear white illumination for more than 500 feet ahead, and the full width of the road, they do not glare in the eyes of an approaching driver.

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You need never buy another piano

PARTICULARLY welcome at the establishment of any Steinway dealer are those who are interested in the facts about the Steinway piano; who seek an explanation of its miraculous singing tone; who wish to know the reasons for its durability, its beauty, and its long established record of superiority.

For the bare recital of the truth about the Steinway is utterly convincing. You will find, for instance, that all the major improvements marking the progress of the piano were originated, and were brought to perfection, in the Steinway workshops. You will discover that five years and eleven months of painstaking preparation and workmanship is required to build a Steinway piano. You will find that literally scores of the most famous pianists in the musical world not only use the Steinway on the concert stage, but in their homes; subjecting them, day after day and year after year, to the most strenuous practice. Practice so trying that the hardest usage of children and amateurs seems insignificant by comparison.

And afterward, when you are seated at one of the many Steinway models in an utterly silent showroom . . . try the beautiful liquid treble, crystal clear . . . sense the rolling sonority of the bass . . . touch the middle section and set the singing, golden mezzo-tones floating. . . . . .

IGNACE PADEREWSKI
uses the Steinway exclusively

Then, if you are a really careful and logical buyer, you become the owner of a Steinway. And the purchase of a piano is transformed into an investment in the skill, knowledge and integrity of four generations of the Steinway family.

It is not unnatural for people to think that this piano of the masters of music is too costly to own.

This is not true.

The Steinway has always been sold, as a matter of principle, at the lowest possible price and upon the most convenient terms. Some one of the models designed to fit the acoustics of every home may be yours, easily and at once. And then begins the unfailing return made by each Steinway to its owner; full measure of pleasure and delight; a new appreciation of music and a deeper insight into its significance; year after year of satisfaction. And a tonal beauty that will be an everlasting joy to you, to your children, and even to your children's children. You need never buy another piano.

There is a Steinway dealer in your community or near you through whom you may purchase a new Steinway piano with a small cash deposit, and the balance will be extended over a period of two years. *Used pianos accepted in partial exchange.

Prices: $875 *and up* plus transportation

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New STEINWAY HALL

New Steinway Hall is one of the handsomest buildings on a street noted for finely designed business structures. As a center of music, it will extend the Steinway tradition to the new generations of music lovers.

(Continued from Page 154)

makers are being financed and assisted with American money loaned to the German banks. Those who entertain this belief are considerably exasperated at the spectacle they see of American money being used indirectly to hurt an American industry that is doing so much to advertise this country and its products all over the world. It is probable that this angle of the situation will be more widely disclosed and exploited if some change is not made in the German import regulations.

Many persons in the industry here who are interested in this phase of the foreign condition quoted to me with approval these words from an editorial in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of May twenty-third last:

"A certain volume of American foreign loans has been indispensable to economic recovery of the world, but the time has come when thoughtful consideration should be given to the subject, in order that specific American interests shall not be jeopardized. . . . Beyond this point . . . it would tend to build up abroad competitive powers in a manner that American industries would regard as dangerous."

That condition some of the men interested in the foreign trade of the picture industry now maintain is being reached in Germany. Representations have been made by the industry here directly to the German Government. The next step will depend upon what attitude is taken by the Germans.

The American producers are asking that our films be allowed to enter Germany on a straight tariff basis and on equal terms with German products coming into this country. It is a matter to be settled before May, 1926.

The situation in England as affecting American films is not so acute and lends itself to amicable settlement by mutual easements and accommodation. In the United Kingdom 85 per cent of the films shown are American—this is also the average throughout the world—10 per cent are those of other countries and only 5 per cent are British.

The British Producer's Plight

This virtual elimination of the British film in its own home market is one cause of the present agitation in Parliament, among traders and in other quarters in England. The Federation of British Industries has been active in trying to find a remedy for the condition. It recently summoned a conference of national organizations to examine and discuss the situation and to find a suitable basis upon which to ask government assistance. Bodies were called in representing among others such diverse interests as these: British Empire League, Empire Development Union, Society of Authors, Playwrights and Composers, Association of Head Masters, National Union of Teachers, Navy League, Overseas Club and Patriotic League, Royal Colonial Institute.

In a formal memorandum it was pointed out to the government that: "It is generally agreed that the film has enormous power in influencing the masses, and especially the growing population throughout the empire. In the United Kingdom alone it is computed that 20,000,000 people visit cinemas"—that is what the English call movies—"each week.

"That this powerful influence should be directed from foreign countries and convey the ideas and customs of those countries instead of those that are British is deplorable.

"The proposal favored by the Federation and its associated bodies . . . is that the exhibitor shall, by legislation, be required to show a reasonable percentage of British films in his program. The German proportion of 50–50 imposed on their distributors is too large, as the necessary number of British films do not at present exist, but the percentage might start at one in eight for twelve months, then three in eight for a further three years, after which the provision could be reconsidered. This provides for a maximum quota of 37.5 per cent, and only for a limited time."

To this juncture the British film producers have not been able to exert enough influence to get the assistance they have besought from their government. It seems quite reasonable to believe that the Baldwin government feels that in paying a subsidy or bounty to the coal operators and a dole to the unemployed it has quite enough of that sort of thing without taking over the partial support of the cinemas.

The plight of the British producer is further accented by the quite frankly expressed preference of the British public for American movies. Once, in England, it used to be asked, "Who reads an American book?" The posture has changed now, and they ask, "Who sees a British motion picture?"

In a recent issue of so reputable a journal as The Spectator this aspect of the whole condition is frankly conceded by a contributor. As, for example:

"The reputation and civic importance of the cinema are just now being discussed in every kind of building where newspapers are opened. It is as though no one had realized until now that over a third of the population goes to the pictures every week of the year, or that at least three-quarters of the films they see are of American origin. I suppose people did vaguely realize that British films were few; even now they hesitate to admit that British films are—with the exception of travel pictures—mostly unattractive."

Fair-Minded Criticism

"But no prejudice need make us forget that when one talks of films one really means American films, which compose the major part of our programs here and an increasing proportion of French, German, Indian, Japanese and colonial programs. That is why I view with such misgivings any attempt to assist British films by excluding by taxation or otherwise those from the United States. Take away American films and you close the cinemas. It is true that many of their films are vulgar and stupid, but, as literature is not disgraced by the existence of penny horribles or the drama by idiotic plays, the cinema as a whole, and the American contribution generally, cannot be written off on this account. Also the public happens to like American films and the public has a right to the amusements it prefers. As a pleasure-loving member of the public, let me confess that wild horses would not drag me to see the average British film while there was an American picture to be seen, or, indeed, in any case.

"After the last terrible earthquake in Japan, the first step of the government there was to have all available picture houses opened again. They wisely acknowledged the undeniable calmative value of the moving picture as a relaxation for nerve-racked humanity. We are all of us, today, more or less nerve-racked; and I suggest that the cinema, and therefore American films in particular, do far more social good than they do harm.

"Of course it is perfectly true that they also publicize the United States better than any other agent could do. The world is constantly offered a picture of an America which is hard working and prosperous, where mechanics possess cars, and one concludes that such a country is inventive, enterprising and very rich.

"How can we best encourage a revival of the English film? Hardly by excluding those of other countries. I think the first necessity is to realize our own weakness and to face the fact that our films are bad: that they are nearly all boring, poorly conceived, wretchedly directed, hopelessly acted and abominably photographed and titled. Even if money is raised for increased production here, as I am sure it will be, it will be a long time before we can make sound and entertaining films, simply because there has been

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YOU create new shoe style, you Young Men and Younger Men of America. From college campus to "Corner Smoke House," men talk of what they like in shoes. Walk-Over takes the first style hint from the air, and gives it to you in shoes. You *do* get new style first in Walk-Overs

With it you get something that nobody else can build into shoes. That is Walk-Over fit. Choose the shoe you like at the nearest Walk-Over dealer's. Put it on. Feel that roomy sense of ease at toe and tread, the firm and friendly grip of the Walk-Over pear-shaped heel. Now you know why Walk-Overs hold their shape It is because of matchless fit

Stroll down the street in style as new and pretty as the youngest star in Hollywood. Tramp through winter in shoes that keep their shape and style because they are built with Walk-Over personal, uncopyable, comfortable fit. Geo. E. Keith Company, Campello, Brockton, Mass

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YOU'LL like the LOS ANGELES LIMITED—its complete appointments and its atmosphere of luxury. Club and observation car, barber, valet, bath, maid, hairdressing and manicure service, and delicious dining car meals.

The LOS ANGELES LIMITED leaves Chicago & North Western Terminal, Chicago, every evening at eight o'clock; arrives Los Angeles 2 p. m. third day.

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Ample accommodations—hotels, apartments, bungalows at all prices. Excellent schools. Handsome California books free upon request.

UNION PACIFIC

no continuity of experience here, whereas in the States men and women in thousands have grown up learning the business of film making.

"But, once more, we shall never succeed if we seek to beat America on her own ground, short of importing American producers, studio staff and stars in bulk; nor shall we succeed if we attempt obvious counter propaganda. Our propaganda must be of the subtler kind achieved by Charles Dickens, one of the best publicity agents this country—or, indeed, for that matter, the world has ever seen."

Such fair-mindedness—and the whole attitude of the motion-picture industry in England—is so reasonable as to lead the American producers to believe that some amicable adjustment can be made and a jointly satisfactory relationship established. All the producers here with whom I have talked are agreed that it is not to their interest to seek to establish a monopoly of American films in Britain. They think it most unwise to oppress or try to drive out the British producer. But he must learn to make better films and more interesting films before he can be helped in his distribution or offered a participation in the American market. That, however, is solely a problem of the motion-picture men and is not affected with a public interest. We shall continue to go to pictures if we like them and to stay away if we do not like them.

There is a wide difference, as you will have perceived, between the German and the British treatment of the American picture producer. The German has erected obstacles and barriers to our films which he does not oppose to any other import from this or any other country.

French officialdom and French producers are apparently no more pleased with the preponderance of American films than their neighbors, but they are not in a position at this juncture to do anything about it. France has more vital and pressing affairs in hand than fighting our movies. She is seeking to arrange her war debt to us. She is borrowing money, she is not ready to take any arbitrary action against our films. Undoubtedly when the moment comes and the French are free of other anxieties they will endeavor to supplant our pictures in France with their own. That is not to say, by any means, that they will succeed.

What the Picture Fans Prefer

For whatever may be said about our movies, the stubborn fact stands up that millions of all sorts of people all over the world like them and are willing to pay habitually and constantly to see them. Neither in Germany, England, France, Italy nor Scandinavia can they make pictures with such a universal appeal. I will not be put in the light of a defender or champion of the quality of the American movie; I am not a fan. But their world dominance is an incontestable fact. They are popular, they are affecting trade, they are coloring the minds and changing the desires of foreign peoples, they are the most vivid and potent projection—however distorted—of life in the United States that foreigners receive. The stay-at-homes abroad get their conception of us from our pictures. Whether that condition is or is not deplorable, it is a proved fact.

Now what is the secret of this great popularity and success? It is built on a firm economic basis. For that, the motion-picture industry can take no credit. Lady Luck dealt our producers a hand all aces. The great domestic market afforded in the United States makes it possible to have $1,000,000 superfeatures. Here we have 40 per cent of all the motion-picture theaters in the world. The average weekly attendance at these theaters in the United States is something more than 50,000,000. This great throng pays admissions of about $500,000,000 annually. That is the solid-rock basis on which the American producer has built his world-wide dominion.

With this great supporting, pleasure-loving, money-spending public at home he can afford to experiment, to develop, to lavish expenditures on his productions. If he only just breaks even on a $1,000,000 picture at home, he is still in a comfortable position, for he can count on his export for a profit. It is this domestic market, which no foreign producer has, that gives our industry its solid base. The figures prove it. In 1913, 32,000,000 linear feet of film were exported. In 1923, 200,000,000 feet were sent abroad. On the other hand, only 425 foreign pictures were sent here in 1922, and of these only six were sold and exhibited. The number of imported films has increased in the past three years, but the proportion of imports to exports remains about the same. The foreign and the domestic fan are as one in preferring the American picture to all others.

Films With Happy Endings

Now what quality is inherent in the American picture that causes every sort of foreigner—English, German, French, Italian, South American, Central European and Asiatic—to prefer it to his own? What is it in the American picture that has made it a trade and political factor? There is no definite answer, but the industry offers suggestions and possible explanations. One of these, made to me, is this:

"There is no laughter in the European films. They lack gayety, light-heartedness, sprightliness. They do not portray happiness. There is not in them anywhere any sense of irresponsible children at play. These lacking qualities are supplied in almost every American film. Our pictures show people having fun. They reflect freedom, prosperity, happiness, a higher standard of living in clothing, houses, interiors, motor cars—all the material appurtenances of good living.

"The European intelligentzia criticize the happy endings of our stories as bad art. But to peoples recovering from the shock of war, and whose financial, economic and social problems are not yet solved, these happy pictures are beacon lights of hope. They seem to show the way to peace, prosperity and happiness. They make the spectators forget their cares and worries and anxieties. They bring relaxation and give entertainment. They are an escape from the daily routine of work. They open a fresh new world of play where there are no class restrictions or the inertia that comes of despair. That is why American pictures are popular abroad. I think, too, we know more of what can be done with the camera."

It may be that that is the true reason. We are at that particular period of our history and growth that gives us happiness in youth and strength and wealth. We are an extraordinarily fortunate and blessed people. Not all of us realize it. But the rest of the world does and is constantly reminded of it by our movies. It has awakened desires in them for some of the things we possess. That is what has made the movie a factor in trade and in our international relationships. That is why trade begins to follow the film.

And it all began as a five-cent peep show. An astonishing evolution, isn't it?

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Compare them with shoes you've bought before. Consider the long wear and the low price together, and estimate what you'll save in a year on your children's shoe bills. Boys' and girls' shoes as low as $2.50 to $3.50 (none more than $5), according to size and grade. Smaller sizes still less—$1.50 to $2.

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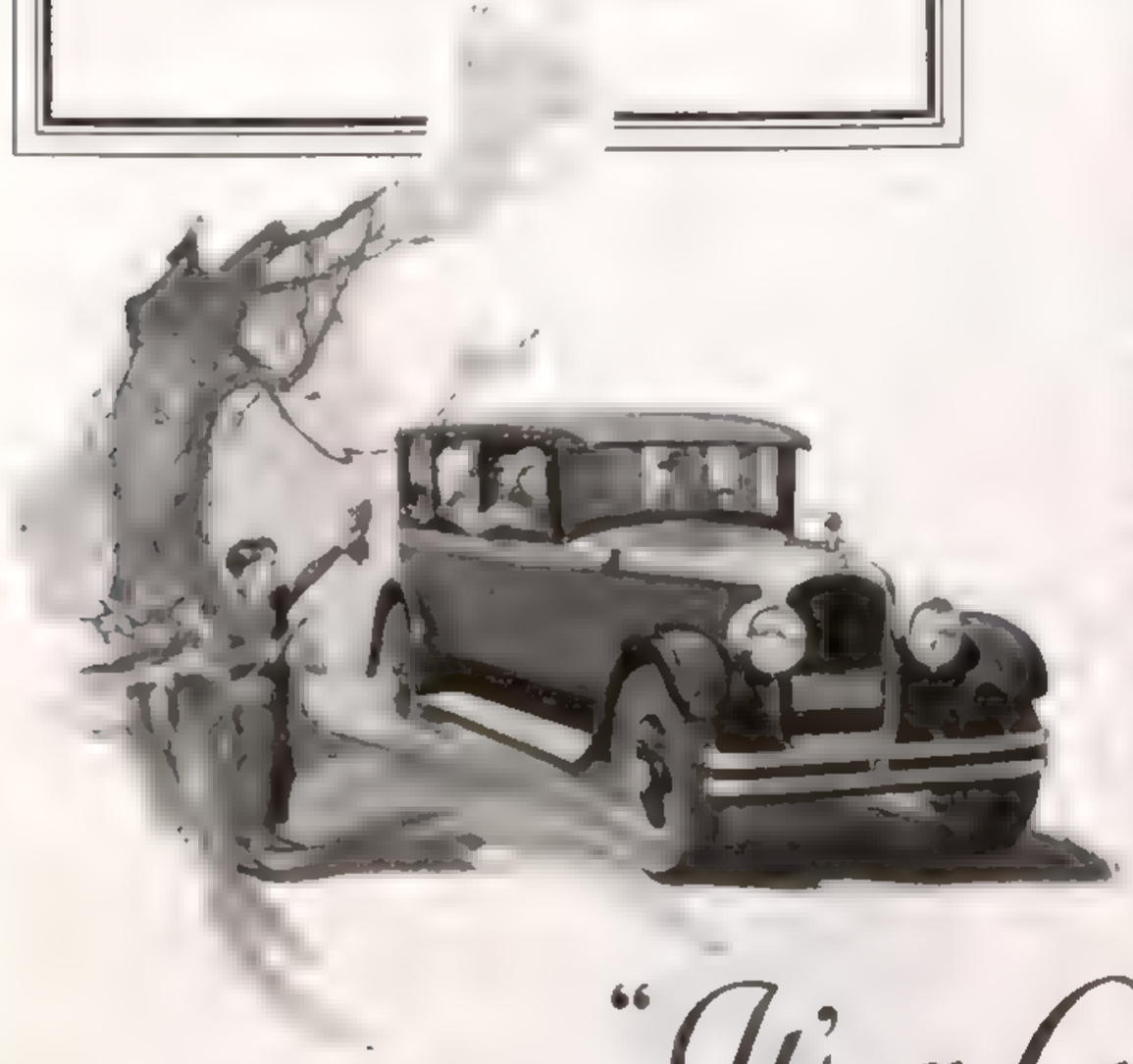

"It's a Great Automobile"

DIMITY GAY, GRANDPA'S LITTLE MAID

Continued from Page 5

mineral-water industry is so competitive that few sincere, whole-hearted merchants have much time to study girls." He tasted his Sfitz. "No; no time. But I'll be perfectly frank with you, Gainsborough, my boy. I'll explain certain matters to you and leave you to decide, or to help me decide. I need some girls, of the kind your girls are, about the house and grounds at Salington Hall."

"They would brighten the old place up, certainly; they are like rays of sunshine here," murmured Mr. Gainsborough Gay.

"I don't need them to brighten the place up so much—it's bright enough already—as for another purpose," said old Avery bluntly. His face hardened a little and a certain resentful harshness emphasized itself in his voice. "A great sum of my money, a vast deal of my reputation and the patient labor of my lifetime are at stake, my boy!"

"Indeed! You amaze—you distress me, father," said Gainsborough Gay, a little uneasily.

The old man sighed a rather sour sort of sigh and tasted his Sfitz.

"That table water is 17 per cent inferior to the Sfitz I was making from the same materials two years ago," he said, lowering his voice, "and it costs me 4 per cent more money to make."

Mr. Gainsborough Gay, who was about as much interested in Sfitz for its own sake as he was in cod-liver oil, realized that old Avery was in almost dreadful earnest, so he trimmed the necessary sail and registered an expression of horrified dismay.

"You don't mean that literally, father!"

"But I do. In plain fact, the water has deteriorated. There are better table waters drenching the market from businesses with not half my reputation. And it hurts me, Gainsborough. It hits me in my pride. It's not so much the money at stake, though I am not one of those theorists who despise money—no. It cuts every way—pride, life's work, bank account."

Mr. Gay nodded.

"Yes, one sees that. But what has caused the deterioration?" he asked. "Surely it is simply a question of finding the cause and removing it. When the work of my authors deteriorates, as it very frequently does, I seek the cause—the poor fellows usually being quite incapable of doing so themselves—and remove it, if possible."

"I've done that, my boy. My chemists have sought the cause of the deterioration for months and found that a gradual change in the nature of the water used in my works was taking place. It was losing a certain bitterish salinity which once characterized it. Why it should lose this valuable, even vital, quality is a matter for the geologists. However, I needn't go into all that. It's been dealt with by men well qualified to deal with it. The business point about the question is this: I've either got to get water like the water I've used for the past forty years or be satisfied to continue producing a drink far below my standard, and below that of my keenest competitors. If I can't get the water I require to the works, I shall have to move the works to the water. There's no artificial way of adjusting the queer bitter quality of the salinity—we've tried everything. We've put things in the water that would scare you—the cost, I mean."

"But to move the factory! That would be a fabulously costly business."

"Not so costly as losing the business altogether. It may have to be done, cost what it may, for the Sfitz at present is poor."

"Can nothing be done?" asked Mr. Gay, feeling thankful that in his business he was not vexed with any problems as serious as Sfitz problems. If any of his authors lost any of their natural salinity or flavor, so to express it, those authors speedily lost their publisher.

Old Avery scowled at the fireplace.

"I've had a business expert—Julius Balm—well-known man—on the problem for three months; and after trying everything, he has come to the conclusion that there is only one way, my boy; but it's very difficult; next door to impossible. There is a man—a neighbor of mine, too—who owns a powerful natural spring which throws up to waste every day vast quantities of the very finest base for table water in the world. Wasted—every drop. Drains away through a hundred dirty ditches to the river just below the tanyard. Wasted! Squandered! Lost forever! And there's me—an old neighbor, once a friend, standing by like that man—Lazarus, wasn't it?—watching the water that flows idly to waste from that spring!"

Mr. Hackett gulped, scowling.

"But why not buy the spring—the land on which it stands—pay a good price for it if necessary and connect that water supply with the works?" said Mr. Gay, with the air of one who solves problems for fun before breakfast.

But the old-timer shook his gray head.

"The man in question won't sell. He hates me—we quarreled some years ago—and he doesn't need the money. It's Sir Bessemer Crust. You've heard of him. Probably worth a million, my boy." He rocked his head about. "The man's harsh and revengeful and vindictive to me. He has refused offers for his dirty little spring that—that make me ill to mention. Enormous sums! Terrible figures! Savings of a lifetime, you may say, in a way, my boy. There's no hope of buying—none; not as things are."

"Why does he hate you so?" asked Mr. Gay naturally enough.

"Oh, he says I swindled him about something or other years ago—some small matter—forgotten the details. There's not a grain of truth in it anyway. The man sees things in the wrong light. I wouldn't swindle a soul. But he's hopeless. I've racked my brains and there's but one way—a forlorn hope—in which I might just possibly get him to see reason." Mr. Hackett's scowl deepened and his somber old eyes went all fierce and fiery. "He's a hard man—very hard. Not that I want to say anything against the man—I'm not that sort. But it would be foolish not to admit that he's hard. Except in one place—and that's his son. He's got a boy of about twenty, and if ever a lad was spoiled that lad Archie is. College—cars—clothes—golf—horses—every conceivable extravagance in the world this man Crust lavishes on that lad; denies him nothing. Now Balm figures that this lad Archie is fond of the ladies. In my young days we couldn't afford to be fond of the ladies at twenty. Shows you what the world is coming to. Still, Balm says he's a nice boy and he'll inherit a vast deal of money. His wife—when he has one—will be a rich woman and Her Ladyship."

Old Avery cocked a keen eye at his interested stepson.

"Julius Balm is of the opinion that if Archie said to his father that he'd set his heart on seeing that spring and a few acres round it sold to me at a fair price—eh?—and let Sir Bessemer see that he really meant it—I've no doubt, in the end, the old man would agree. But my difficulty is that I have no influence with this lad Archie—none. Nor has Julius Balm. We have conferred about it, and that's why I've come here to see you; I am looking for someone who can acquire some influence over this young fellow. It's too delicate a matter for outsiders. Do you understand me, my boy?"

Mr. Gainsborough Gay nodded slowly.

"I begin to see," he said thoughtfully. "You feel that one of my girls might acquire a certain amount of influence over this lad. Yes, I see that. It is natural. I have no desire unduly to praise my own girls, but it would be idle to pretend to ignore the fact that they are all unusually beautiful, possess singular charm of manner, affectionate dispositions, and, moreover, are by no means unintelligent."

He lit another cigar, thinking rapidly and hard. But he was not thinking so much about old Mr. Hackett's misfortunes as his own good fortune. The situation was fairly plain to him, for he was a man with pretty sharp eyes for a promising situation.

It appeared that he owned what a man worth a quarter of a million of money sorely needed. That is always a promising situation. There are prospects to such a situation; one can take off one's coat and tackle a situation like that with a good heart. Mr. Gay was not afraid of honest hard work. All he ever asked was a prospect that held some sort of promise of a fair return and he would spare neither himself nor anybody else in his efforts to prove that he was no mere idler.

"I should like to help, Elaine will wish very much to help, and I am sure that the girls will do as they are told," he began. "For they are good girls and, as I said, intelligent. You will realize how intelligent when I tell you that all three of the eldest are already, practically speaking, engaged to be married, in each case to a substantial man." Grandpa's hard old face fell. "And, to be perfectly honest, I have to ask myself whether I should be doing my duty to them by encouraging them—any or all of them—to—um—jeopardize their future and well-deserved happiness by—er—leaving their own love affairs to look after themselves while they did what they could to help bring about an understanding, via Archie, between you and Sir Bessemer Crust."

"Humph!" went grandpa, a little uneasily, eying his stepson closely.

"They are good girls, loyal girls and as lovely as they are loyal," continued the gentle Gainsborough. "One hesitates for those very reasons. Still, we might contrive something if those were the only reasons. But there are graver difficulties."

He fidgeted with his cigar.

"The book-publishing business is in desperate straits—everywhere. Printers are powerful, bookbinders positively brutal, paper makers impossible, and the public are so loath to buy books at the prices one is forced to charge that only the firms with big capital capable of weathering the period of stress can look forward with any confidence. Now capital has always been my weak point—lack of it, I mean. And as we are talking together frankly and freely, I will confess to you, father, that I was looking with some confidence to an influx of fresh capital from the resources of the husbands whom my girls have—practically speaking—selected. A voluntary influx, of course, and—candidly—an extremely welcome one. Forgive me if I appear to drag money into the matter, but money is an arbitrary factor in most situations and, like time and tide, takes heed of no man's finer feelings."

Old Avery nodded, with gloom.

"Yes. Huh! Quite so, my boy," he said, and reflected. "I see your point," he continued, glaring a little, "and I sympathize with it," he added untruthfully. "But I'm glad to be able to tell you that I've taken care of all that—the girls' future welfare—in my will. They will never be reduced to penury, I hope."

He beamed—a rather sour beam—on Mr. Gay, who promptly expressed his extreme surprise and gratification.

"That had never occurred to me. It is a very pleasant surprise. Elaine, who adores her children, will wish to thank you," he said.

But Mr. Hackett waved all that aside.

"Maybe, too, something can be done about some additional capital for your business. We will go into that. I am not willing to abandon my project for sake of

(Continued on Page 164

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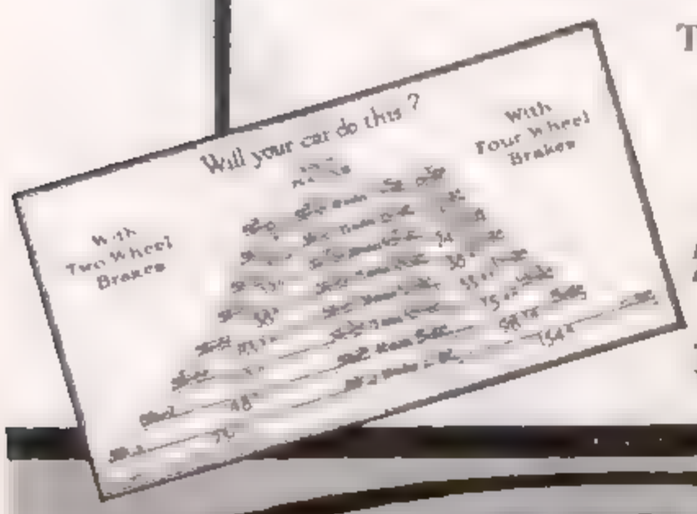

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(Continued from Page 161)

denying you a little additional capital. It has often been in my mind, Gainsborough."

"That is good to hear; oh, not because of the money—don't misunderstand me, father—but because of the kind thought. These are the thoughts that lubricate the world of business," said Mr. Gay speciously, and proceeded to follow up the trail he had so deftly opened.

It was perhaps an hour later when the polite but bitterly fought struggle was concluded and Mr. Gay's flourishing business was rendered even more flourishing by an influx of fresh capital which had fallen like totally unexpected manna into a grasp which had been specially designed for the reception and retention of such manna—Mr. Gay's.

"And now that we have cleared away all those obstacles, father—a good omen, I think—which of the girls do you feel disposed to invite to Salington Hall?"

But old Avery was a little uncertain.

"That tall dark one, Torfrida, is a striking girl," he said. "And so is Maulfry, in her golden kind of way. The other, Bethoe, looks like a girl who would be apt to take a man kind of unawares—when he wasn't expecting her—and she's a lovely looking girl. It's hard to choose between them, Gainsborough, my boy."

"What of the little one, Dimity? My good girl, I call her."

Grandpa scratched his chin.

"Um—that little maid? You say she's pretty—well, well, I suppose she is. But she's no more than a child—a bit of a slip of a thing."

Evidently grandpa had not much faith in Dimity's charm or magnetic power.

"Perhaps so; possibly I am prejudiced. They say she's my favorite. Certainly, she's young and inexperienced. But there are times when I fancy that she might grow up into an even more charming girl than any of her sisters. She is, of course, completely ingenuous," said Mr. Gay ingenuously. "And joyously careless, like all young things. Still, one never knows. I should advise your inviting her—she won't be much bother."

"I think I'll invite them all," said old Avery. "We'll see how events shape themselves."

Evidently he intended to let slip not a single chance of captivating the son and heir of Sir Bessemer. So they decided it that way, subject to Mrs. Gay's approval. She had no objection when the circumstances were fully explained to her. The question of whether it was worth while for little Dimity to go to grandpa's with the others was put to her.

"Oh, yes," she said, looking rather oddly at Mr. Gay and grandpa. "Oh, yes, I certainly think it would be a good plan to let Dimity go. She is really rather a bright little thing, you know, in her funny little way."

So Dimity was included in the crusade.

III

TO SAY that Grandpa Hackett was shocked to the very core of his wallet at the expense involved by the outfitting of four fair girls for the Gay crusade would be to fall some thousands of degrees below the exact truth. But he survived to pay the said expenses—reluctantly acknowledging the wisdom of his gentle stepson's advice that the girls should be arrayed not less gloriously than the lilies of the field—and we are told that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

"What, after all, are a few pounds spent on clothes for the children?" said Gainsborough Gay with a species of airy detachment. "Put Torfrida in a trim golf costume and she could charm the birds from their nests; or give Maulfry or Bethoe a little evening frock—really good—and they would attract the bark off an oak tree. Especially should there be plenty of slippers for Dimity, with bows and buckles on them—and who knows what might happen of its own accord? Archie Crust clearly is a youth accustomed to the best—and I confess to a conviction that if you cut expenses at the beginning and permit the children to come to you inadequately equipped you will be inviting failure."

Old Avery had fretted like a teething child—but he paid. He was dealing with a forlorn hope, a last chance, an eleventh-hour flurry, a long-odds shot, and he was well aware of it. A serious drop in the quality of Sfitz too long continued would mean a more than serious drop in his dividend, and when a man is fighting to retain a high percentage on a heavy holding, using as one of his weapons the frills and fancies of the fair, he cannot afford to stint on a pair or two of silk stockings, and so forth.

"Oh, very well," said the wealthy old tightwad cheerlessly, "let Elaine get them what she considers they require to—um—put them in the most—er—favorable light."

"That, father, is in my opinion a wise, a very wise, decision. I will speak to Elaine about it," said Mr. Gay, gravely approving.

He did so—adding, on his own account, that if he, personally, were called upon to provide funds for any description of girl's raiment for at least eighteen months, he would really have to regard his wife as guilty of sheer neglect of her opportunities. He was not really a mean man, but, as he monotonously claimed, the book business had taught him to be practical. Still, he need not have been anxious. The opportunities were not in the hands of those likely to neglect them. And when grandpa came a week later in his big car to fetch the sisters, and a long and interesting evening was spent in showing him the new apparel, and the bill, even he admitted—to himself—that if the lad Crust found it hard to fall in love with any one of the girls he must be so difficult to please that his father would have to have a special lady built for him.

Their mamma looked at least semidowdy beside them. Not that she needed to, for Dimity had proved contrary, flatly refusing to try anything on or be at all a good girl until mamma had selected for herself several interesting affairs in silk, and so forth, destined to become items in grandpa's bill. The expedition was successfully launched—per old Avery's big car, followed at a respectful distance by one of the works' box vans bulging with luggage—on the following morning. It was a glorious day, and as Mr. Gay, with Elaine the Long-Suffering, stood on the doorstep and watched the flutter of the scrap of wispy stuff which Dimity called her handkerchief disappear, the light of a sudden resolve dawned in his eyes. He slipped a fond arm through that of his wife as they turned to go indoors.

"Elaine, does it occur to you that this is practically the first time in twenty years that you and I have been—as one may say in the modern jargon—on our own?"

She turned in the quiet hall and looked at him with widened eyes.

"Why, Gainsborough, so it is!"

Mr. Gay was human—on occasions when he felt he could afford to be.

"Then, my dear, let's make a holiday of it. Things are reasonably in order at the office. Let's go over to Paris and see if it's changed much since we were there so many years ago."

Mrs. Gay drew in a long breath.

"Why, Gainsborough, that would be lovely! How came you to think of that?"

He shrugged.

"Oh, who knows? But it will be good to renew one's youth."

"If possible," said Elaine.

"We'll try," declared the gentle Gainsborough romantically.

It never occurred to him that it had been Dimity who had cooed the idea into his mind overnight when she was sitting on his chair arm.

But mamma knew.

IV

THERE came, borne upon the broad and busy wings of rumor, to Mr. Archibald Crust, of Crust Court, tidings of beauty in the offing. The news was percolated through

(Continued on Page 166

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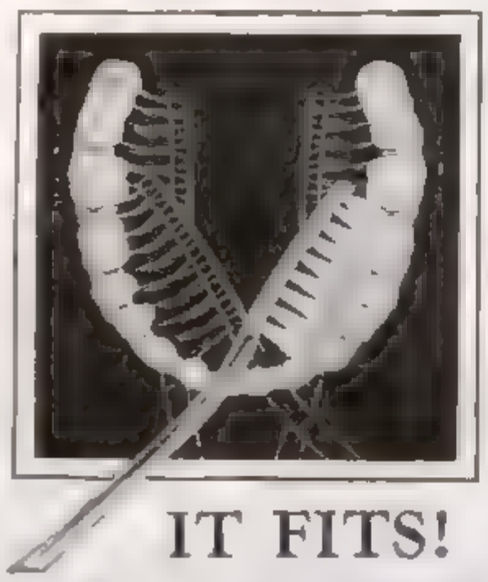

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Dr. West's
TOOTH BRUSH
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(Continued from Page 164)

the butler, who was caring for Archie's needs at a solitary breakfast table a morning or two after the Gay crusade was initiated.

Archie sat up at Bowler's observation that four extraordinarily beautiful young ladies were said to have arrived on a visit to old Mr. Hackett at Salington Hall.

"Young ladies, Bowler!"

"Yes, sir, so I understand four."

"Four! Four, man!"

Archie straightened his tie.

"Yes, sir. Unusually charming, I am told." Archie forgot a slight headache. "The steward at the golf club told me they were golfing yesterday afternoon, sir. He observed that he did not recall seeing in the whole course of his life a bevy of young ladies so—um—uniformly attractive, sir."

Archie stared.

"By Jove, Bowler, that's extremely well put! Bevy! Fine word—'bevy.' No, no more coffee. Pass the cigarettes. And by the way, Bowler, just tell Light to put out a suit of golf things for me, will you? That new suit, tell him. I think I'll take it quiet on the links today."

"Thank you, sir."

Bowler departed thoughtfully.

"Good word 'bevy,' hey?" he mused as he went. "Well, nobody ever denied that the lad got good taste and pretty spacious ideas."

Left to himself, Archie rose and conducted his cigarette to the big sunny window overlooking the terrace. He was a good-looking youth, slimmish but wiry, extraordinarily well turned out. It was not difficult to understand why he was the apple of his normally rather grim papa's eye. He was all of Sir Bessemer's family that there was. He had been born when his father was forty-five, and his mother had died when he was a year old. Which did quite a good deal to account for the indisputable fact that if Sir Bessemer had failed to spoil him, all the thanks were due to certain heavy-handed, acid-tongued masters and many swift-hoofed seniors at the schools through which Archie had passed.

Not that Sir Bessemer Crust was a man much given to spoiling his possessions. Like Avery Hackett, he was a hard old gentleman, and what he spoiled in the course of a year could have been packed in a lunch pail. But Archie was different. During a haggard and penurious youth Sir Bessemer had lacked everything that modern youth expects—and quite frequently gets. And it was his firm and fixed intention to see that Archie's youth was made a little brighter than his had been. He had not quite thought of it in that way, but he was really giving the lad the task of enjoying his own youth 100 per cent and, in addition, enjoying rather late in the day the youth which Sir Bessemer had never had a chance to enjoy. Archie, in short, had to enjoy for two.

There was the beginning of a frown upon the brow of the heir to Crust Court and all it implied as he stared out at the sunny lawn.

"He's top-hole—the governor; one of the very best and all that," mused Archie; "but I do wish he wouldn't be quite so vindictive about people who have upset him. That old chap, Hackett, at Salington Hall, for instance. Keeping up feuds and enmities and old grudges. Life's too short. Why can't folk be friends? Something very pleasant about dropping in on your friends in an informal sort of way. . . . Queer how sick they are with each other—the governor and old Avery Hackett. Probably their ancient row was a case of six to one and half a dozen to the other. Pity something couldn't be done to reconcile them. Wonder if it could—dashed good mind to try some plan."

He turned to go and get into golf clothes.

The enmity between his father and old Avery Hackett had never bothered him to frowning point before—except perhaps when Sir Bessemer had bored him by too long an exposition of the many defects in the character, temperament, disposition and personal appearance of old Avery—but he seemed in a strangely mild and mellow mood this morning. His better nature seemed curiously prominent today, and good thoughts and high intentions were occurring to him in—in—well, in bevies.

Archie was a little late at the golf club He had driven his car rather idly the long way round past Salington Hall just by way of a change, and he was fortunate in finding anyone waiting for a match. But as luck chose to have it, an acquaintance of Archie's was sitting on the veranda waiting for something or somebody to turn up—none other, indeed, than Mr. Julius Balm, a very large gentleman, who was quite obviously the possessor of a considerable quantity of what is called personality. He did not radiate it or cascade it. He conducted his output of sheer personality massively, slowly, impressively, quietly, like a record battleship sliding on well-greased slipways down to the sea.

When he said, slowly—as he did to Archie Crust—that it was a fine day, Archie did not need to stare round about and up over to assure himself that Julius Balm was speaking the truth, for something about the big man led him to believe that he had not merely heard a bit of genuine truth but that he had narrowly escaped being crushed under a mountain of it. Julius was a very impressive man—as, indeed, one has to be if one is going to figure with any success as a business expert in these days.

Big Mr. Balm was rather an unexpected portion of the scenery around the golf links in the morning, for as a rule his days were spent in London, where presumably he sold expertness to anybody needing an influx of that commodity to his business. But Archie Crust was the last person likely to find fault or pick holes in a man because he discovered him on the golf links instead of in his business office, and within five minutes they were on the first tee.

It was somewhere round about the fourth tee that Archie learned that Bowler the butler had spoken the truth about the bevy which had brightened up the course on the previous afternoon. And it presently appeared that Mr. Balm knew it—the bevy—had made its acquaintance—even had tea with it at the clubhouse. Quite how the impressive gentleman had achieved this did not appear. But there were a good many things about the business expert which did not freely transpire. His description of the ladies, however, was masterly, and his voice as he named them was like that of a herald of those ancient days to which three, at least, of the names belonged.

"Torfrida is tall and stately; Maulfry is blond and bright; Bethoe is darkling, lithe and Oriental; and Dimity, their little sister, shows great promise," said Julius Balm. "I can give it as my—ah—considered opinion that such a bouquet of grace and charm and loveliness has never before been seen on these links—never. My dear boy, they are indeed *recherché*. In a way, so to express it, they reminded me of a crystal salver of perfect fruit ——"

"My hat, did they though?" exclaimed Archie, and hooked his ball forever into oblivion.

"—— perfect fruit," continued the imperturbable business expert. "Torfrida, a noble cluster of royal grapes, bloomy and sweet; Maulfry, a golden—er golden ——"

"—— orange?" hazarded the fascinated Archie.

"Well, no; peach, I was going to say."

"Certainly. I was a fool to say 'orange.'"

"Nun-no, my dear boy! But an orange is hardly a graceful fruit. It suggests bulge rather than taper. Pear—a slim, tapering, mellow, golden pear—Miss Maulfry would suggest exactly that to the mind of the connoisseur."

"What about Miss Bethoe?" demanded Archie, all thrilled.

The business expert pondered.

"Conceive a slender and gracious fig of the East—velvety dark, yet glowing under

Continued on Page 169

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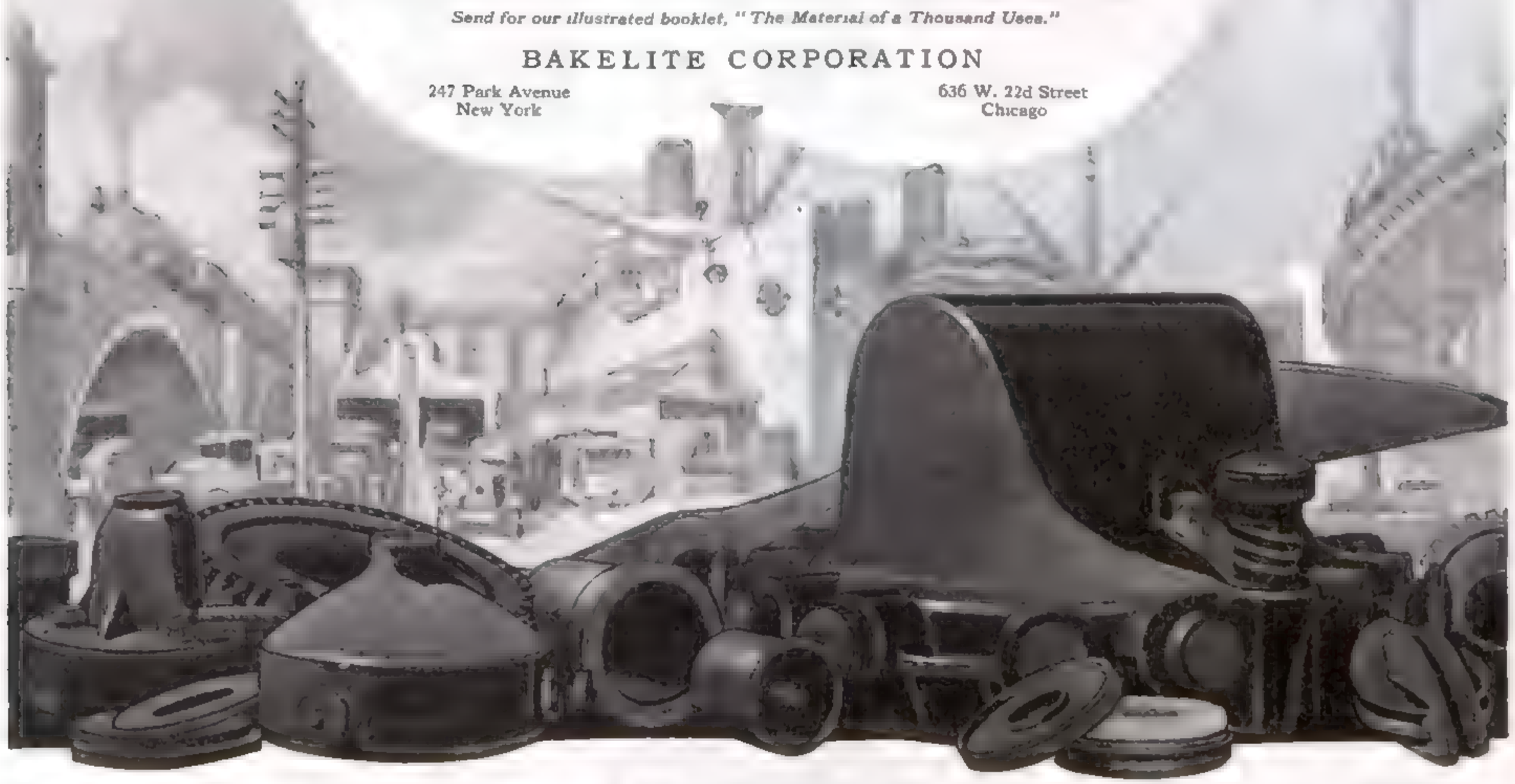

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(Continued from Page 166)

its bloom—slender and warm and soft, yet firm. I am not a poet—I am a man of business—and I do not claim any descriptive talent in the poetic sense. But to my mind, Miss Bethoe Gay is a fig, and a fig of the finest!"

"Yes, yes, I'm sure she is. What about the other one—the little sister—er ——"

"Dimity? Oh, little Miss Dimity would be the sparkling, translucent, crystal salver, as one might say. Laughing water—um?"

Archie cut the hide half off a brand-new ball.

"Laughing crystal! Dimity Gay! D'you know, Balm, I think that Dimity Gay is the prettiest name I ever heard in my life."

"Well, yes. But hardly worthy of her," claimed Julius.

They played the short seventh in dreamy silence.

"I would like to meet them," said Archie wistfully, holing his fourth putt. "But I suppose the name of Crust is like poison to anyone connected with old Avery Hackett."

Mr. Balm pondered—in a manner so intensely impressive that nine bishops out of ten would have envied it, were bishops capable of envy, and the impressionable Archie awaited the decision in an ill-concealed agony of suspense.

He need not have agonized. Mr. Balm, in his full capacity of business expert, had for many weeks past been revolving around the problem of acquiring Sir Bessemer's spring on behalf of old Mr. Hackett. It was, indeed, from his fertile brain that the idea of the Gay crusade had been distilled, for Julius was something of a specialist in forlorn hopes. It was gentle Julius who had taken care that tidings of the arrival of the fair ones should be wafted Archie-ward; and it was far indeed from being mere chance which had drifted him in Archie's path that sunny morning. It would be unkind, mayhap, to suggest that Mr. Balm was deliberately waiting at the clubhouse for Sir Bessemer's boy; but it is giving that ponderous craftsman no more than his due to state that he was a gentleman of many and various sleights.

At last he nodded.

"I do not see it in that light, Archie," he said. "One is aware that there are grave differences between your father and old Mr. Avery Hackett, and I think it is sad; for under the defensive armor of apparent hardness each wears, they are—deep down, deep, deep down—warm-hearted old gentlemen. But I know of nothing which need cause me to shirk the responsibility of making you young people acquainted. Nothing whatever. I will do it. Why should I not? As a matter of fact, I am engaged to play a round with Miss Torfrida this afternoon, and I will venture to say that if you care to join us and make a three-ball match of it, I do not suppose the lady will be desperately furious—or, for that matter, unduly elated," he added with a rather heavy smile. "Will that suit you?"

Yes, that suited Archie.

V

LONG before the queenly Torfrida, Archie and Mr. Balm had finished their threesome the heir of Sir Bessemer had fallen in love with the lady—and out again. She was, in her private ideas, precisely as she was in her public appearance—queenly. And Archie, though a nice boy with a good heart, was not altogether kingly. It would have been a struggle to touch the princely mark.

He was not unreasonably soft-natured, but it would be an affectation to deny that he was wholly devoid of those stern, not to say positively rough, qualities which distinguish the cave person from the ordinary, amiable, quiet person who is rarely a nuisance to himself or anybody else.

The stately Torfrida was in love with Archie Crust at the first tee—for she had come prepared. She knew that her papa would be pleased and her grandpapa almost delirious at a match. She honestly loved the boy for what he would have, before ever she met him, and she honestly tried to love him for himself the instant they shook hands under the impressively benign eye of the urbane Mr. Balm.

But by the ninth hole she knew that Archie was not for her. He was to her too much of what the piano candle is to the chandelier. She perceived that he needed something in a less pronounced pattern. She would have looked with him rather like a large diamond necklace on a hospital nurse.

It would be no more accurate to say that Archie was afraid of her than to state that the moon is afraid of the earth when it is eclipsed thereby; but facts are facts, and it is a curious truth that though Archie's first-tee impression was, sketchily, as follows: "This noble, this peerless creature must be mine!" his eighteenth-hole notion was, approximately: "She is, I fear, a shade, a *soupçon*, too rich for my blood. Excuse me, but I am looking for something a trifle less decorative and imposing. I have to be careful in my selection, on account of not being able to live up to the—um—high standard of the goods in question." Or hazy thoughts to that effect. Archie respected the regal Torfrida far, far too much to love her either heartily or dearly.

Torfrida didn't care. She was not even disappointed. After all, it was pleasant to feel that she could let her thoughts entwine around the sterner form of Mr. Henry Sadler, back at Ernemouth, as he sat immovable in the saddle, quelling, with wrists of steel, the more fractious and fretful of the many horses he owned. A very different type from this boy—though, of course, Archie was a dear boy and he would do very well to pay the caddies and the tea bill.

So they came back to the clubhouse—quite good friends.

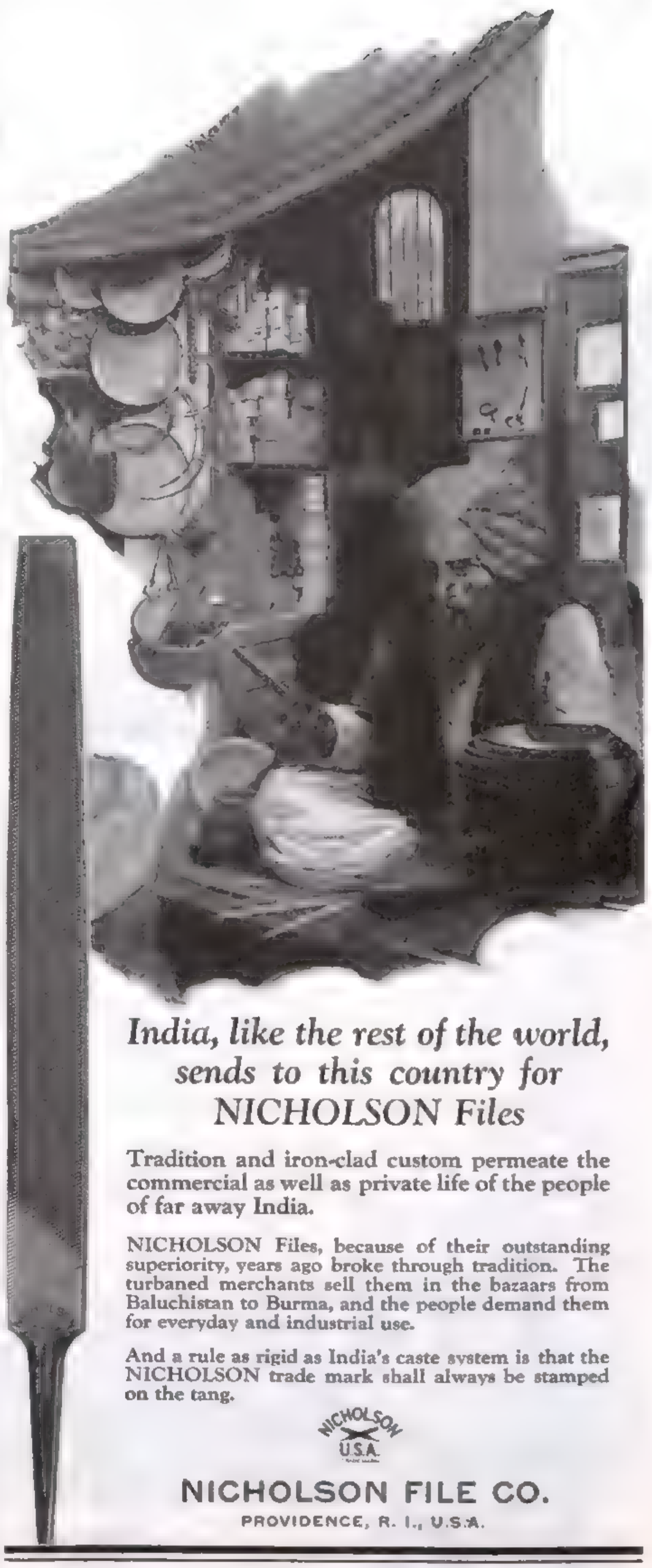
Maulfry and Bethoe were awaiting them at a tea table, and Mr. Balm, fully aware that he was the target of many envious eyes, presented Archie to them both.

It was probably that very envy which led to a brief, unpleasing and probably exaggerated rumor that the first thing Archibald did on looking at these juniors to Torfrida was to go violently cross-eyed, presumably in a tremendous and wholly understandable effort to see them both at once. But even had that been true, it was no discredit to Archie. Better men than he have come perilously near strabismus at more important social functions than tea at the golf club. And there are still those among the captains and kings of the earth who have cricked themselves slightly in their necks craning to see less picturesque scenes than that presented by Maulfry Gay and her darkling sister Bethoe on that afternoon.

The three girls really created something akin to a sensation at the club. It is said by students of superstition that to see one magpie is unlucky, to see a second is to neutralize the bad omen of the first, and to see three is extraordinarily fortunate. Probably some confused recollection of this quaint old superstition must have stirred in the mind of a young curate with a very long thin neck and anxious eyes, sitting close by, eating a piece of seedcake; for when his gaze first encountered that of the blond and dazzling Maulfry, he pinked faintly and cast down his eyes uneasily; when, raising them, he perceived Bethoe, a certain dreamy calm spread over his face and he resumed his seedcake; and when finally Torfrida floated past his line of vision, he took one long eyeful, went almost directly to the first tee and hit a frenzied drive of two hundred and forty yards clean down the center of the course, followed it like a two-year-old, and was never seen—in the sense of being noticed—again.

But Maulfry, though an almost perfect example of what a blonde should be, was not at her best. Of the rescue party, Maulfry had always been the least enthusiastic recruit. She had said so privately to her little sister Dimity more than once.

"It is Clarence Rackstraw I love, darling Dimity, and nothing will ever alter that. I don't care a bit whether Mr. Crust will



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have a title and all the money in the world. Clarence mayn't have a title, but his papa might buy him one some day when there is another sale by the politicians; and, after all, I love him and he will have all the money we need."

So Maulfry was merely sweetly polite to Archie, but did not in any way reach for him. And as Bethoe, whose loveliness of looks and manner was of the slow, languid, gradual-dawning variety, needed time to penetrate, like radium or a safe artist, there appeared in the fine, full, prominent eyes of Mr. Balm a look closely akin to disappointment.

Archie got on admirably with all three, but as the business expert expertly noted, they gave one another no chance. If Torfrida contraltoed words to the effect that Archie had curiously graceful action with his mashie shots, the lad, turning to acknowledge with feeble demur the compliment, would catch a glint of the sun in Maulfry's shingled golden coronet, from which he would be distracted almost instantly by some such matter as the slow, sinuously graceful, practically boneless curve of Bethoe's wrist as she raised her cup.

It was all very unsatisfactory—to Mr. Balm, who perceived that the situation required a man of talent, middle age and enormous experience to handle. Archie was not that man. He was a lad of simple tastes, and something simpler was needed for his palate, a little acid after the sweetness, a little chill after the warmth—a corrective. It was with real anxiety that Mr. Balm summed up and began to ponder swiftly the problem of introducing said corrective.

But he was saved too much mental wear and tear, for almost immediately the corrective made her appearance—quite unexpectedly. Little Miss Dimity came strolling round the corner of the clubhouse, seeming serenely unaware of the crowd of tea takers, and apparently absorbed in her efforts to persuade a small, dusty and completely unlovely yellow pup to follow her. Most obviously a chance meeting between Dimity and the pup had led to the birth of a certain mutual esteem, culminating in what looked very like an attempt by Dimity illicitly to possess herself of the animal.

If there is a more charming sight than a perfectly dressed, exquisitely shod and radiantly pretty girl trying to coax a reluctant puppy to follow her, there are many millions of fine, handsome young men throughout the civilized globe who would be grateful and deeply interested to hear of it. To Archie Crust it was the last word in visual possibilities.

She came like a drop of diamond-clear, icicle-cold water upon the palate of one who has been eating full-ripe grapes, pears and figs. The visage of Mr. Balm cleared as he strove to watch Dimity with his left eye and study Archie with his right. He held himself alert to go and get her the instant she saw them.

But she did not see them very quickly—at least she appeared not to do so. The pup finally decided that the old-home kennel and the old-home folk were more in its line than the social golf-club, tea-time stuff, instantly became self-conscious and, pointing its sparse tail vertically earthward, it let itself out for home.

Dimity stood up, watching it disappear, encouraging itself with a succession of panic-stricken and totally uncalled-for yelps, and it was then that one saw how effectively mamma had invested grandpa's advance.

It was a favorite claim of Mr. Gainsborough Gay that girls resembled their father, while boys took after their mother. Anyone looking at Gainsborough's good girl now would instantly have acquitted the publisher of any charge that he possessed insufficiently generous ideas about himself.

Young, slender, vital, so completely and unconsciously self-possessed that the pavilion might have been a henhouse and the assembled company a congregation of not particularly attractive old fowls, Dimity, managing her daintily white-clad feet as only she could manage feet, strolled to a tiny round table that stood unoccupied and smiled at the waiter for ice cream. Dimity had not yet reached an age when tea meant much to her, and she always liked something which called for a spoon.

For a few seconds her sisters watched her, and Mr. Balm watched Archie watch her. Slowly a look of ineffable content overflowed the face of the business expert, overlapping it, as one may say, to such an extent that the edges of it disappeared down the back of his neck as he turned beaming to the three sisters.

"But, dear me, that young lady surely is Miss Dimity, your sister?" he purred.

"Yes, that's Dimity," said Maulfry eagerly. "She hasn't seen us."

But she did so at that moment, though there was apparent no indication that she was particularly thrilled. She waved a tiny paw at them and resumed her ice. Archie she did not seem to see at all.

That goodish-looking young ex-major, who was the club secretary, the highly privileged party who is entitled to speak, without introduction, to all comers as much as he—or they—cares about, showed signs, as these military gentlemen will, of advancing in single file from the back of the crowd, and to the outer flank right-forming, thus coming up on his marker—Dimity—in a convenient position for conversation and dalliance—and Mr. Balm began to be extremely expert.

"Perhaps Miss Dimity is a little shy—her first visit alone—so many people here today—I will ask her to join us; don't you think so?"

Any one of the sisters could have soothed his anxiety by truthfully assuring him that Dimity was as shy as a butterfly is of a flowerful of honey; but naturally none did, so that Mr. Balm comfortably shortheaded the secretary to the little lady with the ice cream and the spoon, captured her, and successfully brought her back, followed by a waiter with the rest of the ice cream. She smiled ever so sweetly at Torfrida, Maulfry and Bethoe, and was introduced to Archie.

He was pretty calm and composed about it. Except for the sudden pallor of great emotion, a slight vibrancy about the knees, a little gasping sound as of one who fights for more air, a certain bulging of the eyes and a sudden odd rush of color to his ears, Archie seemed quite cool about this, the most important event—so far—in his life.

Dimity shook hands, smiling, and glanced up at him once. He was only about an inch taller than she; but she was a splendid natural glancer, and conveyed an impression that he was at least six feet and broad in proportion. She did it with her eyelids in some highly technical fashion. Most ladies talk a good deal with their eyes, brows, lashes and lids, and Dimity Gay from birth had been a brilliant optical conversationalist.

She yielded demurely to Archie's offer of his chair, and Mr. Balm, still expertly, slid himself one along so that Archie sat next to her.

"Did you lose your dog, Miss Gay?" inquired Archie, concerned.

"Oh, no, thank you. You see, it was only just a little thing that followed me about this afternoon."

Archie's expression was practically a megaphoned declaration that he, too, would like to be a little thing that followed her about. Mr. Balm saw that and began to express a certain curiosity concerning the ability of Bethoe and himself, in partnership, to compete successfully in a nine-hole foursome with Torfrida and Maulfry. All three were willing to do what they could to gratify the business expert's sudden curiosity. And although he rose and was mechanically polite about it, it would be no serious exaggeration to say that Archie never noticed them go, his mind being otherwise occupied. Dimity Gay had already spoken at least twenty-five words to

(Continued on Page 172)

The nation's property is worth preserving. *Uncle Sam* is America's heaviest user of paint and varnish. He sets an example.
"Save the surface and you save all" — Paint & Varnish
REG U S PAT OFF.
© Save the Surface Campaign, 1925

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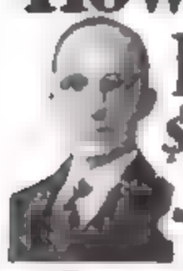

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(Continued from Page 170)

him, she had smiled at him twice, glanced at him four times, and waved her hand to him—in a way—once. Consequently, she was incomparably the most precious thing within a radius of about eight thousand miles that the only son of Sir Bessemer Crust knew of.

Dimity was a quick worker—when she was interested; otherwise she did not bother. She rather liked Archie.

"He is nice, I think, and gentle, and he doesn't pose, and yet he is a really truly man. If he were angry, I think he could be quite fierce," Dimity told herself as she watched him order further supplies of the strawberry-and-vanilla mixture with which the club steward had seen fit on that very warm day to guard the radiators of his flock from overheating.

So for an hour Dimity and Archie, sitting in a gradually emptying clubhouse, became acquainted. It is a charming sight to watch masculine twenty and feminine nineteen getting acquainted. The sun seemed to take it easy on his slant downstairs to watch them, and even the shadow of the few trees between them and the sun seemed to come creeping nearer bit by bolder bit, like furtive things anxious to be quite sure of getting close enough to see.

But although Dimity did not notice the shadows, she did not fail to observe a bronze-haired lady with an extraordinarily artistic complexion and rather challenging eyes who, coming in from the links, paused to nod a little nod and smile a queer little smile at Archie as she passed into the clubhouse. Archie rose, bowed and smiled. But Dimity observed that his smile was stiff and his color rather richer than usual.

"Oh, but how lovely she is!" said Dimity. "Is she an old friend of yours, please? I think she is wonderful, don't you?"

Archie, without enthusiasm, conveyed information to the effect, though in other words, that the wonderful one was Liana Twyne, who had once come very near being a film star; but, unaccountably missing her aim, had retired to live on her alimony and had taken a furnished cottage in the neighborhood for a few months.

"Nearly a film star? How wonderful!" breathed Dimity. "I expect she has told you and your father all sorts of thrilling adventures about the films and acting for them, hasn't she?"

"Not so many," explained Archie. "She and my father aren't particularly good friends. And she is only just an—an acquaintance of mine, you know. I—I prefer people of my own age for my friends, don't you?"

"Oh, yes; it's much nicer like that," agreed Dimity, and turned again at the sound of a familiar cough behind her.

The newcomer was Grandpa Hackett, and his eyes were almost as bright as a bottle of Sfitz as he advanced, taking in the glorious spectacle of his little maid, Dimity, on such close and apparently still improving relations with the son of old Sir Bessemer.

"I thought I would look in here on my way home from the works and give this little maid of mine a lift in the car," explained grandpa, shaking hands with Archie and patting Dimity's shoulder most affectionately. "Sit down, my dear boy, sit down and have some of this—this what-you-call-it—hey?—ice cream—and very nice too. Surely, surely."

Grandpa was a highly skillful worker—at the works—but socially his work was rough and raw. Julius Balm would have felt his skin creep at the quite shameless way the old-timer hurled himself at Archie's head.

Two hours before, Archie would have bolted from him within a minute and a half. But it had never occurred to him until this moment what a fine, bluff, warm-hearted old gentleman Dimity's grandpa was. He once had considered Mr. Hackett to be the very model of a man to be steadfastly avoided, but now he perceived that he had been woefully mistaken and consequently had not the least hesitation in accepting old Avery's urgent invitation to come along with Dimity and himself and dine at Salington Hall that evening.

VI

IT WAS perhaps a little unfortunate that Julius Balm had an engagement that evening which rendered his dining at Salington Hall impossible, for it is hardly to be doubted that he would have prevented the really glaring voracity with which grandpa pounced upon and attempted to devour what he evidently conceived to be the chance of a fairly long lifetime.

Grandpa Hackett made it quite clear that his notion of encouraging the growth of Dimity's valuable influence over Archie was, in effect, to throw her violently at the lad's head, implying, "Take her, boy, and hand over the *quid pro quo* right now."

Very rough work.

Long before the conclusion of grandpa's pitiable exhibition of unseemly haste, the regal Torfrida was so flushed that she looked almost florid, Maulfry was so chagrined that it was keeping a double shot of bromide busy to prevent undue excitement, and Bethoe was so humiliated that she declined to speak to anybody at all.

Dimity, alone, was perfectly cool. Archie was only too plainly in a hazy dreamland, from which even the interpolations of Grandpa Hackett, wandering restlessly about with a glass of Sfitz in his hand, failed to dislodge him.

"I dread to think what daddy would say if he could see the way grandpa is going on," said Torfrida *sotto voce* to Maulfry. "It is just terrible, and so embarrassing for us all. If it was not for Dimity, I am sure Mr. Crust would leave the house in disgust."

"Really, one would imagine that grandpa would know better. Look at him prowling around them, smiling that perfectly fatuous smile at Mr. Crust! I—really, for his own sake, I think one of us ought to telephone to Mr. Balm to come and restrain him," replied Maulfry.

"It's not fair to us. Grandpa is simply ignoring us just because we did not captivate Mr. Crust. And daddy will be quite furious if it is spoiled. He will be sure to blame us, as grandpa is too rich to be blamed for anything. But it will be his own fault if he spoils everything for himself. If it weren't for Dimity ——"

"She is splendid. After all, she is only just a kiddy, and yet she is handling everything perfectly—better than I could," confessed Maulfry.

She was right. Either Dimity was on her mettle or was really interested in Archie. Or maybe she was just interested in showing her style, even though so dreadfully handicapped by grandpa.

From half-past eight till ten o'clock, the child held Archie's rapt and soulful attention, though she was always ready to smile up at grandpa when he came sidling up like the wolf to Red Riding Hood, to see how his "little maid" and "Archie, my boy" were getting on.

And at ten o'clock, when Torfrida reminded Dimity that she had promised mamma that ten o'clock should rigorously be bedtime—except for dances—and grandpa openly invited Archie to have a cigarette and a few words on a small business matter in his study, the child's openly expressed amazement at the way time flew was so convincing that even her sisters did not know whether it was genuine or just a little compliment to Archie.

But she was a good girl and quite obedient. She stood up, faced Archie and gave him her hand with an adorable smile.

"Good night, Archie. I hope you have had a happy evening. Thank you for promising me a little dog to make up for the one I lost. And I won't forget my promise to play golf with you tomorrow, and to ask grandpa if we can have a tennis party ——"

"Yes, yes, surely," said grandpa, butting in with almost anxious vehemence.

"There! How lovely!"

She fluttered her lids at the practically hypnotized youth, and dropping her clear, sweet young voice, softly said again "Good night, Archie," recovered possession of her hand and left him to grandpa.

Who wasted neither time nor finesse with him, but just took him into the study and notified him with extreme friendliness and considerable bluntness that if Archie would use his influence with his father to put the saline spring at his, grandpa's, disposal, for value received, he in his turn would use his influence in the Gay family to see that his little maid Dimity should become Archie's very own little wife just about as quickly as the clergy could get the matter attended to.

Grandpa's car took Archie home about as fast as the chauffeur—resentful at this interruption to a small card party in the garage—cared to sling the vehicle. But it was not fast enough for Archie, who spoke reprovingly about it twice, considerably to the driver's annoyance, who finally demanded to know whether Archie hated him and wanted him to break his neck, with his, Archie's, figuring also among the fractures and breakages.

And, anyway, Archie need not have made it quite so breathless, for when, presently, he explained to his fond parent his earnest wish that the saline spring be sold to Mr. Avery Hackett, he collected a refusal as prompt and crisp as it was unusual and disconcerting.

"My boy—my dear boy!" explained Sir Bessemer, looking keenly at him under shaggy eyebrows. "There is very little I will not do for you, very little I won't give you. I haven't denied you much, Archie, have I? But this is different. Old Avery Hackett caught me a blow under the belt some years ago and never regretted it until recently—and then only because he needed this spring. He is a very greedy old man, is Mr. Hackett, and I value him as an enemy. He is a mean man and it amuses me to see him wriggle. He and his mineral water, Sfitz, will come to no serious harm without this spring—and he knows it. He has been accustomed to having his own way too long, and he wants it now. But it doesn't happen to be my way. So in this case he must do what I had to do when he fouled me with a low hit that time—sing small."

He dropped a heavy and convincing hand on his son's shoulder.

"Let your old dad have his own way for once, my boy," he urged. And, as Archie was no fool, and perceived that Sir Bessemer fully intended having it in any case, Archie let him, as requested.

But it was an earth shaker to the lad and left him dazed. He muttered rather sulkily "Good night"—as the best of sons will at times—and went to bed to dream that Dimity Gay had grown a pair of wings in the night, that he found her hovering over the golf clubhouse on the next day, followed by a yellow pup with stubby wings, stern eyes and very shaggy eyebrows, and that she would by no means come down to earth to play with him when requested. She gave a flick or two with her big wings and moved off. He followed her a long way, gazing up, until he fell into a spring that was salter than tears and was occupied by three mermaids called Torfroe, Maulida and Bethry, who wouldn't let him go, until old Avery Hackett came in and hit him a mean one under the belt and said he was keeping the clergy waiting and wanted to know where was Dimity. Archie saltily spluttered that she was out with her dog, and Avery Hackett said she could have her own way for once. Then Archie seemed to hear Dimity's winged dog barking high up, and from that he knew she was coming back, and went out in a violent hurry to meet her—out of bed, that is, onto the floor, where he gleaned that it was only old Shot, his father's favorite retriever, barking down at the kennels, and that the night was dark and lonely and starless, and that life without Dimity, dear little Dimity, was merely another name for death.

Archie crawled back into bed again, and began to make desperate resolutions, until quite unexpectedly he fell dreamlessly asleep.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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ALGERNON PERCY

(Continued from Page 39

"I've got a sweater you can put on under your coat. It's sort of chilly," said Molly. It was evident that Miss Aumont's electricity was beginning to have its usual effect.

When Molly came back the little boy was waking and calling for her.

"There's not a sign of a boat around, but it's so darn foggy there might be a dozen Now mind, no plopping off to try to swim ashore. You couldn't make it, and I wouldn't last any longer if I was to let you drown than if I put you ashore and took your collar off."

"I'll keep my word."

"No calling out to people if a boat comes by!"

"I swear it!" laughed Miss Aumont. She felt quite light-hearted, having had a good breakfast and with the immediate prospect of fresh air. "As a reward for being good, could I have my window open? I couldn't get through it. It's so stuffy in here"

Molly cast an eye on the porthole.

"I'll think it over," she said. . . . "Yes, honey, mother's coming."

"Well, let the room air while I'm gone, anyway." Adrienne looked in and smiled at the pretty little fellow in the bed, who looked back at her with solemn eyes. And something quite suddenly caught at her tender heart. "Oh, Molly!" she said, and laid her hand on the woman's roughened fingers.

"Yeh, they kind of get you, don't they?" said Molly musingly. She stood there a moment in silence. "Now, as for him," she added softly, "he's going straight."

Adrienne gave the woman's hand a little squeeze and turned away. The darbies remained hanging on the towel rack.

Up on deck, she paused at the head of the companionway to draw long breaths into her lungs. It was not a bracing day, being overcast and foggy; but after the fumes of the anæsthetic and the close atmosphere below, the clean moist air was like wine to her.

The steps gave upon a little platform from which a ladder stairs led upward to a deck the full size of the house. Along each side of the boat ran a narrow freeboard with a hand rope passed through eyelets fastened to the house, and at the stern was another gangway, with a comfortable-looking ice box. But Adrienne was surprised to find that it was not merely a floating cottage. There was a cockpit below this after bridge, with a covered engine and a steering wheel. Evidently the craft could slip off to other moorings when it so pleased her owners.

These observations were not made at once, for Adrienne's first interest lay in the watery world about her; but strain her eyes as she would, she could see nothing of the shore, nor even knew on which side of her it lay. And this brought her an unexpected sense of depression. The fog was not too heavy for her to see some little distance, but her prison seemed to float in a gray isolation that made her feel lost indeed.

However, she was not an Aumont for nothing. Courage and patience were her part, not an easy one; but well she knew that at the other end of the line René and her lover were playing theirs—perhaps harder rôles than hers. Except for the academic fact that she was a prisoner, she was quite comfortable. Molly was not at all a bad sort, there was apparently going to be plenty to eat, and so far at least she was delightfully free from unpleasant company.

There was a flat canvas hammock hanging at one end of the deck between two cast iron props, and near by she could see pillows of various faded colors stuffed into a partly closed locker She pulled out half a dozen of them and tossed them into the hammock There were odds and ends of things in the chest, but nothing that was going to be of any use to her except, perhaps, under a pile of little bunting flags, an old pair of field glasses.

She made herself comfortable in the hammock and fell to wondering how many days she would have to spend in durance. Surely not long! René—how cleverly Mr. Jenks had turned his name into that of Rainy Day Scofield—René would waste no time parleying; and from the spirit in which Algernon Percy had entered into her defense, she thought, with a smile, he would prove an enthusiastic assistant.

Once during the hour she sat there swinging idly, wild hope beat round her like a multitude of wings. There had come to her ears the faint putt-putt of a motorboat, a sound that steadily grew in volume as the craft came nearer. She stood breathless by the rail, watching for it to appear through the mist, and presently saw its shadowy lifted nose poking through the fog, headed as straight for her as a pointing bird hound.

Molly came out on the after gangway and gave the matter her attention also. Apparently she was not at all anxious, however; and when Adrienne stopped to think how impossible it was that she should have been traced here, she saw that Molly had no cause to be. The little boy crept out to cling to her skirts, and she stood, one hand on his head, watching the boat's approach. There was only one man aboard her.

The boat came slapping along, its upward-pointing bow trimmed on either side with a wave of flying water and spray; and Adrienne watched it, motionless as the rail on which she leaned. The wings of hope had ceased to beat about her.

The chug-chug of the engine stopped and the launch slipped alongside. The man was not Mr. Jenks. He and Molly exchanged a nod and the man began lifting out packages to pass to Molly. The little boy hampered her. Adrienne leaned down.

"Pass him up to me, Molly," she said.

"Will you stay with the lady, Dave?"

Dave gave no sign of objection and suffered himself in silence to be passed upward from one pair of arms to another. They watched the packages being transferred, and then the man swung himself aboard to lift in a cake of ice and a carboy of drinking water.

"How's your tanks?" he said.

"Pretty near full."

"Need any kerosene?"

"No."

They were not a loquacious lot, thought Miss Aumont.

"Got a note for you."

The man gave her that last, leaped down again into the launch and pushed off. In another moment the boat shot off again into the mist, returning on her own wake. Molly turned and came up the after steps, the little boy wriggling wordlessly in Adrienne's arms to go to her.

"You're all right," said Molly, with a glance at her scrupulously honorable prisoner, who had not attempted to hail the boat earlier in this scene. Her painfully endured crimping pins had been of no avail, and her hair in the dampness sagged straight about her forehead. She was not, however, bad-looking.

"Ball," said Dave. "Ball, ball, ball, ball"

Molly sat down in the hammock and began to rock him.

"I had to take his ball away from him," she said. "I was afraid it would bounce and he'd slip over going after it."

Adrienne sat down beside them.

"Any dried beans or rice on board?" she asked. "If you have some sewing things I'll make him some bean bags."

"Well, there, Dave!" said Molly. "Of course there's beans. And there is a whole box of bright rags and bunting and stuff downstairs." Molly was not sufficiently nautical to say "below." "You stay with the lady, Dave, and mother will go get the things."

So presently Miss Aumont sat in the hammock with a rapturously peaceful little boy, who had selected from the violently colored scraps of goods his happy choice, and who watched new play toys grow in the lady's deftly stitching fingers. He especially enjoyed being allowed to fill the bags, one bean at a time. Luckily for that, Adrienne had all the time there was. Molly was in the galley, washing the breakfast dishes, her mind for once off the edge.

Intent as were Miss Aumont and little Dave, they paid no heed to a change in the weather. Overhead stretched the canvas roof, and behind them the laced back of the sailcloth hammock cut off the shoreward view. And so gradually were the mists lifting off the water that it was not until Adrienne looked up and saw the sharply clear horizon that she realized the sun was shining with unveiled intensity.

Dave tottered about in a prescribed space, tossing a bean bag impuissantly, and folding himself over like a Parker House roll each time to retrieve it from the deck. Adrienne rose and turned to look behind her.

The far-away shore lay clear, here and there a little pier, a few sails white as chicken feathers in the sunlight, great masses of woods with roofs and chimneys seen like red specks in the green, and at one place, some distance beyond a long, bare, treeless expanse, were the clustered houses of a town, two white spires sticking up into the blue. A spasm of homesickness twisted the heart in her. How near it looked! But well she knew the deceitfulness of distance on the water. No, she could never swim so far; not quarter so far in the cold autumn-chilled water. Clear or foggy, as her view might be, she was powerless to change it.

And then quite suddenly her eyes began to linger on that view with the uncertain clinging of a look that sees a vaguely familiar face. Her breath began to come unevenly. She went to the rail and stared, stared at the barren stretch of ground and what lay on either side of it. The field glasses! She caught them out of the locker and put them to her eyes, working frantically to adjust the lenses in their rusted frame. Dave padded softly about behind her. She had to lower her shaking arms and bite her lip.

"Steady!" she said to herself in some disgust.

After a moment's effort to calm herself she raised the glasses again and forced them to a focus. The land leaped near and lay so close she could have counted the pickets of the fences.

She was looking directly at the private race track of the Aumont stables.

*

IT WAS a trio of weary-bodied, heavy-hearted men which finally, in the hour just before dawn, rode in through the high white gate of the Aumont place; nor were the two that followed the limousine in a big roadster in any better case. The very cars seemed jaded as they turned in to that home stretch, and after a run through the long tree-shaded avenue came to a halt, panting, before the great Colonial porch. Slowly and with the languor of disappointment, the passengers descended from the closed car, Grégoire supporting his master anxiously, Marcel mounting the steps to rouse the house.

And in the roadster, Lord Dudley remained beside Petrie, with no spark of interest in his surroundings, nor giving any evidence that he knew they had arrived. Murphy and Flackson were no longer with them

It had been a night of bitter anxiety and successive failures. Everybody had done his best, even better, and it had availed nothing. Somewhere in the quick changes of route and car, Jenks-Scofield had thrown them off. At every turn of the road it seemed Flackson had found a brother watcher, but with little or nothing to tell. In spite of the fineness of the net that Riordan's wires had thrown about the whole island, the quarry had slipped through and got away.

In response to Marcel's unmoving finger on the electric bell, the whole house presently lighted like one great lantern as a master switch was turned inside. The front door swung wide and the light streamed down the stairway to embrace them all in welcome.

Monsieur de St. Elour-Aumont went up toward the door, exchanging a word with the servant who stood there. Then he turned back.

"Lord Dudley," he said, and waited.

Algernon Percy glanced up, looked aside at Petrie, and with something like a groan, got out of the roadster and followed his host up the veranda stair.

"Upon my word, Mr. Aumont," said he, "it doesn't seem to me that I can quite stand this."

Monsieur René put a hand upon his shoulder.

"My dear Dudley," he said, "what else is there to do? We don't know where to turn. And we need rest and food. They've got away from us, and the next move must come from them."

"You are undoubtedly talking common sense," agreed His Lordship in a dull voice. "But it goes against me."

"I know it well," said René, very kindly. "Call in your man. Marcel will see to the cars. Come upstairs and have a hot bath and a good stiff drink. We should hear from this Scofield very soon now. It is already morning."

"You are being extraordinarily good to me," said Lord Dudley, "and all the while I should be thinking of you, sir. But I'm not," he added ruefully.

Monsieur René almost smiled.

"Come," he said. "What is the name of that invaluable man of yours?"

"Petrie," said His Lordship, and gave a sigh. "Petrie," he repeated, in a slightly louder tone, "come in. You must let us fend for ourselves, sir. Don't try to play the host. This night has been enough to kill you." He was at last thinking of the great age of the valiant old man who had endured as much as he, so much stronger, so young by comparison. "I blame myself for delaying your rest one instant. Forgive me."

"Well, that is better. Show His Lordship upstairs and get him everything he needs," he said to the man who still stood at the door. "And get us all some brandy and soda, and some light hot food. I will see you at breakfast, Dudley."

The hot bath, the warming food and drink broke down the defenses of one after another of them against insidious and deeply needed sleep. They slept in that quiet house like the dead in a tomb. Petrie indeed got no farther away from his master than the length of the room before he succumbed upon a softly cushioned sofa and yielded to its overpowering temptation.

"Poor devil," said Algernon Percy, and duffed a quilt down over him.

It was not the first time they had passed the night in closer quarters than this handsome room. His Lordship was the last to give in to the demands of exhaustion. He paced the room silently for an hour, and part of the time he prayed in his heart for the woman he had asked to be his wife. All sorts of other things got mixed up with his prayers. He did not even know her name! It appeared she was Miss Aumont, not Miss Farnham, but her surname mattered nothing to him, who hoped so soon to change it for all time. This place looked very handsome, to be the summer home of a private secretary. And he could not quite fit in her occupation with the apparently abundant resources of this old prince who was her

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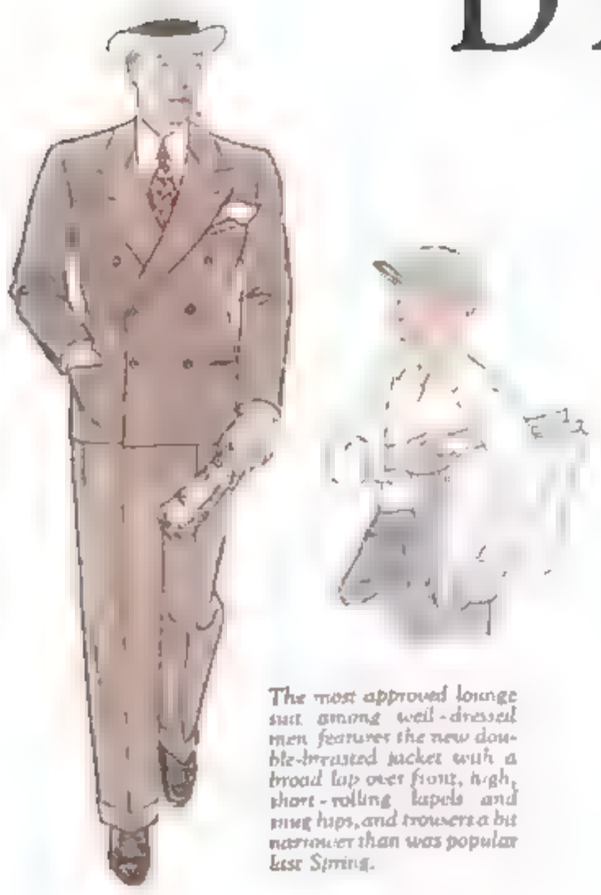
Not the *whole* thing, but the *first* thing... DRESS WELL!



The most approved lounge suit among well-dressed men features the new double-breasted jacket with a broad lap over front, high, short-rolling lapels and snug hips, and trousers a bit narrower than was popular last Spring.

EVERYWHERE, amongst the leaders of men—in drawing-rooms and country clubs; in schools and shops; in public and in private; day and night—the Great Game goes on with Success as the stakes.

And of the rules of the game—not the whole rule, but the first, is *look the part.*

Of course, no man wins success merely by reason of a good appearance, but many a man has missed success because of a poor appearance. In this hasty world, impressions are important.

Men who realize this find in Hoff-Man Pressing just the service they are seeking—and it is convenient. In dyeing and cleaning establishments; in tens of thousands of tailoring shops; in the better clothing stores; in every well-known hotel and club the world over; on crack liners at sea—Hoff-Man Presses stand ready to give your clothes the kind of pressing that will enhance your good appearance.

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Among well-dressed Londoners, the tail coat is again being worn for dining, as well as for other fashionable evening functions. Coats are distinctly body tracing and wide of shoulder and lapel.

One of the smartest Winter is the double-breasted English box coat with broad shoulders and wide lapels.

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Presses of all kinds for bushelling and valeting.

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A complete line of presses for all under-pressing and off-pressing operations.

For Knit Goods Manufacturing

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For Clubs, Hotels, Ships, etc.

Presses for the valet department.

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DRESS WELL...*PRESS WELL*...AND SUCCEED

How Kolster Reveals

Subtle overtones now developed. A wondrous achievement in tonal perfection. A Kolster reproduces the hitherto difficult "lower register."

NEW MAGIC! Reproduction such as you've never heard before.

The climax in reception, the ideal in reproduction.

A Kolster discovery. A new-day refinement. Amazing clarity.

Too technical to describe. Yet your ear will *instantly* detect the difference.

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If Zimbalist plays, it is Zimbalist—as if you were actually in the studio. There is no interference, no muffling, no exaggerations or repressions.

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—whoever or whatever is broadcast is reproduced faithfully.

A Kolster neither adds to nor subtracts from broadcasting.

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For eight years he was head of the Radio Section of the United States Bureau of Standards. He is now Chief Research Engineer of the F. T. C. Organization.

So now comes new reality—reproduction more miraculous than ever. A new era in radio enjoyment. All the rich tonal coloring in its natural beauty—not mere sound, but vivid, lifelike.

And all with simplicity. Just turn from one station to another. The Kolster has a single control. No "tricky" tuning with numerous dials. No chart of strange numbers.

Free from interference. No howls. No background noises. No overlapping of stations.

In short, the radio you've expected. The refinements you've wanted. Radio at its best.

Kolster radio is the sensation of the season.

To hear it gives a new thrill. It sets new standards.

Yesterday's problem was reception. Today's is reproduction.

Mere distance no longer has its lure. Today's demand is for *perfected* reproduction, reality of tone.

A treat awaits you. Hear the Kolster in your own home or at a Kolster dealer's shop.

You'll join the discriminating who say with justifiable pride: "I own a Kolster."

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(*of California*)
Woolworth Building, New York City

KOLSTER

Radio's "Lost Chords"

A *Parade of Stations*

One station after another parades by as you turn the Kolster regulator. No meaningless combination of numbers, but the actual names of the stations.

Whatever is on the air comes in easily, perfectly.

To play a Kolster is easier than playing a phonograph.

The Kolster Eight pictured above is one of four beautiful models, of which there are two Eights and two Sixes. Each is housed in a cabinet of rare charm, designed by leading authorities. A Kolster is a pleasure to the eye as well as to the ear.

RADIO

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MODERN BUSINESS EFFICIENCY DEMANDS IT

NO longer is it necessary to endure that thought-destroying, nerve-racking tap-tap-tap of the typewriter. The New Model 6 Remington-Noiseless has solved that problem for all time. It is the only noiseless writing machine.

This new machine has the complete four-row standard keyboard—the keyboard with which all operators are familiar. It has the light, natural touch which is universally preferred by operators. Its action is surpassingly easy, which insures a great volume of work.

And to work a beautiful variety of [illegible] signature

Business efficiency demands noiseless typewriting, comfort demands it; human nerves demand it; health demands it. And the new Remington-Noiseless No 6 is the complete answer to this demand

From the standpoint of efficiency—in fairness to [illegible] we shall gladly [illegible] New Remington-Noiseless Model 6 in your office for examination without any obligation to you.

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NEW Remington-Noiseless

WITH FOUR-ROW STANDARD KEYBOARD

(Continued from Page 174)

uncle. But who cared? Where was she? That was what he wanted to know. He would never close an eye until he found her. It was immediately after this pronouncement that Nature rose up and blotted him out.

The morning broke drearily under a gray mist, but Petrie was too old a Londoner to be affected by any fog that a mere Western Hemisphere could produce. He was astir long before His Lordship, and had selected from the inexhaustible wardrobe of their host a proper allotment of garments for Algernon Percy to do him credit in at breakfast. At ten o'clock he brought in a cup of tea, and without appearing to do so, quite deftly managed to wake the man who was never going to sleep again.

His Lordship was amazed to find that he was not still walking up and down the room. "News, Petrie? Any news?"

"Not a word yet, Your Lordship. It occurs to me that this Scofield, or whatever his name is, wouldn't risk a message at some unearthly hour. Too easy to trace it, sir."

"Perhaps you're right." Lord Dudley drank his tea while Petrie drew his bath. "I say, Petrie, I feel as fresh as paint. How is that superb old chappie who brought us down here?"

"He seems quite fit, sir," replied Petrie. "He's waiting for you in the breakfast room."

"The devil!" cried Dudley, leaping up.

"It seems, sir, that they have that custom in this country," Petrie said, as one who remarks the strange habits of a different race.

His Lordship and His Lordship's man made short work of his dressing, and in less than fifteen minutes a clear-eyed, hungry, lusty young man was hunting about the lower floor of the house for a breakfast room, a very different person from the despondent, brooding unfortunate of last night. He found his way at last, through a long glassed-in corridor, and went in ready with a cheery word, when one look at the man beside the table brought him to a stand. Monsieur René stood there, a small folded paper in his hand, in a hand that for the first time showed a tendency to tremble.

"You've had word?"

His host passed him the note without a word of answer, sat slowly down and drank a little water. He had rested, too, but he was eighty-odd years old.

The message was composed of words and letters cut from a newspaper and pasted on a piece of common white wrapping paper:

"You have no need for anxiety so long as you follow instructions. Any attempt to locate the house will be known and all evidence destroyed."

The word "all" was in unpleasantly suggestive capitals.

"A further note will be sent you stating our price, and a later one appointing a place."

"Who brought this?" demanded His Lordship.

"My house man," said René. "It was found under my front door this morning, in the city."

"Burgess is there to catch the next?"

"Burgess, or the man who relieves him. He sent a photograph of this to Riordan, Georges tells me."

"Well, I wish them luck. The paper it was cut from is too easily disposed of. They'll never make anything out of that. Can't Burgess phone the next one?"

"He will. It was Georges who prevented his telephoning this time, the miscreant. He thought I might be asleep. Well—I was."

"Stout lad!" said Algernon Percy. "So was I. Nothing could have persuaded me that I had ever lain down if I had not caught myself waking up. Look here, do you know, it occurs to me, I don't know Miss Aumont's name?"

"No?" laughed Monsieur René. "Yet I think you told me you asked her to marry you?"

"I put it to you, sir. Could I have said, 'What's-Your-Name, will you marry me?' She might not have told me, you know. Why did she call herself Farnham?"

"It was a wild escapade of hers. She wanted to pretend she was a social secretary. I wish to heaven I had refused her. But I never do."

"I can see how that would be," said Algernon Percy thoughtfully. "I was staying there in that dreadful house —— By Jove, you know, I must send that woman a line. I never thought of her again!"

"Tell her you have gone to visit a friend of your family."

"Thanks very much. You're really more than kind to me. You know, it puts me a bit on one side to find out that Miss Farnham—I mean ——"

"Her name is Adrienne de St. Elour-Aumont. Miss Aumont will do."

"Thanks—er—of course. Miss Aumont. I should like most awfully to call her Adrienne, but I get your point. . . . What an excellent little fish this fellow is."

"No," laughed his host, "don't change the subject. Call her anything you please. Go on. You were in this dreadful house ——"

"Did I say that? I shouldn't have said that, of course. They were very kind people and I am in their debt. Now Petrie would never have said a thing like that. I've a bad habit of not stopping to think. In fact, I said some disgraceful things to Miss Aumont, just blurted them out, you know—about her eyes and what not. She must be shockingly young to have gray hair."

"Eh?" said Monsieur de St. Elour-Aumont. "Of course—yes." His eyes were laughing.

"Now, you see! You'll think I'm asking her age. I never thought of it."

"Nor I," said monsieur. "She is not sensitive about her age. One is not—at nineteen."

Lord Dudley laughed. At any rate, his kind host looked very much amused and he laughed in sympathy.

"It's the greatest possible luck for me your knowing my Uncle Bill, because it saves my having to tell you all about the family, and so on. I should make an awful mess of that. So much of it sounds like swank, you know, we never mention it."

"Quite so." Monsieur René laughed quite openly this time.

"You mustn't think I was trying to get around Miss Aumont all the while. I'd have gone straight off to you, Mr. Aumont, only she never told me she had any family. I got an idea, seeing her working along like billy-o, that her people were all dead."

"We are—very nearly. I am over eighty."

"You'll excuse my saying that you gave no sign of being very nearly dead last evening, raging around from one shire to another with your pockets full of revolvers. How pleasant it would be if that second and third message were to come!"

"Will you help yourself to more coffee?" said Monsieur René. "I told the man not to wait."

"Thank you," said Dudley, rising, cup in hand. "Now you know, Miss Aumont has not given me any answer. I wrote her a note and was just on my way up to talk to her when this zero hour came and things began popping. I am glad in a way to have a chance to ask you if it's quite agreeable to you, but you must admit that it's a poor moment for me to have her snatched off where she can't say yes or no."

"I can see that," his host made answer kindly. "As for me, Dudley, I find it quite agreeable. We will leave it to Adrienne."

"That's deuced handsome of you, sir." Algernon Percy put down the coffee cup and boyishly shook hands with Monsieur René. "Now that I have explained how things are, I'd like to tell you something. I had a thought of it last night, and this note makes me think there's something in it." He lifted the thing and laid it down before René, standing by. "You see now, it takes some time to cut and paste all that. Every word has to be hunted for, and it must be worded so that there are no criminal threats involved. I fancy that is why the three notes. You would be put to it to prove they were all on the same subject. If the second note just says so many dollars, and the third just says 'Back of the ruined mill at midnight'—you get the idea? Now what I am driving at is this: Why did he bother to hunt until he had found 'the house' when he could have found a word like 'it' so much more easily?"

Monsieur René's sharp eyes looked up from the page in mute question.

"I think it's a herring," said Algernon Percy. "I got the idea when we were doubling around this man-sized island last night. It's simply honeycombed with water. I believe they've got her on a boat."

"A boat!"

"You see how that would work out? They can run in circles like a giddy-go-round. They can keep going up one side and down the other, as free as a fish. What's to prevent them?"

"I see it—yes." Monsieur de St. Elour-Aumont nodded slowly.

"Well, I have a hunch it is true," said His Lordship. "But where does that get us? We can't overhaul every boat in and around Long Island. Not even your revenue men can keep track of them." He walked over to the window and stood looking out. "Are we anywhere near Crachitt's Harbor here? I haven't any idea whether we are on the South or North Shore."

Monsieur was looking at the letter and did not glance up. He caught the change in Dudley's voice and knew he was speaking of irrelevant matters.

"Quite near," he said. "We are on the North Shore. Crachitt's is just beyond here."

"I've got a pal over there who is building hydroplanes. I'd like to take one of his gulls and zoom all over this coast line till I found her. It's a queer thing how wearing it is to wait—to do nothing and wait!"

At this moment the door of the breakfast room opened and Grégoire came in. The man's eyes were as bright as a fire.

"Monsieur!" he said softly. The others turned. The sound in his voice had almost made them jump. "The little boy of Tony—monsieur knows? The jockey of monsieur?—he is come with something to say to you, monsieur."

"Eh, well," said Monsieur René, "fetch him in."

Grégoire went to the door, apparently to seize on the other side of it a small boy who came in eagerly, with a nervous grin that exposed the natural but disfiguring loss of a front tooth.

Grégoire and Tony himself stood in the hall behind him. The little freckled fellow stood abashed at sight of these two great gentlemen.

Monsieur de St. Elour-Aumont put out his hand, with a friendly smile, and pulled the boy between his knees.

"Now if you grow so big, you will not be a jockey like your daddy," he said. "But you shall have a horse to ride just the same. What did you want to tell me?"

"I was out in my boat, Mr. Aumont, and Benny Davis was in his boat," said the boy in a shrill voice. For one instant the eyes of René and Dudley met. "We was going out to Caddy's Shoal to get some clams, and I saw the Aumont colors."

"Gently, my lad. Now let's take our time," said Monsieur René, kindly though his knees shook a little against the boy's sturdy bare legs. "What did you see—a color?"

"Out on a boat," said Tony's hopeful scion. "It's a big boat. It has a house built on it. And I saw something bright hanging like out of the window. And it was a yellow flag, and it had a big pink A on it. I saw it. It was hanging flat against the house under the window."

"If you please, Mr. Aumont," said Tony, "the boy thought—we all thought—they are the Aumont colors, sir—and a big A."

(Continued on Page 181)

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Think of it—a handsome, nickel-trimmed, gold-stamped, [illegible] mechanical pencil, made of wood, light and perfect in balance, with all the features of much more expensive pencils—for 10c.

Millions are being used. Now the sensational, tremendous offer below makes it possible for you, too, to get this amazing pencil for 10c. Light, strong, durable—loads quickly—a child can operate it.

At last—a strong, smooth-writing lead!

Our new [illegible] lead [illegible]

Office Managers:
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Send for this offer. Try Rite-Rite yourself. Then order from dealers for the office. Cuts pencil costs 50%—we guarantee it.

Bell Tel. Co. bought 175,000
Also 3 million sticks of lead. Rite-Rite cut their pencil bills. Banks, railroads, big companies buying in thousand lots. Speeds up work, cuts down costs. A NEW IDEA!

Retail Dealers:
Our advertising is working for you. Be ready. Phone or wire your jobber for stock or write us now.

SOMETHING NEW
Write with Black. Check with Red. Mark with Blue. Send 50c for the special offer. Do it now!

Three Rite-Rite Pencils
Three Colors of Lead
The New 555 Combination

Don't Miss This!
ONLY 50c

One black pencil for black lead. One red pencil for red lead. One blue pencil for blue lead. 12 sticks of black lead and extra blue and red lead—all for 50c. No extra charge for packing and mailing.

Money back if you aren't satisfied
Don't pass up this offer. It may never appear again. See your dealer now or send the coupon. Now is the time. Act!

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Send me your special 555 combination offer, carrying charges paid, consisting of
1 Black Rite-Rite Pencil 1 Red Rite-Rite Pencil 1 Blue Rite-Rite Pencil—12 sticks of Black Lead, also extra Blue and Red Leads. Extra sets 50c each.

Name

Street and No. or R. F. D.

City

State

My dealer's name

How many — Amount

No. 555 Combination at 50c per set $

Extra Rite-Rite Pencils—10c each

Extra Black Leads—10c per package of 12

Extra Colored Leads in Red, Blue, Green, Yellow or Purple—25c per dozen pack of 12 sticks

Total $

I enclose $ in full payment of above, including packing and shipping charges.

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ELGIN.....TIME · KEEPER · TO · THE · SUCCESSFUL

A truly great product gives the buyer more than he has a right to expect

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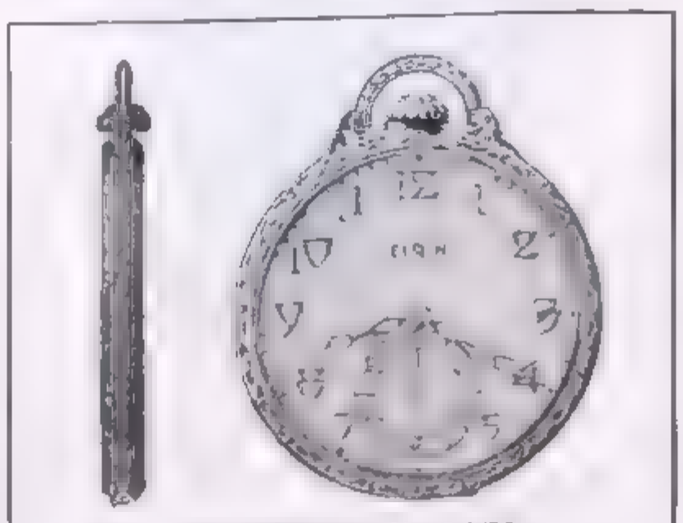
A truly great product is one that gives the buyer more than he has a right to expect. I have found the Elgin Watch to be that kind of a product.

My first Elgin was the gift of my father and mother—presented to me when I graduated from High School thirty-eight years ago. It was guaranteed for twenty years. But it served me faithfully for twenty-eight years—almost a decade beyond its guarantee.

It was keeping perfect time when I retired it—but I wanted a lighter, open face watch.

My present Elgin is a Corsican Model—a beautifully thin, almost wafer-like watch that exemplifies the new-day manufacturing principle of maximum efficiency with minimum bulk.

by H. S. FIRESTONE



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THE·WATCH·WORD·FOR·ELEGANCE·&·EFFICIENCY

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH COMPANY, ELGIN, U. S. A.

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(Continued from Page 179)

A breathless moment fell upon the room. Then Algernon Percy caught young Tony by the hand.

"Where is this boat of yours?" he cried. "Where's Benny Davis?"

"Down atha dock."

"I'll beat you down," said Lord Dudley, and was out of the French window in one leap.

XI

ADRIENNE was lying on the berth in her cabin, because, to tell the truth, the canvas chairs were none too comfortable. She had come down from the deck without being told her time was up, bringing Dave in one arm and the confusion of bright rags and Molly's sewing things in the other. Dave she delivered to his mother with a kiss, and Molly was immediately called upon to observe in detail the fascinations of his bean bag.

"Indeed, it's beautiful, honey," said Molly, almost as pleased as he. "A nice soft thing for a little lad to catch and toss. What's that you say?" inattentively she called after Miss Aumont's retreating figure.

"I said my parole was over now," repeated Adrienne. "You would better come and lock me up."

Molly laughed.

"I'll do it too," she said. "What Scofield would say if he knew I'd let you out, I don't know."

She followed her prisoner down the passage, small Dave the while beseeching her, over and over and over, to come and play toss with him. Dave had a strong Gentile complex, and made use of endless vain repetitions. Perhaps it was because he distracted her attention, perhaps that she had already considered the question favorably, but she made no move to close the little window. Indeed, it was not a practical means of escape, being perhaps just big enough to put one's head through, certainly not more.

Adrienne stood listening after the key turned in the lock and heard their voices going away down the passage. Then, with a thankful sigh and the fever of a released excitement in her eyes, she began searching wildly among the bits of cloth. Temptation had been to make sure of the bright yellow flannel and the gaudy strip of pink cotton she had seen while she was yet on deck, and hide them with a needle and some thread in her dress. But there was her parole, and she would not. Molly had not thought to take the things away. Surely a prisoner need not be so squeamish as to abjure so slight a chance advantage.

She cut a big square from the flannel and hastily basted the pink strip upon it in a big A. At one corner she sewed Molly's scissors and at the other the china mug from her washstand, for weights to hold it down. At each upper corner she sewed the middle of another pink strip. Then, standing on her berth, she put the thing carefully out the window, and with wildly straining arms struggled, it seemed for hours, to tie it to the guide rope that ran along the wall beside the freeboard. The mug and the scissors whacked against the house now and then, but the noises were lost in the many bumping sounds about the moored craft.

There wasn't a chance in ten thousand that anyone from Aumont would see it. But long shots had won are this. The incredible coincidence of her being anchored just off the shore of her own home made any other good turn of fortune seem possible. Anyway it amused her to do it. Her wildest hazard could not have helped her guess that both René and Dudley were at Aumont. She thought only of the men at the stables, Tony Nera and his school of grooms. She had nearly pulled her arms from their sockets drawing up that fairly taut guide rope and getting her own strips tied somehow around it. The thing was there now, a banner as big as a pillowcase. She lay down on her berth and laughed a little.

Poor Molly! She could appreciate the presence of mind that thought of olive oil and bean bags, and yet not be on her guard against other possible manifestations. One thing was certain: She would help Molly, once she got out of here. That nice little Dave should have his chance to go straight. She lay there planning what she would do for Molly, and was quite unaware, as people on shipboard often are, that the salt air and the lullaby of the slapping water were making her drowsy.

She had just seen Dave solemnly shaking hands with Uncle René when a piercing yell awoke her. It was not an alarming shriek; just the sort of Indian war whoop with which one boy will rend the welkin in greeting to another. But so little reason was there in such a sound out here in this waste of water that it woke her utterly. She sat up, straining her ears.

"Hey, Ben-ne-e-e!" shrilled the voice. It came from outside of course. Boats passing!

"Hallo!" An answering hail. "Is that you, Tony Nera?" The stentorian syllables were widely spaced as if with the intent that not one should be lost.

Tony Nera! Adrienne caught her breath.

"Say, listen, can ya hear me?" screamed the boy. "Algy is lookin' for ya! He wants to speak to ya right away!"

Adrienne was on her feet, her heart drumming thickly. There were footsteps outside her door—was Molly coming in to close the window? No, she was passing by, saying to little Dave quite idly, "It's just some boys in their boats, honey."

Adrienne turned and looked at the porthole. Was it a message, a well conceived, brilliantly executed message? But "Algy!" How could he have sent a boy from Aumont? Above all, how on earth could he speak to her? It was impossible; and yet—and yet—"Listen, can ya hear me? Algy is lookin' for ya! He wants to speak to ya right away!"

She caught up a canvas chair and put it on the berth. She knew from her experience with her banner that to get her head out the window she would need greater elevation. It was a perilous footing, but it must be made to serve. Clinging to the window sill above her, she mounted it. It waggled miserably beneath her, but she made out to stand. She put her head out the open port.

In the offing a small craft was just flitting onward about its business; but quite near by was an amateurish skiff which had come up into the wind and lay there, her sail flapping idly at such an angle as to screen the cockpit. She could see the bare brown legs of a little boy, no more.

Then, with a shock that very nearly overset her insecure foundation, the well-known voice of Algernon Percy just below her said softly, "My darling girl, you are really there!"

She looked down. There, treading water with the greatest possible composure compatible with his head's remaining above the surface, was Lord Dudley, apparently clad in muslin shirt and trunks, his lips blue with the cold, but smiling. She could not believe her eyes until he quite calmly fished up his monocle on the end of a bit of cord, and, wet as it was, got it into its accustomed place. Nobody but Algernon Percy would have done that.

"What a scout you are, to think of getting out that signal with an A for Aumont!" he said meanwhile.

"And Adrienne," she said. "And Algy!"

"I say, you're looking wonderful. Whatever have you done to your hair?"

She gave a stifled hysterical giggle.

"You didn't swim out here to tell me that, did you?"

"Darling, I can never seem to say the right thing to you. Are you all right?"

"Yes."

"Can you get up on deck?"

"No; I am locked in."

"Can you get up on deck if I come for you this afternoon—say, four o'clock?"

"I'll try," said Adrienne in great excitement, but carefully keeping her voice as low as possible.

"We can't come right at you, you see, because ——"

There was the sound of a slamming door, and Algernon Percy flipped over suddenly in the water like a fish and disappeared. Adrienne watched breathlessly, her eyes roving the surface of the water, but she saw no sign of him. The boat lying in the wind did, to be sure, after a few moments give a wild lurch to port, as if somebody had clambered in over the side; but when it did answer to the boy's hand on the helm and slowly swung into its course again, there was nobody in the cockpit but the boy himself. Algernon Percy was lying doggo in a canvas cabin that fitted him rather too tightly for comfort. The boat skipped off with an appearance of complete innocence, its young helmsman never even looking back.

Miss Aumont descended from her pedestal—a more difficult matter than getting up—put the chair away and cast herself down on the berth to laugh and cry into a smothering pillow. Struggle for composure as she would, her young heart was bursting with too many emotions to be controlled. There was dear René—what an unspeakable comfort was on its way to him in the news that little Tony Nera's shallop carried! There was Algernon Percy, looking utterly ridiculous in the water, and so dear, so dependable! Who but him would ever have thought of hanging about there in the icy water on the chance—the unbelievable chance—that her grotesque pennant pointed to her presence, and that she would understand that crafty message howled by one boy to another?

Who could help adoring a man like that? She couldn't. She lay there, half laughing, half crying, adoring him to her heart's content.

But such is the guile in woman, in even a young and naturally truthful woman, that when Molly came in with the tray of luncheon she saw no slightest sign of agitation in her rather bored-looking prisoner. Miss Aumont's interest seemed quite absorbed in the rag doll she was making for little Dave.

"Well, if I don't declare!" said Molly, setting down her burden on one end of the berth. "The things you think of! The things you can do!"

Miss Aumont heard the china mug knock one assenting response like an amen to this appreciation.

"You haven't another pair of scissors? I can't lay my hand on the ones I had." She smoothed out the face she had been embroidering, on her knee, and eluded questions by going on to explain the intended costume for her creation. Little Dave was profiting by her determination to appear to have no outside interests. "I shall stuff it out with left-overs. You'll see, it will be a fine dolly, the soft kind that is so comforting at night."

Molly brought other scissors and stood a moment looking on. Miss Aumont continued her work, beginning to shape a rather brachycephalic head.

Without raising her eyes she said softly, "Molly."

"Yeh?"

"When I get back home, how could I communicate with you?"

"You couldn't."

Molly was quite positive about it, but there was a little drag in her voice.

"I could put a personal in a paper," suggested Adrienne. "I could address it to Bean Bags and sign it Rag Doll. Nobody would know."

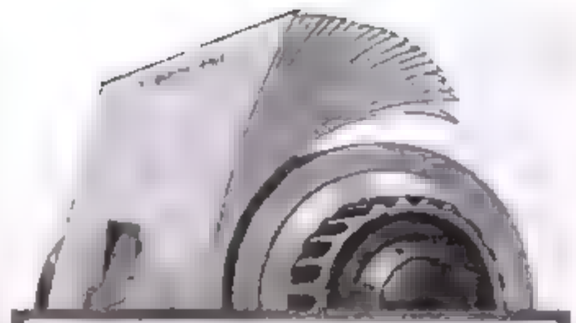
"Whatever would you want to put in the paper?"

"I want to make things easier for you and Dave," said the girl gently. "Please believe me, Molly. I'm not trying to get at you this way. I've been thinking about it a lot. Little Dave—he's got such solemn eyes, Molly."

"I'll say he has," assented the woman, just audibly.

"Why shouldn't I help him? He could go to a fine school, to college, grow up a man to be proud of, Molly."

She said no more. Molly stood there looking at the upper torso of the doll being



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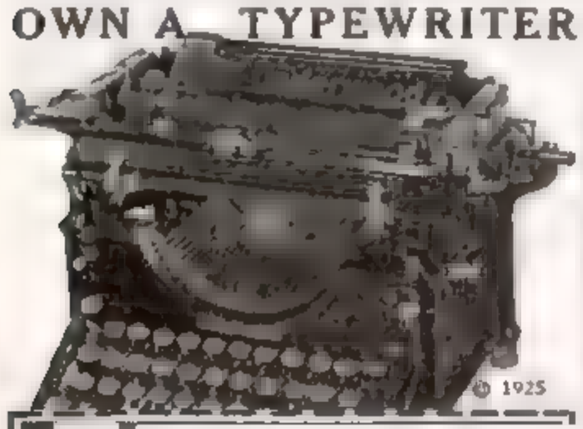

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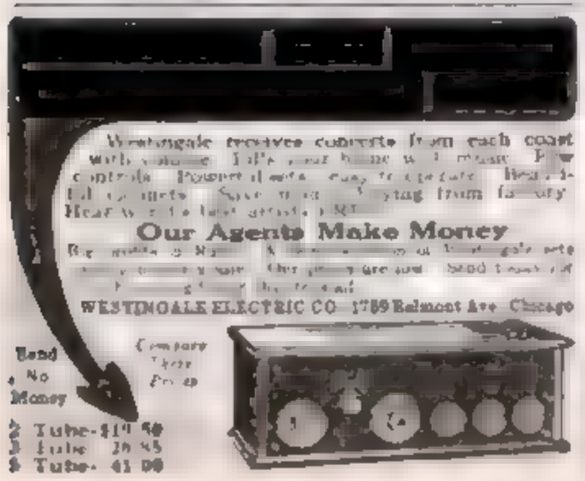

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turned right side out in its unnatural process of creation. The luncheon was getting cold. Neither woman spoke for a moment, but their silence had its own eloquence. Then Molly cleared her throat, which had a sort of ache in it. She turned away to the door

"There's personals in the Evening Star," she said huskily.

About an hour after luncheon Molly came back to the cabin with the little boy at her skirts. The dolly was finished, and though a carping critic might have found that it fell short of the classic standards of beauty, no callæsthetic ever gazed on the Venus of Melos with greater rapture than small Davy felt in his four-year-old heart when he saw Miss Betsy.

"Say a pretty thank you to the lady, Dave," said Molly; but Dave, impelled by an emotion far beyond his vocabulary to express, made his acknowledgment in one damp kiss upon the lady's cheek.

"I wonder would you come up on deck, or keep him with you here?" said Molly, who was, like Dave, fattened beyond recognition with several layers of jersey. "I'm getting up anchor and I can't attend to him."

Adrienne's heart went down like a stone. She put the child down and rose. Tears nearly blinded her as she turned away to hide her face and took down her coat from its nail. She could have cried into its folds.

"Getting up anchor?" she managed to say, as indifferently as was reasonable.

"Orders," said Molly shortly.

"Can you run a boat like this alone?"

"I'll say I can," said Molly cheerfully. "I wouldn't be here if I couldn't. She's some speed artist, too, though you wouldn't think it to look at her."

This was not the recommendation Molly seemed to think. Miss Aumont struggled against a desire to put her head against the wall and weep. But with the courage of her breeding, she kept her mind fixed on the fact that she had been given permission to go on deck and no parole had been required of her. She had made it clear to Molly that morning that she intended to escape if possible. Molly evidently gave no thought to the likelihood of her getting away from a cruising boat.

It was going to be bitter to see that familiar shore fall away into the distance, and to know that it was all of two hours before the time that Lord Dudley had set for whatever plans he had made. By four o'clock she would be again lost in the intricate convolutions of Long Island's shore line. Undoubtedly this shift of Molly's had been planned by an expert in eluding pursuit. She might, she reflected, be transferred to another unrecognizable boat. With even an attempted rescue just two hours off, this frustration of hope was almost unbearable.

But she gave no sign. Little Dave's confiding hand in hers, she followed Molly up on deck, her yearning eyes on that distance where was no evidence of any coming deliverance. She clenched her free hand in her pocket and battled with a virulent onset of tears.

Molly, with the strength of a man and the skill of a practiced mariner, got up her anchor and uncovered her engine. Adrienne watched her in despair as she filled her priming cups and, bending down, put her back into turning the heavy wheel. Speed artist as the queer tub might be, she had no fancy frills like a self-starter. Neither was she a hound, straining at the leash. On the contrary, she gave every evidence of being a lazy jade, reluctant to respond to Molly's vigorous stimulus. For one moment a wild hope that the engine had taken one of those inexplicable balky fits possible to the most up-to-date mechanisms surged up through Adrienne's depression. But a moment later the thing gave up its rebellion and settled down to a running series of efficient explosions. The big boat began to jar with a quickening rhythm and moved away at a fair speed from her moorings.

Adrienne let herself drop down into the hammock and gazed out ahead of her at the limitless horizon. She could not bear to watch their progress away from Aumont. She knew, of course, that her deliverance was only a matter of days, but she found it hard to be philosophical. Small Dave occupied himself with an attempt to divide his attention fairly between his two new toys. Molly sat at the wheel, capably following the marked course of the channel across the shoal, and turned the boat's nose northwest.

Miss Aumont remarked this with a sinking heart. If Molly's orders were to cross the Sound, she might be lost indeed. It might take several days for her ransom to be paid, with the delays of complicated precautions, and meanwhile poor Uncle René must endure the anxiety that preyed so dangerously upon his withering strength. Once more she had to struggle with a wretched desire to give in to her rising sobs.

Then very faintly over the water, above the explosive putt-putt of Molly's engine, came the sound of a distant droning hum. Adrienne paid it no heed at first, but as it grew gradually ever more distinct, she rose and turned to look back. Far astern, at some distance above the water was a flying blot in the clear air. Even as she made it out, the speck showed plainer, increasing in size at every on-coming second of time. The angry roar of its flight came louder and louder to her ears. She gave one wild sob of hope renewed.

Molly, too, turned her head and looked behind her. She stood up, one hand on her wheel. There were dozens of these rackety things swooping about these days, she knew, but something about the purposeful drive of this one gave her pause. It was quite unlikely that anyone could possibly know what passenger she carried, and still—

"You better go downstairs, Miss Aumont," she called out sharply.

"Oh, why? I'm all right," cried Adrienne.

With a quick flash of wit, she picked up Davy's bean bag and tossed it to him. She gave a convincing performance of a young woman with no interest whatever in hydroplanes. She even laughed, a remarkably easy little laugh, and disappeared from Molly's view by sitting down on deck beside the child. Even with her heart jumping around like Davy's confiscated ball, she did not forget that she had agreed to keep him safe. She took a length of rope from the locker and gained his approval to the idea of being tied up like a horsie to the stanchion of the hammock.

When she looked up under the awning the plane seemed coming at them like a lion leaping. The roar of its flight completely drowned the noise of their own engine. Molly called out again and jumped from the wheel, throwing out her switch with one hand while she caught up a revolver from some cache near her with the other. The monstrous pursuing roc shot over them like a cannon ball, rending their ears with its thunder.

Molly hesitated. Her boat lost headway and began to swing over with the current. Was the plane going on? Both women held their breath, while little Dave looked vaguely about, wondering at the appalling noise.

Then Adrienne ran to the rail. The hydroplane had suddenly become mute. It flew on with the silence of a swooping bird, settling ever down toward the water. As it landed in a great dash of tossing foam and spindrift, the figure of a man in a bathing suit dived in the same instant over the quarter. The plane plunged on in successive bounces on the waves. Molly was swarming up the ladder.

Adrienne, in one movement, tore off the coat she wore, stepped out of her pumps and swung her legs over the netted rail.

"Don't shoot, Molly!" she cried in a voice of wild happiness. "Remember little Dave!"

Between the two driving arms of the swimmer Algernon Percy's face was plainly recognizable as for one instant he raised his head and shouted "Jump!"

With Molly's hand almost upon her Adrienne let her heels down upon the narrow ledge without, and even as her body careened forward over the water as she let go the rail, her arms went up above her head and she shot downward in a perfect dive.

XII

"I SAY, you know," said Lord Dudley, stirring his cup of tea reflectively, "we have had rather a sporting life for a day, what?"

Uncle René's hand tightened its hold upon Adrienne's fingers as she sat beside him. He could not seem content to let her get beyond his reach. They were all sitting before a welcome fire in the drawing-room at Aumont, in the twilight. Adrienne's hair was not yet perfectly dry; but being, as Molly had remarked, uncurlable, it was not unbecoming. Indeed, His Lordship found himself looking at it continually with the most surprising satisfaction. He had loved her with gray hair, he would undoubtedly have loved her in René's suggested costume of a barrel and a sack; but he could not deny that her beauty shone more brightly in the absence of the wig and the horn-rimmed spectacles.

What Petrie thought of her, he had already expressed. For when he had taken her shivering body from His Lordship's outstretched arms to set her down upon the pier at Aumont among the small mob of her adorers gathered to acclaim her, he had fairly hugged her in the excitement of the moment, though he immediately apologized, before even the arms of Uncle René could reach her, by lifting and kissing her hand.

"It has had what dramatic critics call its moments," said Adrienne. "I'd like to know why you didn't come right back for me in our launch when you had found out where I was. I could have got up on deck somehow then. You haven't told me a thing yet. You've scarcely spoken to me since you hollered 'Jump!' and I jump. You might have shouted a little information at me on that heavenly ride back in the plane."

"I observe," said Algernon Percy, "that I am not the only one who prefers just to hold you tight and say nothing. I shouldn't have minded shouting however. I felt quite like it. It's rather slim of you to object to my rescuing you in the very latest type of hydroplane, but I'll explain it, if I must. We figured that an open-faced chase toward you in a launch might give us away. There might be some shooting and what not, whereas it was an even bet they had no anti-aircraft guns, and we could get to you in a gull."

Adrienne looked at him skeptically. She didn't for one moment suppose that was the real reason.

"You are not blurting out the truth the way you used to," she said.

His Lordship's mouth had tightened grimly at the corners, but he continued to speak in the usual tone of a man taking comfort in his tea.

"If you are going to insist on the details of our anxieties, you know," he said, "I shall change the subject. They don't bear thinking of just yet. Let me explain to you the effect of the introduction of rustless steel upon the Ancient Guild of Knife Boys of London."

Adrienne laughed.

"No," she said. "Tell me just this and I will let you off."

Lord Dudley looked into his cup and perceived that his hand trembled. He turned and put it down.

"We have had some moments ourselves," he said, in a totally different voice, "though we have not talked about them overmuch. One of them was when we risked going after you even in a plane. We had been quite flatly told that if we attempted to locate you, you would be—no, I can't say it. You'll have to figure it out for yourself."

Again Uncle René's fingers tightened upon her hand, and that desperate hold

(Continued on Page 137)

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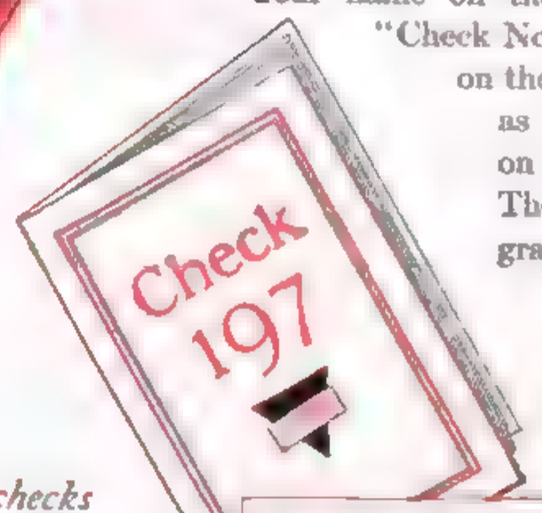

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can be used while the set is in operation

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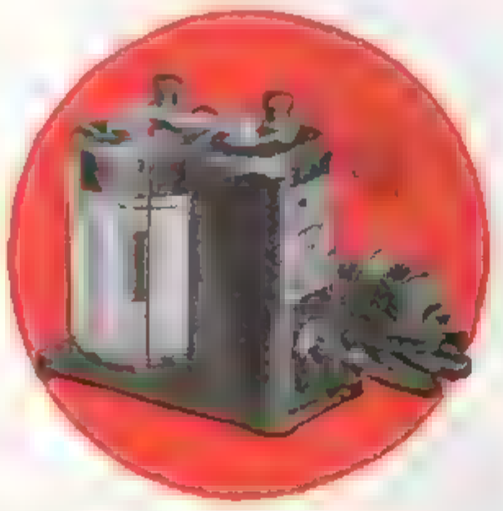
The Balkite Trickle Charger

for continuous charging



This low-rate charger charges both 4 and 6-volt radio "A" batteries at about .5 amperes. It may be used in three ways:

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Size 5½ in. long, 2¾ in. wide, 5 in. high—may be put in usual dry cell compartment. Current consumption about 1/10c per hour. Operates from 110-120 AC 60 cycle current. Special model for 50 cycles.

Small low capacity batteries specially adapted for use with this charger with sets now using dry cells are offered by practically all leading manufacturers this fall. Manufacturers are also offering switches which turn off the charger and turn on Balkite "B" when you turn on your set. This makes your entire current supply automatic in operation.

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Like all other Balkite Radio Power Units, Balkite "B" has no bulbs, and nothing to wear out or replace. It requires no changes or additions to your set. The binding posts provided are simply connected to the corresponding connections on the set. Once adjusted to the needs of your set, it requires no further adjustment. It may be used with either storage battery or dry cell tubes. It gives tubes longer life, for with its use they are not overworked.

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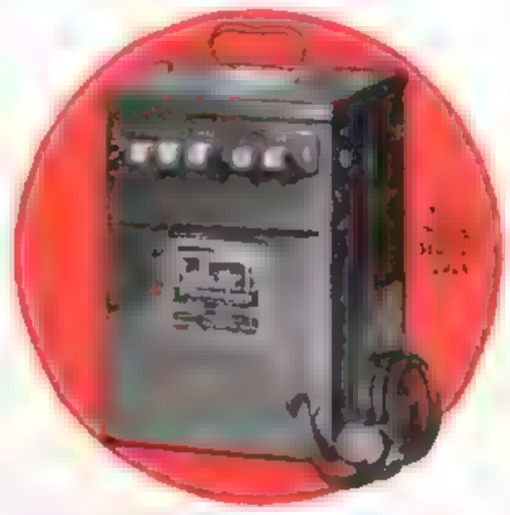
Balkite "B" II

for sets of 6 tubes or more



The same popular model as offered last year. Same as Balkite "B" except it is universal in application and will serve any radio set, including sets of as many as 8 tubes or more. It is a unit of much greater capacity and flexibility, with a maximum current capacity of 40 milliamperes at 90 volts. Serves either storage battery or dry cell type of tube. Size 9 in. high, 6¼ in. wide, 7½ in. deep. Water needs to be added only twice a year. Current consumption about 1/10c per hour. Operates from 110-120 AC 60 cycle current. Special model for 50 cycles.

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Balkite "B" II is also well known. It was the outstanding development in radio last year. It eliminates "B" batteries and supplies plate current from the light socket. It fits any set.

The new Balkite Trickle Charger for continuous charging is especially adapted to sets of small "A" current requirements—any dry cell set and storage battery sets of few tubes. Owners of dry cell sets who have wanted to use storage batteries but have hesitated to do so because of the cost can now make a most economical installation with a Balkite Trickle Charger and a low capacity storage battery of the type being offered by leading battery manufacturers this fall.

The new Balkite "B" at $35 is especially designed to serve sets of 6 tubes or less. With such sets it will perform exactly as does Balkite "B" II with sets of larger "B" current requirements.

Noiseless—No bulbs—Permanent

All Balkite Radio Power Units are noiseless in operation. They have no moving parts, no bulbs, and nothing to break or get out of order. They cannot deteriorate through use or disuse—each is a permanent piece of equipment with nothing to replace. When you buy them you buy once and for all. They require no other attention than the infrequent addition of water. They do not interfere with your set or your neighbor's. Their current consumption is remarkably low. They require no changes or additions to your set.

A Balkite Charger, an "A" battery and a Balkite "B" constitute a complete, trouble-free radio power equipment—one that is simple, unfailing and economical in operation, and eliminates the possibility of a weak current supply. Read the specific applications of the four units. Whatever type of set you own, Balkite Radio Power Units will serve it.

FANSTEEL

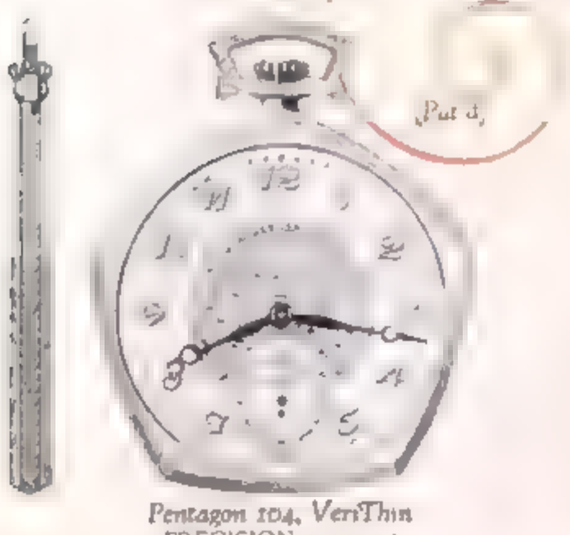
Balkite Radio Power Units

BALKITE BATTERY CHARGER · BALKITE TRICKLE CHARGER · BALKITE "B" · BALKITE "B" II

ALL BALKITE RADIO POWER UNITS ARE TESTED AND LISTED AS STANDARD BY THE UNDERWRITERS' LABORATORIES

Outstanding improvements *in every type of* GRUEN *watch*

Empire 60, Ultra-VeriThin
PRECISION *movement*
$150 up



Pentagon 104, VeriThin
PRECISION *movement*
$75 to $500

Cartouche 159
Set with diamonds and sapphires
$150 to $165

Cartouche 143, $60

Strap 40 Pat. applied for,
The newest Gruen strap watch with rectangular movement illustrates how all possible space is used to secure greater size and strength of parts
PRECISION *movement, $75 and $85*

IN EVERY TYPE of Gruen watch you will find technical improvements to adapt the particular movement to its particular use. Many of these improvements are patented by the Gruen Guild and are to be found in watches of no other make.

In men's pocket watches by Gruen are embodied the Gruen VeriThin and Ultra-VeriThin principles of watch construction, explained by the diagram below.

In women's wrist watches by Gruen is embodied the principle of the Gruen Cartouche. By placing an oblong movement in an oblong case, the Gruen Guild takes advantage of every bit of space to make the necessarily tiny movement as large and strong as possible.

Similar to the Cartouche principle is that employed in the man's strap watch shown above. The movement, instead of round, is made rectangular to gain space. The result is greater size and durability of parts, permitting greater accuracy.

The better jewelers can show you these watches, as well as a large variety of others by the Gruen Guild. Their stores are marked by the Gruen Service emblem.

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Canadian Branch, Toronto
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GRUEN GUILD WATCHES

Wheel train diagram, showing how the four operating planes of the ordinary watch are reduced to three in the Gruen VeriThin and two in the Ultra-VeriThin. Thus thinness is secured without loss in accuracy or durability of parts

PRECISION
Trade mark reg

This pledge mark of the GRUEN Guild is placed upon those watches of higher quality and finer finish

Pay a little more and get the best

(Continued from Page 182)

and something in His Lordship's manner made suddenly clear to her what mental agonies these two men who so loved her had endured through these four and twenty hours. She put her cheek against René's shoulder and lifted his hand to hold it against her breast.

"Well," she said, after a pause, "I don't think Molly would have done it. She did come after me with a pistol just before I jumped, but, you see, she did not let it off."

"Molly?" said Algernon Percy.

"She was my jailer—a perfect dear."

"Do you mean to tell me that you were alone on that boat with a woman?"

Adrienne nodded.

"And with the prettiest little boy of hers, whom I am going to send to college."

"Well, I wish we had known it," said Lord Dudley. "We pictured you in a perfect circle of armed bandits. I was in hot-and-cold horrors for fear —— I say, do let's talk of something else. I find my nerves won't stand it."

He shrewdly guessed a change of subject would not be unwelcome to more than himself. Monsieur René's face was drawn with the strain of mere remembrance.

Adrienne rose, kissed her uncle tenderly on the top of the head, and went over to Algernon Percy, smiling.

"You might then ask me to marry you. Do you know you have never proposed to me properly?" she said as he rose and took possession of her.

"My darling girl, I don't believe I can do it properly. You know how I muff those things. If you'd just let Petrie propose for me he'd give it a very neat turn I have no doubt. You know the first moment I saw you, I said to myself, 'She is just as high as my heart.' And so you are." He put her head against his waistcoat to prove it.

"Well, René dear," said Adrienne, remaining put, "what do you think? Could you learn to love him?"

"We have already met on a ground of mutual esteem," said Monsieur de St. Elour-Aumont, smiling. "Our acquaintance has been short but intensely revealing."

"Which is just the case with us, isn't it, Your Lordship?" murmured Adrienne happily. "I think you can tell Petrie I am going to say yes to that note he brought me."

"I wonder would you mind coming for a little walk with me?" suggested the young man who had both arms around her. "Just perhaps as far as the corridor outside. This must be no end embarrassing for Mr. Aumont."

"Yes, go along," said Uncle René. "You have worked hard enough to get her, Dudley, and I only hope you'll find she is worth it. Take her off somewhere. I'd like to be alone. I've got to think up a lot of soothing things to say to Riordan. He's going to be very much annoyed with us for leaving him out of this. Scofield and his gang may get away as neatly as a puff of smoke. They've nothing to trace him by. He hasn't even had time to send in his second letter yet. You see, Dudley, we shall never know her market value."

"Well, I don't know. I have great faith in Riordan. He may get them yet."

"You'll have to make it up to him by doing something expensive for the police fund," said Miss Aumont, standing beside Algernon Percy and swinging his hand lightly. "I don't care about Scofield. But if they do get him, you must make sure they don't do anything to Molly. Think of that pretty boy!"

"I should be inclined to say you women are unduly influenced by personal appearance," said His Lordship, "only, you know, it would sound a bit—er—under the circumstances—what? You can do what you please for your pretty boy. I have two homely ones on my list, full of freckles and gaps in the dental structure, and so on. But I'll back my Bennie Davis and Tony Nera any day. Two very special sportsmen! I must say, dearest, that counting my godchild, whose acquaintance I have not made, we are starting out with an unusual equipment of young beginners."

"All this," said Monsieur René, laughing, "will not console Riordan."

"At this moment," said Lord Dudley, "I can no longer pretend to any great interest in Riordan." He started for the door with Adrienne's hand still within his own. "I leave him to you. The entire Rainy Day gang can evade arrest without my paying the slightest attention. Though I will admit that I'd like to try another round with that pseudo bobby who put his knee into my ribs."

"There!" said Monsieur de St. Elour-Aumont. "I knew I had a question to ask you. That was the beginning of the whole affair."

"Delay me further," remarked His Lordship, "and I shall take it in devilish bad part."

"But no, Dudley, one word. How did you know these men who were arresting Adrienne were not the real thing?"

"I never saw the plain-clothes johnny," said Algernon Percy, pausing one moment as he took Adrienne out the door. "But the blighter in the uniform had on the shield of Officer 1366. I suppose it's my bally training that makes me notice little things like that. And 1366 happens to be the number of one Murphy, a particular pal of mine."

(THE END)

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 42)

men who could keep awake during a long trial like this they'd have to get a jury suffering from insomnia. But these are special jurors. They were carefully selected from five hundred."

Alice looked admiringly at the specially selected jurors.

"What makes them so special?" she asked.

"Well," said the White Rabbit, "this case has been on the front pages of the newspapers for months and everybody has been discussing it; so they had to select a jury of twelve men who had never read about this case, never heard about it and had formed no opinion about it."

"That seems like a silly system," said Alice.

"It is," replied the White Rabbit.

In the meantime the lawyer was growing more violent and angry every minute.

"Where were you on the night of June fifth?" he kept shouting, shaking his fist angrily.

"I wonder why he wants to know where he was on the night of June fifth," said Alice.

"That's one of the first rules of law," said the White Rabbit. "I think it's in the Constitution or the Magna Charta or somewhere. A witness must always be asked where he was on the night of June fifth."

"Supposing he doesn't remember?" said Alice.

"He never does remember," said the White Rabbit. "It's against the rules to remember. You see, that gives the lawyer a chance to ask his second great question."

"What is that?"

"'Is your memory as good today as it always was?'" quoted the White Rabbit. "Then there's the third great question: 'Is that as true as everything else you told us today?' With these three great questions anyone can be a lawyer."

"There's one other thing I want to know," Alice said. "Why is that lawyer always so angry and cross at the witnesses?"

"He's a cross-examiner," said the White Rabbit. —*Newman Levy.*

The Sunday-Newspaper Book Section

ENTHRALLING society novel. . . ."
"Not quite in McScribble's best vein. . . ."
"Grim epic of love in a hovel. . . ."
"A poet pellucid as pain."

"Not quite in McScribble's best vein. . . ."
"A sea voyage. . . ." "Another Anthology."
"A poet pellucid as pain."
"Great study in morbid psychology."

"A sea voyage. . . ." "Another Anthology."
"Wayne Zay at his latest and best."
"Great study in morbid psychology."
"This smashing romance of the West. . . ."

"Wayne Zay at his latest and best."
"Makes excellent light summer reading."
"This smashing romance of the West. . . ."
". . . . Attempting; alas! not succeeding. . . ."

"Makes excellent light summer reading."
"The popular Gerald D. Light. . . ."
". . . . Attempting; alas! not succeeding. . . ."
"Contains at least one nifty fight."

"The popular Gerald D. Light. . . ."
"His ignorance of Schmitz is stupendous."
"Contains at least one nifty fight."
"More Proust . . . cataclysmic . . . tremendous."

"His ignorance of Schmitz is stupendous."
"6th printing. . . ." "You must read. . . ." "On Chess."
"More Proust . . . cataclysmic . . . tremendous."
"Our fall list. . . . New Humor. . . . Success!"

"6th printing. . . ." "You must read. . . ." "On Chess."
"Grim epic of love in a hovel."
"Our fall list. . . . New Humor. . . . Success!"
"Enthralling society novel. . . ."
—*Baron Ireland.*

The Fitting

WHY is a man so prone to rail or
Rant when visiting his tailor?
Near sharper than a dentist sitting
It is to have a simple fitting
Upon removing unpressed clothing,
One must survey oneself with loathing.
Invariably one's shirt tail's wrinkled,
Garters ancient, socks all crinkled.
And many mirrors make one meek,
Showing inadequate physique.

The fitters come and do their best.
Although you call a waistcoat "vest,"
Their attitudes discreetly show
That not a soul need ever know.
"A little more room round the waist,"
They murmur, and depart in haste.
Thus in the course of time you're suited,
The while your bank account is looted.

Some day, as silent as a mummy,
I'll indicate a clothing dummy
And motion them to strip away
The suit that forms its glad array.
"Just step inside, sir," they'll invite,
"And try it on. See if it's right."
But I will give my blackest frown
And plank the purchase money down.
Then with the package home I'll flee
And they won't have a laugh at me.
—*Fairfax Downey.*

LE PAGE'S *mends for keeps*

COMPARED to the value of the article mended, the cost of the glue you use is practically nothing. Then while you are about it, why not use the best glue—LePage's? Have the satisfaction of knowing that the article is mended *for keeps* and that it won't come apart in a little while and have to be mended over again. *Insist* on LePage's.

LEPAGE'S GLUE

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We have for years been telling you about Thermo knitted, guaranteed *all virgin-wool* sport coats; now we shall let some Thermo wearers tell you what *they* think. All unsolicited.

A man in Chicago, Ill., says:—
"I have worn one of your coats for six years and think there is nothing like it."

A man in Hudsonville, Mich., says:—
"After over a year's service it is as good as new."

A man in Freeport, N. Y., says:—
"I have had one of your coats for several years and think it the most satisfactory garment I have ever owned."

A man in East Haven, Conn., says:—
"I have had one for years and still going."

A man in Kansas City, Mo., says:—
"I wore your coat last winter and was very much pleased with same. It wore well and laundered well."

Thermoknitted knickers to match Thermosport coats and vests are now obtainable in a variety of colors, including the latest popular shades, to suit all tastes.

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FOUNTAIN PEN
INK

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ALWAYS THE SAME

PATENT-SENSE, free book for inventors explaining largest double profits. Established 1869. Write
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WHEN THE TIDE TURNS

Continued from Page 41

and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun. . . . As it happeneth to the fool, so it happeneth even to me; and why was I then more wise? Then I said in my heart, that this also is vanity."

As long ago as that, your rich man had his palaces, sunken gardens and museum treasures. He practiced all the arts of self-indulgence, achieved the culture of every vice. Out of it all he got Ecclesiastes in his old age. It is the record of a fool, written in the bitter wisdom of disillusionment.

It is better for a man to remain ignorant of the things Solomon knew, to be poor, and to build a good little home in his heart for his old age; for the habits of that house will remain with him.

The Needs of Old Age

Wealth is a burden when you are old. A pittance is enough. The two great urges of a man's life are the desire for nourishment and the desire to create. You will have passed that period. You have the appetite of a child and require no more banquets and feasts. The desire to procreate is gone, with its attendant outlays for the vanity of sex. What you most need cannot be bought with money. You require little wisdom of the world, such as Solomon had. You are done with the world. You need only that simplicity other children have which endears them to men.

And you must go on earning your living as usual. Least of all can an old man live on bread alone. You must find those sources of income which nourish the hearts of children, the love and good will of men.

Men love women, one at a time, but they are not nearly so fond of our society as we have been led to believe. No woman can keep a man in the house if he ever was a real man. Even if he belongs to that house, he cannot be domesticated there until extreme old age or some infirmity delivers him into her hands. After he has been obliged to give up his job or resign as the head of his firm he will keep his business hours. He will go downtown as usual to pass these hours like a man with other men. He will prop his chair against the wall somewhere on the sunny side of the day and doze long after he is too feeble to hold his own in an argument or carry on a conversation.

He may be very well off, but he is a dear old mendicant, with his heart waiting like a hat for someone to pass by and drop the coin of a kind word in it. He rouses at the sound of every approaching footstep, looks up, arrests you with a sort of asking animation in case you may smile or have something to say.

I know a fine old gentleman who makes a very good living for the child he now is in this manner. He is still master emeritus in the home of his son and daughter. But that makes no difference; he will not give up and settle down there in his armchair.

He was a distinguished officer in the Confederate Army; he has been a prominent citizen of the town for fifty years, always a man of affairs. So now he goes on conducting his present affairs with irresistible charm and courage. He comes out of his house every morning, good weather or foul, leaning heavily upon his cane. I have known him to start the day leaning upon two canes, but he is sure to discard one as soon as he reaches the street around the square and has strengthened himself with a few kind words.

He is reduced now to three elegant jokes of 1860 vintage, and four or five witty sentences, which he uses every day. He also has one complaint, concerning an old wound in his head, got when he was leading his company against the enemy during the Civil War. But he never uses this complaint unless he is very badly off in his mind and has not been so successful as usual in meeting the kindest and best people that morning.

He sees himself without fear and without reproach in every woman's eye. So if he meets a lady he becomes the cavalier he used to be. He brisks up, squares his shoulders and offers her a compliment, sonorous and graceful, such as no younger man has the wealth of admiration to bestow. He makes a little love to her, regardless, but correct, merely implying that the sight of her started a tune of bright memories in his mind. If it is a damp morning, the sky overcast, he may mention the old wound in his head just to win that kind look good women always bestow upon a wounded hero.

He is a hypocrite about nothing in this world but that wound; never refers to it unless he is confiding to a woman with a tender heart.

He meets every man on his own ground, business, politics, national affairs. He honors himself with a grand manner. He is sapient. You may disagree with him, but if you do, it must be fiercely, as if you met an antagonist worthy of the best man's steel in the way of wits. He will brook no softness of manner to himself. The implication is offensive. Still you had better refer, in the course of your contention or your compliments, to the captain's own illustrious record somewhere in the past. There are numerous achievements to his credit, both in war and peace—take your choice. If you neglect to do so he will cut you dead presently and pass on with an offended air—maybe wondering where he left his other cane, because he does not feel so strong in his knees as he did a while ago.

Old age with its sublime simplicities cures animus in the meanest heart and stimulates generosity in the noblest man. The old captain really owns this town. He makes his daily levies of love and praise and is rarely disappointed. He would resent a reference to his worldly prosperity as a regrettable breach of good taste; he desires to be honored and sung only for his former works and achievements.

It is not so bad to grow old if you are willing to learn how.

The Art of Forgiving Oneself

There are many ways, as there are many religious creeds, any one of which will save a man from his own powers and principalities of darkness if he lives it in good faith. Old age itself is really a kind of religion, Nature's method of making you meek, wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove at last. You may grow into it gradually, as some people grow in grace, without being startled into it by an experience of sudden redemption, but only if you have been good a long time and trained for it as they do for salvation. Or you may be converted to the realization of being old in the twinkling of an eye, surrender the powers and petulance of your former restless achieving years and settle down without pride to the peaceful salvation of being one of the Lord's invalids with no more sins or deeds to do.

If you have been a bad man, old age offers the exceptional advantages of making you a child again. Instead of growing up in the error of your former ways, you do not grow up; you become more and more of a child, innocent of the man you used to be by that process of forgetting peculiar to old age. Blessed Providence eases for us the pain of all those sins we committed long ago, and for which we never could forgive ourselves! This is the very syntax of mortal peace of mind. I do not suppose the Lord remembers our transgressions against us. He leaves us to do that, a fearful damnation from which the forgetfulness of old age delivers us.

I have known at least one such man. He wasted his substance in riotous living. He had a brilliant mind, the wit of Solomon and impudence of Satan himself. The wine temperament of such gifts flared and misled him. Until he was past seventy he practiced vices with the vehemence of a corrupt old monarch. But when his last dollar was spent and his credit was gone, instead of keening his fine old Roman nose like Solomon to the preacher's dirge, he forgave himself. He "digested his sins" and became the most engaging old child I ever saw, living on the charity of his children, who were really his victims.

By this time he was far gone, palsied, toothless, his brain so addled in the morning that he must have his coffee before he became sensible or truthful. Then he grew eloquent. Solomon had nothing on him in the way of wisdom, and David could not surpass him in extolling the Almighty.

Legacies of Peace and Patience

On account of his great transgressions he was obliged to widen out the goodness of the Lord more than the rest of us had the grace to do. Without ever committing the hypocrisy of claiming any of our well-advertised virtues, he managed to make himself the heir of the Lord's amazing mercies. He had more complimentary ideas concerning his Maker than the best saint I ever knew. By noon, he was a trifle higher than the angels and going strong. He was a gallant man, spiritually speaking.

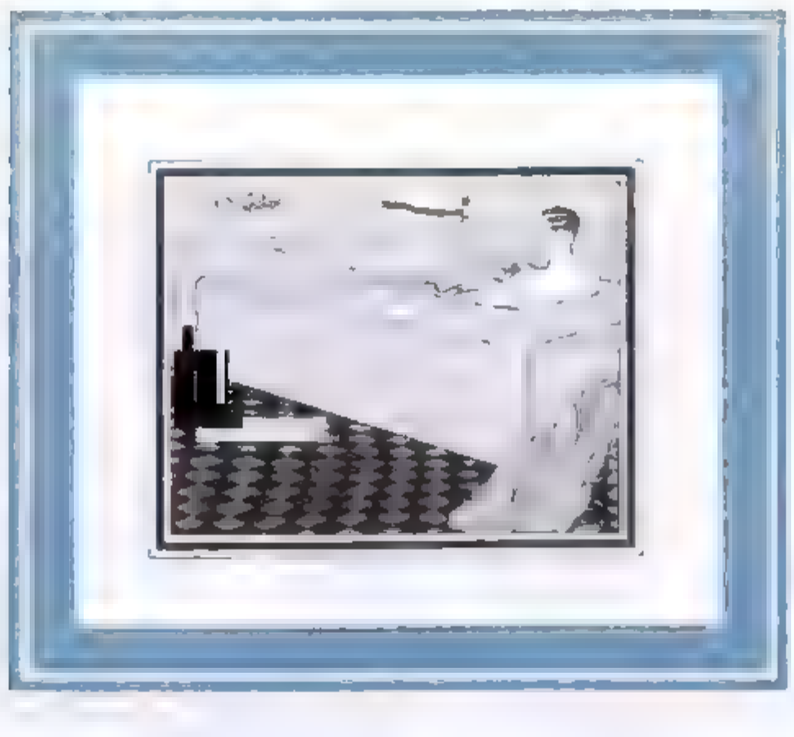
The resignation he showed about being no more than a child in his son's house was really triumphant. He was amiable, affectionate, taking a sort of dignified pleasure in his little old gratitudes. He was nearly helpless and must be cared for like a young child, a circumstance to which he never referred. He carried his infirmities with an air, and no occasion in that house was complete without him and his luminous wit of life.

I have seen him sitting at table with a bib tied around his neck, taking his porridge with a spoon, making himself the poet and philosopher of a dinner party, but practicing his silences like a good old child, always waiting to be noticed with an appeal for his wit or his opinion.

This man escaped the meanness of a sour old age, which his whole life predicated, by an act of will at a time when many old people excuse themselves by an inexcusable abnegation of will power. It can be done. The mind never grows old, only the body, the motor that pumps the blood to the brain.

Somewhere, sometime, in an apt moment he faced the emergencies of his situation and made a will bequeathing himself to peace and patience. Thus he covered the failures and defects of his whole life with loveliness and a becoming pride.

Great artists wait the last hour of daylight in which to do their best work. The blue-grayness of approaching night softens the harshest lines. Little things and ugly things fade into obscurity. Only the great masses remain visible, significant—the high things, temple spires, treetops and mountain peaks—all pronounced with the golden accent of the setting sun. Just so, old age is that last magic hour of life when the little things and ugly things that wearied and diminished us in the noon of our years passes away. We have finished our deeds. There is not so much difference now in this quietness between our great accomplishments and the failures we made. A beneficent shadow falls upon the brain itself, hiding the meanness of the strife we have passed through, and in this soft effulgence of our evening tide we are permitted to behold with clearness what remains. Nothing of us, only the ancient altitudes of peace. As happy children count their stars without knowing or needing to know the laws that govern these stars, so do we contemplate the east and west of the Lord's ways with wonder and no fears. We have lost the power to think, along with our other troubles, you understand; we cannot worry now over our doctrines or the world's philosophy. Nothing is left to do but to believe as children believe and grow peacefully dim by faith.



These Vital Spots add joy to Millions of Baths

What is the price of a modern bath? Years ago it was beyond the purse of a metropolitan clubman. Even bankers, senators and railroad presidents were satisfied with the simplest, most inadequate facilities.

But it is different today. The health-giving comforts of today's bath are within the reach of every home. All because dependable faucets control the mighty pressure from the city mains and deliver water to your bathtub in a full, quiet, splashless stream. You get as much as you want and *when* you want it . . . . . But, just as good faucets can add joy to millions of baths, so ailing, leaking, howling faucets can prove a never ending annoyance and expense.

Skillful plumbers, as well as architects and contractors, know the importance of choosing dependable faucets, such as Mueller's. They know that faucets receive hard day-after-day usage—and that there is no economy in equipping expensive fixtures with faucets which will eventually give trouble. They recommend Mueller Products because they have confidence in them—have known them for 68 years—and want to protect your interests.

There are sturdy, good looking Mueller faucets in practically every known style and for every ordinary faucet need. Your plumber can quickly get Mueller Faucets from the nearest of the 250 Mueller jobbers. For faucet satisfaction insist on Muellers.

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MUELLER FAUCETS

faucets without a fault

Heat that will blister ordinary finishes won't harm Zapon

OWNERS of Zapon Lacquer finished furniture are never troubled with the heat scars and blisters often experienced when old-style finishes are exposed to ordinary heat. Zapon's smooth, velvety surface is tough, hard, permanent!

And, remember this fact: A Zapon Lacquer finish always can be kept clean and lustrous merely by rubbing it with a dry cloth.

Zapon Lacquer is used by more than 4000 manufacturers of furniture, automobiles, electric fixtures, toys and other products made of metal, wood and composition.

THE ZAPON COMPANY
Park-Lexington Building, Park Ave. at 46th St.
NEW YORK CITY
Branches: Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, New Haven

The lacquer finish that stays new

ZAPON

POP

(Continued from Page 27)

Git yo' mind off of groceries an' lissen at me whilst I counts oveh de cash us is took in."

"I ain't seed no cash yet," Demmy objected, rallying to his partner's support. "De Wilecat is puffickly correck. Mebbe groceries ain't de main objeck of dis meetin', but dey is a mighty important side line. Where does de 'spense money come f'm?"

Demmy's sudden blooming withered in a scorching blast of Perdue's criticism.

"Shut up whilst I deducks 'spenses. Say us is took in twelve thousan' dollahs. De total 'spenses, includin' de theater an' de license, fo' meals a day, veg'tables fo' de goat an' ev'ything else kain't run much oveh thousan' dollahs a week. Supposin' I turns oveh two thousan' dollahs a week to you, Demmy—don't you figger you could pay all de 'spenses an' have some left?"

Demmy's eyes glittered at the prospect.

"Puttin' it dat way, Perdue, I figgers mebbe I could."

"Well, dat's de 'rangement. Let it go dat way. You pays de 'spenses an' whuteveh is left us splits it three ways."

"Perdue, how much does you figger dey'll be left?" The Wildcat concentrated on net returns.

"Wilecat, dat's hard to tell. Dey's mo' dan a hundred middlin'-sized towns in California. Us cleans up say ten thousan' dollahs a week. How much is a hundred towns times dat much?"

"Kain't figger dat high."

Perdue supplied the arithmetic.

"Ten—hundred—thousan'—dat's a millium dollahs. An' how many weeks you s'pose us gwine to run?"

"One week is 'nough fo' me." The Wildcat was modest in his demands.

"Dere you goes wid yo' jitney dreams! Figger de standard run of fo'ty weeks at a millium dollahs a week—comes out fo'ty millium dollahs."

The Wildcat batted his eyes and swallowed hard until Perdue Grandy softened prosperity's blow.

"S'pose us draws a blank ev'y so often. S'pose Ol' Man Trouble travels as our advance agent. S'pose us plays nine days' hard luck fo' each good day like we figgered. S'pose de odds is ten to one agin' us—whut does dat leave? Split up fo'ty millium dollahs accordin' to de odds, an' you still has fo' millium dollahs left fo' us to split up. Dere you is!"

Perdue paused for breath at the high point in his triumph, and such had been the magnetic quality of his voice that the Wildcat was in a state of complete surrender, and even the skeptic Demmy was at the moment engaged in selecting a first-class auto'beel, four suits of clothes and a box of ten-cent cigars for his personal use. The Wildcat awakened with a heavy sigh.

"Hot dam, Perdue! I neveh knowed dey was so much money in de show business."

"I told you dey was! Kain't you see it wid yo' own eyes? How come ev'y place you looks dey is buildin' millium-dollah theaters? Now is de time, an' befo' us quits strikin' whilst de iron is hot you learns a lot mo' 'bout de show business dan whut you knows at present."

The last prediction, spoken with full confidence, inspired immediate inquiries concerning the next move in the game.

"Whut does us do now? How soon kin us git started?"

"Dey ain't nuthin' connected wid gittin' started 'ceptin' frame de acks, git de costumes an' den git into my towering car an' head fo' de fust town where us makes our depew."

"Makes whut?" To the Wildcat the show business was still spotty with mystery.

"Our depew—dat's from de French language meanin' a gran' openin'."

"You say you is got a auto'beel?" Demmy questioned.

"Sho' is. I got de best balloon-tired Whissler dey is in de state. Me an' de Wilecat rides in de front seat. Demmy an' Lily an' de properties rides in de back seat."

"You must have got dat car mighty recent," Demmy suggested. "Neveh had no idea 'bout a auto'beel de time you sold us dat Cyclone shoe-shine place."

Perdue Grandy's acquisition of the balloon-tired Whissler was, above all others, the one subject upon which he preferred to remain silent. Possessing merely a verbal title to the car, acquired from a disreputable jailbird who had organized the jail break wherein he had found freedom, Perdue realized that the less said about the source of his property the better. He changed the subject.

"In de meantime, mebbe you boys kin profit by workin' oveh yo' turns right here in de Clover Club. How is you wid a song an' dance?"

"My feet is middlin' agile," the Wildcat answered, "an' Demmy is fust-rate on de slip horn. He brung one all de way f'm Chicago wid him." The speaker turned to Demmy. "See dat, boy? I tol' you Lady Luck would meet us in de California land."

Within five minutes the artful promoter had made arrangements for Demmy and the Wildcat to try out their talents on the Clover Club patrons with their first performance that night. The temper of the audience was such that any loud noise was sufficient for their amusement, and the result was a substantial harvest of silver which continued for three nights. During all this time Perdue Grandy lay low, torn between his necessity for flight and his realization that Demmy and the Wildcat were a long way from what might be called professional excellence. Variety, however, was a characteristic of the performance. The talent was not yet standardized, and with more than half the material improvised as the evenings progressed, it was no wonder that the promoter was misled into believing that the increasing cash contributions were an index of the approval that might be expected from a theater full of white patrons. On the third night the Wildcat counted the cash.

"Us took in mighty close to fo'ty dollahs tonight, Demmy—us is made mighty close to a hundred dollahs dese last three days."

"Don't see no sense in lookin' fo' no greener pastures. Us is reapin' money plenty fast fo' me. Tell ol' Perdue to go ahead wid his mammoth road show does he crave to, but you an' me stays here."

Perdue countered with the law.

"Where at would you boys be if you got sued fo' breach of promise goin' on a millium dollahs apiece fo' expected profits? You couldn't pay it, could you?"

"Perdue, us reckons not."

"Den where at is you? Figger out how long it take you in jail, workin' out a millium-dollah fine fo' a dollah a day. You'd be dere permanent!"

"Sho' would. Nevah thought of dat." The Wildcat changed his mind about the local field. "All right, Perdue. Us packs up tonight, an' tomorr' mawnin', like you says, us heads out fo' dat town you named. Whut you call de place?"

"Town name' Salinas." Perdue had made his selection after careful investigation of probabilities of recognition by the enemy. "Us plays Salinas, Monterey an' Santa Cruz, an' afteh dat us maps de route into some mo' good territory."

According to schedule, the caravan rolled southward out of San Francisco early the following morning. The balloon-tired Whissler bore up nobly under its burden. Its performance on the down grades, to which the Wildcat's attention was directed by Perdue Grandy, facilitated a property transfer which was accomplished shortly before the party arrived at their destination. The balloon-tired Whissler was sold to the Wildcat for a sum that came within a dollar of the total cash just then in the possession of himself and Demmy.

"You don't need no writement papeh, Wilecat," Perdue insisted. "Dis is strickly between friends. I always wanted to see you have a good car, an' mighty soon Demmy gits hisself a car wid whut he makes in dis Salinas town. Mighty good town. Folks is lib'ral. Dey makes lots of money in dis place, an' dey is broad-minded. De fust thing us does when us gits in is Wilecat gits de show license an' den goes an' rents de hall, whilst Demmy gits de advertisin' papeh pasted up."

"Whut you gwine to do in de meantime, Perdue?" the appointed billposter craved to know.

"Ise gwine to see a friend of mine an' git de tickets all made up. Dat's a mighty financial job. Us don't want no free tickets scattered round. I knows a place where de man prints tickets mighty cheap."

"Betteh refund back some of dat money," the Wildcat broke in. "How is I gwine to 'range de license an' rent de hall widout money?"

"Wilecat, you s'prises me. Nobody eveh heard of payin' hall rent till de show was oveh. De license, I agrees wid you, is got to be bought. Kain't 'mount to mo' dan ten dollahs. Here you is." Perdue loosened up with a ten-dollar bill.

"Whut 'bout dis billpostin' you speaks of?" Demmy inquired.

"Dese Salinas folks circulates round mighty steady, an' you don't need many bills posted. You git two bits' worth of wrappin' papeh an' a paint brush an' a dime's worth of paint an' prints on it, Big Show Tonight. Dat's all. Den you gits a bucket an' a brush an' pastes up de bills you is painted. You needs mebbe four bits mo' cash. Here you is." The promoter loosened up with four bits.

After an hour's delay, during which he spread around something less than a million dollars' worth of verbal advertising, the Wildcat managed to locate the Salinas gentleman whose official duties included the issuance of entertainment licenses. Accompanied by Demmy and Lily, both of whom were somewhat reluctant to explore the new territory without the moral support of numbers, the Wildcat sketched the outlines of their project to the license official, who was engaged in conversation at that moment with half a dozen other residents of the city. Now, noticing the Wildcat, who was trailed by Demmy and the mascot goat, other subjects were abandoned for what promised to afford casual entertainment for the group.

"Who are you looking for?"

"Cap'n, suh, me an' Demmy an' dis mascot goat craves to git us a license."

"Marriage license or dog license?"

"Naw, suh, neither one. I guess dey ain't so much diffurumce 'tween some houn' dogs an' some married folks, 'cordin' to whut de victims claims 'bout each otheh, but us aims to stay away f'm dese war things an' make folks feel pleasant 'stead of savage. Me an' Demmy an' Lily, along wid de manager of de show, is got some voodville acks mingled round in a program whut us aims to trade fo' cash, afteh you an' Lady Luck boons us wid de sunshine of yo' smile. White folks tol' me you writ de license papehs, an' here's de ten dollahs."

Within five minutes the Wildcat was in possession of the necessary document. Then, subjected to further inquiry, he apologized for his inability to predict just what kind of entertainment might be provided.

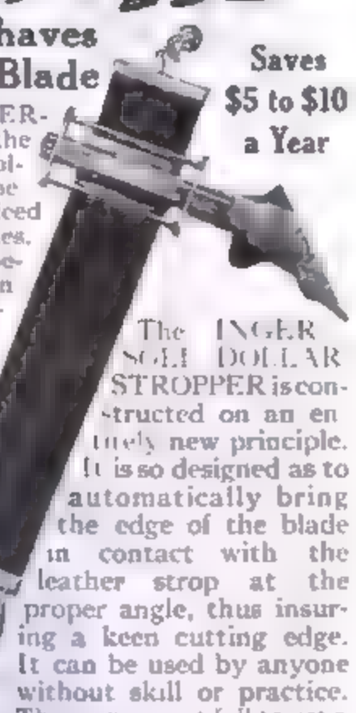
"Kain't tell nuthin' 'bout us actors. Sometimes Demmy starts shufflin' wid his feet an' ends up in a handspring ack afteh Lily butts de hind laigs out f'm undeh him. I started in wid my li'l' ol' snare drum three nights back, playin' de Ride of Mazeppa wid a locomotive 'companiment, an' ended up in a tabloo consistin' of Eliza crossin' de Delaware wid de Father of her Country, all covered wid goat hair where dis ornery mascot collides wid de scene. Us kain't tell whut de program gwine to be till afteh de su'vivors is counted. De main thing is a

(Continued on Page 193)

The Ingersoll DOLLAR STROPPER

100 to 300 shaves From Every Blade

Saves $5 to $10 a Year



ROBT. H. INGERSOLL, to whom the world owes the Dollar Watch and the first line of low priced dependable watches, is now bringing before the American public another article of great economic value—the INGERSOLL DOLLAR STROPPING OUTFIT, an in-

The INGERSOLL DOLLAR STROPPER is constructed on an entirely new principle. It is so designed as to automatically bring the edge of the blade in contact with the leather strop at the proper angle, thus insuring a keen cutting edge. It can be used by anyone without skill or practice. The user cannot fail to get a supersharp edge. Thousands already know the joys of better shaves through this wonderful device. Prove the Ingersoll Stropping Outfit is all we say for it. It costs no more than a few blades and by resharpening dull blades will save you from $5 to $10 a year. Send $1.00 for complete outfit, including patent Stropper (blade holder) and fine leather Strop. Use it 10 days and if you do not get the most comfortable, quickest and cleanest shaves you ever had, return it and we will return your $1, at once.

WANTED

This clever invention is meeting with nation-wide approval—in fact it is sweeping the country. We want good men to present it to the millions of men who are just waiting for it. No experience required. Sells at sight. Write for agents' terms

Robt. H. Ingersoll, Pres. New Era Mfg. Co.
Dept. 1411, 475 Broadway, N. Y. C.

I enclose $1, for which send me one Ingersoll Dollar Stropping Outfit complete, including the Ingersoll Specially Prepared Leather Strop. It is understood that I can return the Outfit in 10 days if not satisfied, and that you will return my dollar.

Name .....

Address .....

Make of Razor Used .....

☐ If interested in Agents' proposition, check here.

Enright's "all O' the Wheat" Bread

100% Whole Wheat

is the bread you have been looking for. We make the flour and the bread is baked by the best baker in your town. Buy it from your grocer and eat it every meal.

OLD FASHIONED MILLERS, INC.
SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA

For Father or Mother

Pilcher Detachable Buttons

are worth their weight in gold when a button is lost, or a garment is worn. Dresses, overalls, coats, etc. Sold everywhere. Sample free.

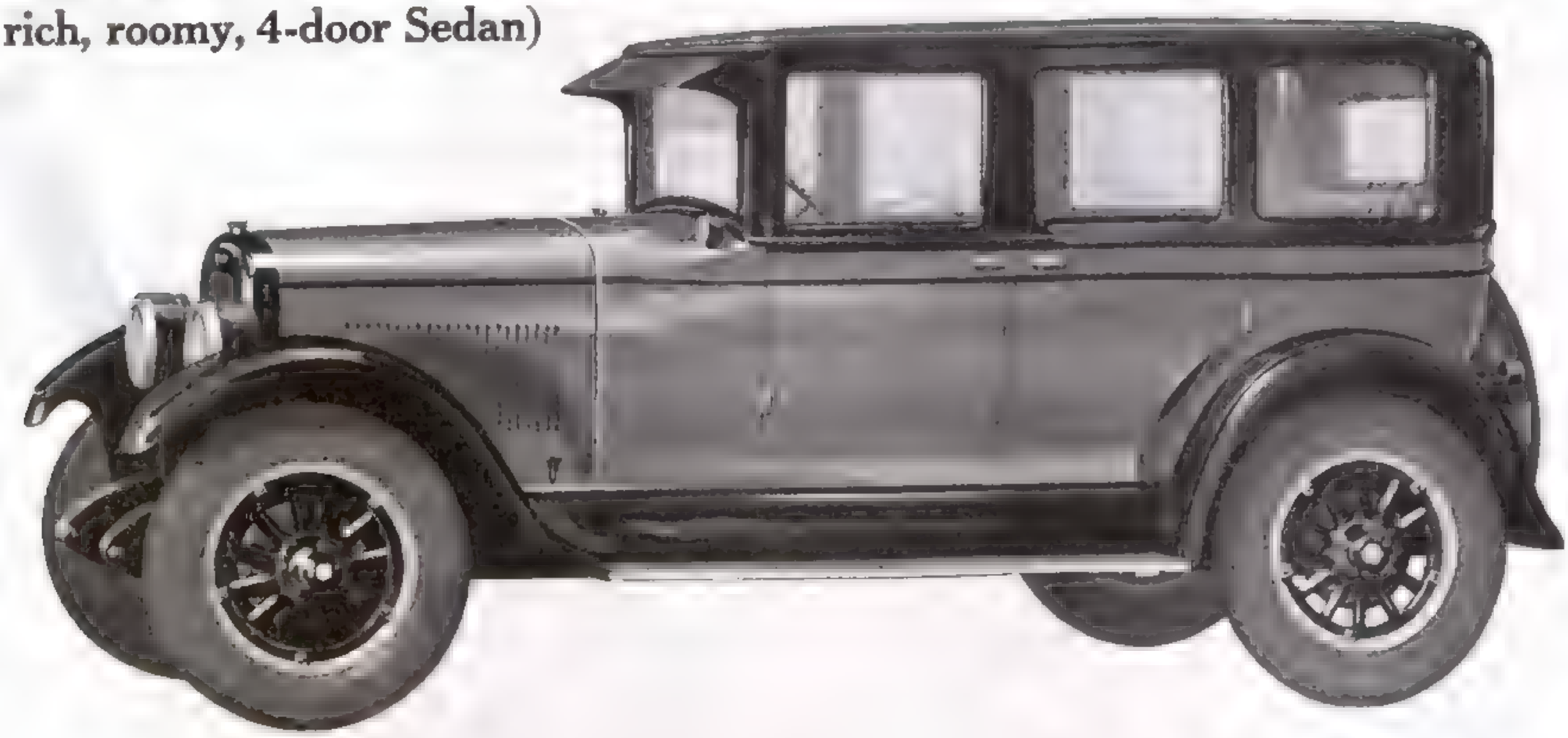
6 for 10 cents

PILCHER MFG. CO., Dept. C, LOUISVILLE, KY.

LAW STUDY AT HOME ... Earn $5,000 to $10,000 annually ... Law Library ... LaSalle Extension University Dept. 11-L Chicago. The World's Largest Business Training Institution

The Car-

(A rich, roomy, 4-door Sedan)



The Price-$995

(Formerly $1195)

f. o. b. Cleveland

And the Story!

The story of this rich, powerful Cleveland Six Four-Door Sedan is a story of progress and success.

Progress made this car so much better than average cars that great popularity came quickly. And this great popularity now makes it possible to reduce the price $200—an event which in turn makes Cleveland Six decisively the big buy of buys among today's six-cylinder closed cars!

Here, at a remarkably low price, are the *real* comforts and advantages of a full-length SEDAN with 1-2-3-4 doors—with three windows on each side, *and they all open*—and abundant roominess inside for all five passengers.

Another important factor in the success of this appealing car is its performance. Cleveland Six is known the world over for its agility in traffic, its mastery of hills, its delightful steering and positive brake-action. The pleasure of driving it grows on you the longer and longer you own it.

Cleveland Six is the car with the famous "One-Shot" Lubrication System—a typical example of Cleveland Six progress. Press your heel on a plunger—that's all—and "One-Shot" instantly *flushes* every bearing and bushing in the entire chassis with fresh, clean lubricant.

All these advantages, together with low prices, are likewise features of the new Special Four-Door Sedan, also reduced $200, now $1295. And for smaller families, and business and professional use, there is the new Coupe, now $975, and the new Special Coupe, now $1175. Prices f. o. b. Cleveland.

See these cars—compare—then let your judgment be your guide.

(The "One-Shot" Lubrication System is Licensed under Bowen Products Corp. patents)

CLEVELAND AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, CLEVELAND: Export Division, 1819 Broadway, New York City

CLEVELAND SIX

(Continued from Page 191)

mighty lively ruckus, an' in dat us aims to please."

The affair promised entertainment, and several members of the group voiced a statement of their intention to be present at the performance.

"Where can we buy tickets?"

"Cap'n, suh, de gin'ral manager of dis mammoth perduction will be sellin' tickets at de front do' of de hall. By de way, kin any of you gentlemen tell me where at de hall is? Us got to git it rented."

"Let him rent Jim's place," a counselor suggested.

"Nix; it's on the second floor and it don't hold enough," the sheriff amended. "Send them over to the Fortress."

The qualifications of the Fortress seemed to meet with the approval of the Wildcat's advisers, and presently, escorted by two or three volunteer guides who seemed to crave preliminary samples of the entertainment, the Wildcat and Demmy and Lily were in the midst of an interview with the proprietor of the Fortress. Lily's contribution to the interview consisted of an opportune explanation of the part played by Perdue Grandy.

"What does this manager of your show do—what acts does he put on?"

"Bla-a-aa!" explained Lily, and the Wildcat confirmed the mascot's criticism.

"Lily knows. It's most blah so fur, but some folks likes it. De main events is gen'ally de outcome of somethin' started by Lady Luck. She ain't visible to de nekkid eye, but it aho' looks like she is runnin' dis show. Me an' Demmy suttinly 'preciates meetin' up wid such mighty pleasant folks, an' de fust thing afteh de box-office money comes a-rollin' in, us pays de rent on yo' Fortress Theater. Us is crippled a li'l' bit financial at de moment, but wid all you gentlemen comin' an' bringin' yo' friends, an' wid dat mighty pleasump sheriff an' his deppities back at de co'thouse, us reaps de rent money an' lots mo'."

With arrangements completed for the rental of the show house, and with the license safe in their pockets, momentarily free from further professional responsibilities, Demmy and the Wildcat faced a more personal problem.

"Whut we gwine to eat on?"

The Wildcat countered with another question.

"Ain't you got no money?"

"I got fo' bits."

"Dat's fo' bits mo' dan I is. Where at did ol' Perdue Grandy say he was gwine to be?"

"Didn't say. Said he would meet up wid us at de garage where us left de auto'beel, 'long around seven o'clock."

"Come 'long, den. Us eats on fo' bits."

The four bits, expended for two cans of sardines, a loaf of bread and a bale of discarded green goods, the latter for Lily, provided enough rations to occupy the trio for the ensuing hour. After the repast had been diluted with two or three copious draughts of cold water, two or three hours of idleness offered opportunity for a little exploration, during which, as the Wildcat suggested, Demmy could proceed with his billposting.

"Us kain't post no bills. Us done bought rations wid de billpostin' fifty cents whut ol' Perdue 'lowed me."

"Come 'long wid me whilst I gits de billpostin' 'quipment on credick." The Wildcat's credit consisted of borrowing four sheets of slightly used wrapping paper from the grocery where he had bought the sardines, and in talking a dauber full of black liquid shoe polish out of the operator of a sidewalk shine parlor. He handed Demmy the advertising equipment. "Go ahead an' write de words. Write 'em plain so igrump folks kin read."

With Lily nibbling at one end of the flapping poster, and with the Wildcat holding the other end down flat against the sidewalk, sheltering it as best he could from the ocean breezes, Demmy inscribed an extemporaneous announcement of the impending show. The text of his advertising suggested a lack of faith in the success of their venture:

BIG SHOW
OLD TIME MINSRULL
GOAT vs. WILDCAT IN 17 MEN
AND BEEST ACKS FOR MEN ONELY
AND LAYDYS AND CHILLDURN
ADMISH $ CASH

When the last of the printings had been done, the billposting department ran up against another problem, which was solved by the use of the Wildcat's credit in obtaining a dime's worth of moldy flour. A discarded bucket and a gunny sack, retrieved from a vacant lot, completed the equipment.

"Where at's de fust one gwine to be pasted?"

"Seems like de most prom'nent place in town is de bank. Us kin paste one up on de front of de bank an' anotheh one on de post office an' anotheh one agin' de wall o' dat hotel."

"Whut 'bout de fo'th one?"

"Nemmine, boy, three questiums is 'nough fo' de presump. Come 'long here an' bring dat goat whilst I mixes up some wateh wid dis flour."

The trio set out for the bank building a block up the street, stopping midway of the line long enough to mix up the paste. In the shade cast by the high wall of the bank they stopped and surveyed the field. The Wildcat walked back across the street to gain a better vantage point.

"Right 'bout de middle looks bes' to me, Demmy," he announced.

Demmy walked across the street and joined the Wildcat. Lily and the overflowing paste bucket remained in the shade.

"Come on down dis way an' see how de otheh side looks." Viewing the bank frontage on the cross street, Lily and the paste bucket were overlooked for a space of three minutes.

Rounding the corner, the Wildcat heralded a discovery with a peremptory command directed at the mascot goat. "Lily! Git yo' face outen dat bucket befo' I drowns you in it!"

The acoustic properties of the paste bucket were not all that could be desired, and Lily, engrossed with the gratifying occupation of drinking up two gallons of nutritious flour paste in three gulps, failed to hear her master's command. By the time the rescue party arrived on the scene the paste bucket, except for Lily's head and shoulders, was empty of everything but air and a quart of paste. The Wildcat aimed a reproving slap at Lily's starboard flank. It landed with a sharp report that produced unexpected results. Lily choked for an instant, and then jerked her head up with a violence that tossed the paste bucket squarely over the Wildcat's head.

The mascot blinked quickly at the flood of sunlight which had replaced the obscurity of the paste bucket, and then, shuddering from all four hoofs, she sneezed in a terrific effort to clear her vocal organs of their burden of batter. Firing at random, the sneeze baptized Demmy, the Wildcat and a retreating fringe of innocent bystanders. From the midst of the sticky spray the Wildcat snatched the helmet from his whitened cranium and utilized some appropriate language.

"You dog-gone fool! Wait whilst I gits de paste outen my eyes an' I slaps you sanctified! You dribblin', slobberin', whited sepulcher of a stub-tailed serpent, look whut you is done to de advertisin' department!"

The Wildcat cleared his eyelids of paste and looked at Demmy. His anger gave place to a spasm of mirth, and for the next three minutes he laughed at the spectacle presented by his paste-spattered companion, during all of which Demmy indulged himself in a similar reaction, impelled by the Wildcat's altered complexion.

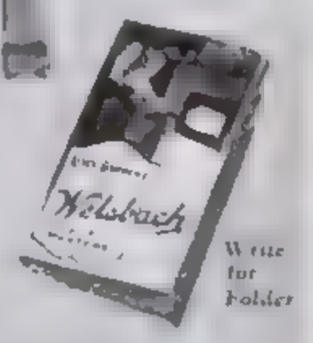
"Dog-gone me, Wilecat, if you don't look jes' like a black bubble bustin' in a pan o' dough! Whiter dan de snow! I neveh seed nuthin' gummed up like you is at dis minnit!"

Welsbach

SELF-LIGHTING

RADIANT GAS HEATERS

Instant Warmth



Write for booklet

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No fires to stoke, no fuel to handle, no waiting, no fuss—just clean, instant, vibrant heat, always ready, always available, always economical.

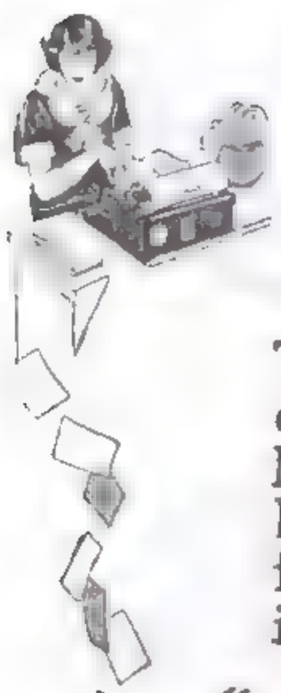
No wonder that Welsbach heat is so popular, that so many clever women depend on it to help keep the home a pleasant and happy place.

You, too, should avail yourself of this convenience—there are many models waiting your inspection—see them today!

Nine exclusive features are nine reasons for the exceptional efficiency and service of Welsbach Radiant Heaters—nine reasons why you should insist upon the Welsbach name if you want the most radiant heat for the least money.

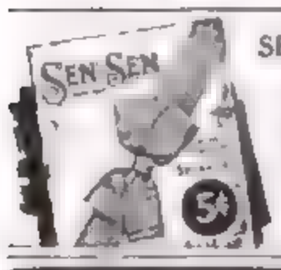
$15 to $95
East of Mississippi

WELSBACH COMPANY
Member American Gas Association
GLOUCESTER, NEW JERSEY



Truly delicious! Makes the hours go faster— its use is "a sensible habit"

BEEMAN'S Pepsin Gum



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Delightful flavor, aromatic and fragrant. Valuable for singers and speakers.

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ADDS · SUBTRACTS MULTIPLIES · DIVIDES

$2.95

Figures like the work of a $300.00 machine yet fits the vest pocket. Easy to operate does any kind of figuring in a jiffy. The most compact, yet constructed portable adding machine made.

Counts Clear Up to 999,999,999

10 Days' Trial Send no money. Just name and address and we will send machine post paid. Pay postman on delivery $2.95. Use it 10 days. If you are not entirely satisfied return it and we will refund your money. Over many times its cost by preventing mistakes.

Reliable Adding Machine Corp., Dept. 18 184 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

Age [redacted] $25.00

NEW SELLING SENSATION

Take orders for famous Steel Frost Trouser Presser. Puts perfect crease in pants, takes out wrinkles and baggy knees. Sells quick to men on the streets, in offices, stores, factories. Big repeater.

FREE SELLING OUTFIT

Profits in advance. Some made $24 in 4 hours. Hundreds $36 or more in a day. Special offer guarantees you big money right from start. FREE. We guarantee and will make you rich. Write for plan and exclusive territory. Act quick. Don't delay.

The Comfy Suit Co., S-162 C, Ridge, Cincinnati, O.

"Shut yo' mouf befo' de paste drowns you; an' come 'long here, us craves baptizin'."

Demmy's laughter ended abruptly. Standing a little apart from the scene, he spoke his criticism of the goat in accents whose bitterness sprang from the black wells of his breaking heart.

"Sho' us needs baptizin'. Ise about give up, Wilecat. Looks to me like dey ain't no use goin' ahead. Here us is wid de advertisin' department all spattered to pieces. Seems to git mo' discourmagin' de further us goes. One thing afteh anotheh goes wrong till us gits to pastin' de advertisin', an' den dis mascot whut you says brings de luck eats it all up."

The gathering crowd, a dozen members of which had witnessed the paste explosion, began to recover from an epidemic of laughter. Within the hour the mammoth road show was to reap a thousand dollars' worth of free verbal advertising. Ignorant of this the Wildcat was, nevertheless, optimistic.

"Nemmine, Demmy, retribution is boun' to foller. De on'y reason us got dat flour so cheap is dey was some mold an' some plaster of Paris in it. When dat dog-gone paste-drinkin' sneezer gits his insides plumb cemented up, he gwine to look back an' pray fo' one square meal of dynamike. Come 'long here till us gits slushed loose f'm dis paste. It's beginnin' to git solid."

Seeking open-air bathing facilities, the pasted pair directed their steps toward a creek which ran through the edge of the town. On the banks of the creek, near where their bathing bee was staged, their attention was attracted by the loud popping of a blacksnake whip, wielded by a cattle-driving Mexican who had abandoned the picturesque technic of the rodeo for the more practical bull-whacking methods of the Wildcat's native country.

"Hot dam, Demmy, lissen to dat ol' blacksnake pop! Dat boy sho' shoots a mean piece of gun leather. Mighty long lash! Mighty good aim! Bet he could pick a tick offen a bull widout touchin' a hair. Zam!—he shot his fo'ty-fo'. All he needs is a li'l' brimstone an' a blin' man would think he was in a reg'lar battle."

Demmy discounted a little of the Wildcat's admiration.

"He kain't shoot so close. He's poppin' his lash befo' it hits de hide. He ain't such much wid hot leather."

The Wildcat smiled his scorn at Demmy's words.

"Mebbe you kin do betteh?"

"Sho' I kin," Demmy answered quietly. "Was I trained like when I was haulin' cypress logs in de Yazoo country, I could nick dat paste offen yo' clothes widout yo' feelin' it, ten foot away."

The Wildcat laughed.

"Ain't no argument, Demmy. C'mon here whilst us gits baptized loose f'm dis paste, an' den you gits a chance to dem'strate. I got me a scheme. Is you so noble wid de bull whip like you says you is, us puts on a new ack in de show tonight."

Following their bath, which was enjoyed without bothering about removing much raiment, and after Lily had been ducked a couple of times to teach her better manners, the dripping trio made their way toward the sun-dried cattle corral where the bull-whacking Mexican was enjoying a brief rest from his strenuous labor. The Wildcat greeted him:

"My podner here wants to look at yo' bull whip."

The bull-whacker smiled and passed over his kit of tools. The lash of the whip was coiled around its stock. Demmy limbered up the long braided rawhide persuader and nodded his approval of its condition.

"Sho' is nice an' limber. You must of soused it in snake oil."

The Mexican smiled.

"Fo'git dat language an' dem'strate whut kin you do. You was talkin' mighty big a while back. Show me, boy! Build yo' fire wid de burnin' end o' dat bull bat. Bolster yo' brag befo' I laughs you humble."

Demmy looked about him and retrieved an empty tomato can from where it lay against the fence of the corral. He essayed a preliminary swing to get the feel of his weapon, and then, shooting from the hip, he began boosting the tomato can around the dust of the corral in short jumps. The Wildcat's skepticism was changed immediately to admiration. Reluctant to waste a first-class expression of scorn with which he had prematurely draped his features, he turned it upon the Mexican.

"Look at dat! Whut I tell you, boy? Dere's de best bull-whip man in de known world! Look at dat Demmy podner o' mine! His middle name is bull whip."

Under the Wildcat's broad smile of admiration, Demmy, displaying increased vigor, opened up a new line of samples which whanged on the tomato can with a vehemence that made the cringing mascot reflect upon the just rewards of an evil past.

"Whang! Lissen to dat boy ring his tomato-can curfew! Hot dam, Demmy, kin us borrow dat bull whip, you puts on de grandes' ack of de evenin' wid it." He turned to the owner of the whip. "How much you want fo' dat measly ol' whip?"

It developed that the whip's proprietor did not care to part with it, but persistent negotiation secured its loan in return for a pass to the evening's entertainment.

"You gits free passes to de show an' a front seat. In case you craves to bring a gal, she gits de seat 'longside of you."

The arrangement was satisfactory; and after further exchange of compliments, the Wildcat and Demmy, followed by the mascot goat, retraced their steps to the central part of town.

"Nex' thing is to hunt up ol' Perdue an' tell him 'bout dis gran' new ack."

"Whut de ack gwine to be, Wilecat? Here's me an' de whip, but dey kain't be no ack 'less dey is a target."

"Nemmine, boy, I holds a see-gar in my hand an' lets you shoot de ashes offen it—dat's target enough. You knows how dey does dat trick. Whetheh dey hits or misses, de boy whut holds de see-gar clicks de ashes off wid his finger, an' it looks all right. Den I holds up a newspapeh an' lets you punch holes in it, an' mebbe fo' de gran' finale us lights a candle an' lets you put it out. All you knows is bull-whackin' in de dismal swamps. Ise seed dis élite whip work on de stage whut de crowned heads of Europe is shoved each otheh round to look at."

"Sounds all right to me, Wilecat. I could cut de ashes offen a cigarette whut you held in yo' mouf wid dat whip."

"Naw you couldn't, boy. Dey's a limik to yo' stuff. You might mean well, but I aims to do my pussonal shavin' wid dis good ol'-fashioned razor whut you knows I carries down my back. Come 'long here an' help me locate ol' Perdue."

Perdue was found at the appointed place, the garage where the balloon-tired Whissler had been parked. The Wildcat enlarged upon the excellence of the bull-whip act, and getting a favorable response from the promoter of the show, the subject of a large preliminary repast at Perdue's expense was proposed and carried by two human votes and a blah from Lily. Midway of the ration harvest the Wildcat asked Perdue a question:

"Where at is de nex' place us pufforms?"

"You mean at de eatin' table or on de stage?"

"I means whut town is de nex' show give in?"

Perdue evaded the answer.

"Go ahead an' sop up dat gravy an' come 'long. It's half pas' seven right now. Folks will begin arrivin' mighty soon."

After another five minutes of hand-over-hand eating, the trio, followed by their mascot, walked to the Fortress, where they found the intermittent janitor clearing the battlefield of the débris of a previous fiasco. Perdue took command and issued some orders to his troupe.

"Git back dere an' dress up in yo' tights fo' de agility ack."

"Where at's de rosum fo' my feet?" Demmy took heed lest he fall.

"Yo' feet don't need no rosum," the Wildcat answered. "I got a lump fo' yo' shoes wrapped up wid yo' bull whip. Lemme tell you one thing, Demmy—when you makes yo' leap fo' life an' lands in de middle of my back, bend yo' knees springylike. Like to killed me de fust time you practiced dat trick. Land easy like I told you or else you betteh foller yo' fust leap fo' life wid a sudden encore, befo' it gits realistic. Fetch yo' slip horn an' come 'long back to de stage."

"Hold on wid dat slip horn!" Perdue ordered. "Git yo' drum out, Wilecat. You an' Demmy operates right here in front of de place fo' five minnits till de crowd 'cumulates."

The drum and slip horn, with Lily blatting an intermittent accompaniment, operated for five minutes according to orders, after which the front end of the house was deserted by the troupe, with the exception of Perdue Grandy, who stationed himself in the ticket booth. He held this strategic point for half an hour, during which the show opened with one of the fifteen possible combinations, for which the janitor manipulated a calico curtain strung across the low proscenium arch.

The second act was a song-and-dance number, and during its presentation by Demmy and the Wildcat the pair noted that the house had lived up to the promoter's estimate. They faced an audience of more than five hundred people, and in the middle of a soft-shoe turn put on as an encore to a similar act, the Wildcat noticed a group of his new friends in the second row. Prominent in the group was his friend the sheriff, seated with half a dozen other courthouse folks.

The third act, and still no Perdue Grandy. Demmy noticed that customers had quit coming in, and mentioned this fact to the Wildcat.

"Mebbe us better git out in front an' see where at is Perdue," he advised.

The Wildcat made a quick trip to the box office. No Perdue. With this sinister discovery, he accomplished two hours of heavy thought in the next ten seconds, and arrived at a verdict.

"Five hundred folks—five hundred dollahs—an' ol' Perdue is A. W. O. L. wid de cash." He hastened back with the news, and then, true to an instinctive dependence upon his white folks, he edged into the second row and whispered confidentially to the sheriff, "Cap'n, suh, kin you come back here a minnit wid me an' Demmy?"

The Wildcat's friend followed his guide to the comparative seclusion back of the calico curtain.

"Perdue Grandy, whut runs dis show, ain't no place round," the discoverer announced. "Chances is he skip wid de money. Is dey anythin' me an' Demmy kin do?"

The sheriff sized up the situation in two seconds, and then—"I think it's too late for quick action. You boys landed here in an automobile, and it's a million to one that your cashier skipped out with it. He might have taken one of several roads and ——"

"Not wid dat balloon-tired Whissler," Demmy interrupted. "Didn't take no roads wid dat hack, 'cause Ise got de main guts of de igmition rolled up in dat coat layin' dere by Lily."

The white man jumped for the door.

"You've got a fair chance if that car is crippled! I'll play your bet for you! Go ahead with the show!"

Laboring under an excess of mental stress, the Wildcat and Demmy went ahead with the show for what seemed an hour, but what was in reality less than fifteen minutes, during which the efficient hand of the law accomplished some fast work.

Coming offstage after a mournful performance with the disheartened drum and the melancholy slip horn, the pair found the captured Perdue Grandy slouched down in the one and only dressing room. Their new white folks was seated on another box. In front of the sheriff lay one of the most promising revolvers Perdue Grandy had ever seen. To the culprit's eyes the weapon seemed to be suffering from elephantiasis.

(Continued on Page 197)

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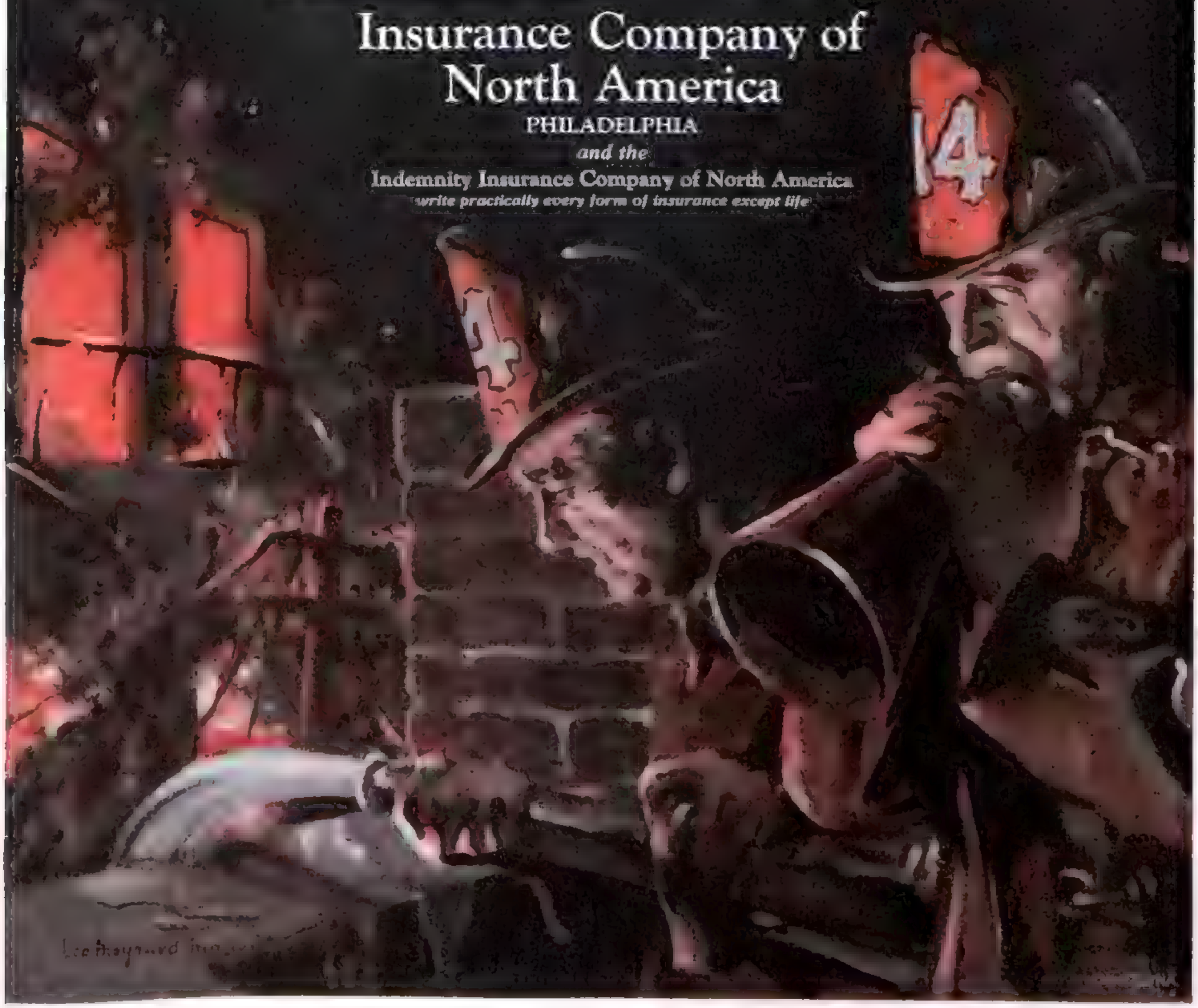
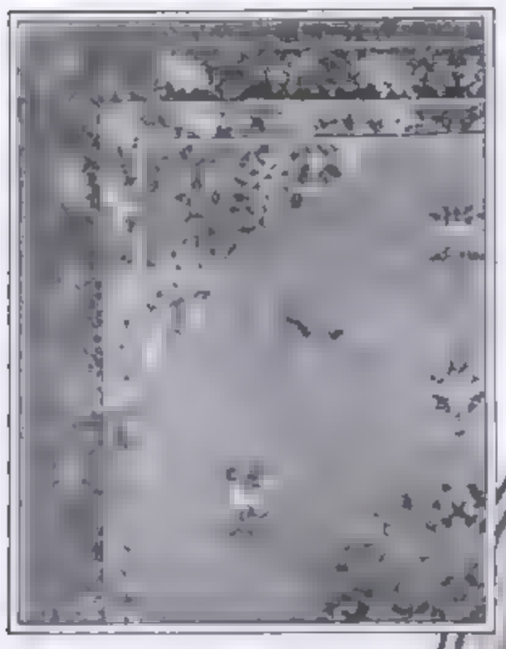
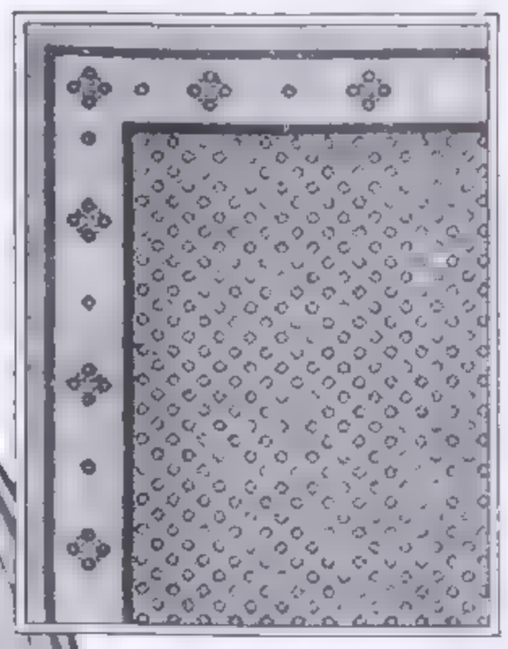


The beauty of these rugs will last *for years and years*



Beauvais Rug No. 3997. All soft reds, blues, and tans; comes in 8 popular sizes, all seamless.

This delightful Beauvais Rug No. 4028 is so soft and beautiful in tone and so authentic in design that it would lend grace to any living-room or library.



This smart Beauvais Rug No 4003 comes in 8 sizes, all seamless It combines tan, blue, and black.

TO buy an expensive and beautiful rug is easy enough if you spend money enough. To buy a rug with equally beautiful patterns and wonderful colorings at a fraction of the cost—that is rug-buying. And particularly when the reasonably priced rug may wear better and keep its freshness even longer.

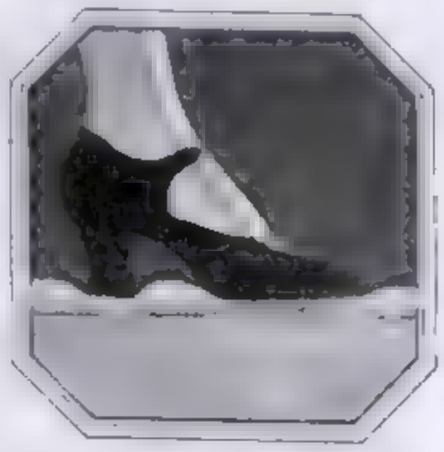
Let us call your attention to Sanford's Beauvais Rug. Here is a rug that, for all its lovely colorings and exquisite patterns, may be bought at a price that makes it a rug you are not afraid to *use*. Where a high-priced rug would render you rug-conscious and "accident nervous," this strikingly beautiful rug is made to be walked on and played on. Nothing to do but gather up the dolls and Noah's Arks before "company" arrives—and there it is, something to be really proud of, something to adorn your home.

The essentials of long wear are in the very materials and construction of the Sanford Beauvais Rug. Its pile is of wool and nothing but wool, which preserves the richness of the original dyes infinitely better than do cheaper materials. That choice wool is closely, densely woven, with the result that the Beauvais lasts for 20 and often 25 years, as our records prove. Its pile is long—so it is soft, resilient and luxurious under foot. It is seamless, so its beauty is not marred nor its life shortened by the edges that seams present. It is a non-crinkling, floor-clinging rug—its solid, closely woven back giving it a stability that many more expensive rugs never have. Ask to see a Sanford Beauvais Rug. Ask the salesman questions concerning the Beauvais. Ask the salesman if there is any rug value that is better rug value at the price. Ask him which is the most widely sold rug. It is the Beauvais, and it has earned the distinction.

Wide range of designs

To people who are sensitive as to color schemes in their homes, it is interesting to know that Sanford's Beauvais Rugs come in a wide range of designs and colors. Their tints were chosen from among 1700. They come in Oriental or Chinese designs, two-tone effects, and many other exclusive designs inspired by rare and ancient motifs. They come in sizes from 12 ft. by 15 ft. down to scatter rugs, including hall-runners—the 9 ft. by 12 ft. size being the most popular. All may be had in matching patterns; all are seamless. The name Beauvais (pronounced Bovay) is stamped on the back. Look for it.

Stephen Sanford & Sons have made rugs and carpets since 1838. They started with the highest possible standards of rug-making; they have never lowered them—and that is the reason dealers today have so much confidence in these rugs. Most rug dealers and furniture houses and department stores carry Sanford's Beauvais Rugs. If, however, you cannot procure them, write us and we will send you the name of the nearest merchant who carries them. Stephen Sanford & Sons, Inc., 295 Fifth Ave., Dept. P, New York City. Mills at Amsterdam, New York.



It has a cushion-like tread with a resilient nap that comes right back

SANFORD'S *Beauvais Rugs*

LOOK FOR THE NAME ON THE BACK

(Continued from Page 194)

and its moral effect was evident in Perdue's wilted manner. Gone from the promoter was his normal vim and vigor, and his go-getter gloss was all gummed up with the pale cast of thought. He looked into the future, and the future was too close to him for comfort. Perdue figured that it was a .45 caliber future, but in this he was mistaken. The white man looked at Demmy and the Wildcat.

"I got him, and here's your money." He handed the Wildcat a canvas sack heavy with currency and greenbacks. "What do you want to do with this bird—jail him?"

"Cap'n, naw, suh. De jail meals is too good fo' dis reptile. I figger me an' Demmy kin handle him f'm now on. You is done all de hard work, an' de rest don't amount to nuthin'. Dat li'l' ol' spindlin' Demmy kin almost handle it hisself widout my help." A gleam in the Wildcat's eyes promised an immediate reward for Perdue's display of virtue. "Lissen a minnit whilst I tells de customers 'bout de next ack." He turned to Demmy. "You lissen too, boy, an' you finds out whut de ack gwine to be."

The Wildcat stepped in front of the calico curtain and made his announcement:

"Ladies an' gen'lemen, dis nex' scene, which will be presented by de total gran' assembly of de full troupe, is a heart-renderin' piece f'm dat gran' ol' classic knowed as Uncle Tom's Cabin. De moral of de scene is, When smote on de left cheek, turn de right. De celebrated Mr. Perdue Grandy takes de part of de downtrod black slave. My sawed-off podner, Demmy, whut is bugled you back to mem'ries of de A. E. F. on his slip horn, will give you a lifelike im'-tation of Simon Legree playin' pop de whip. Me an' Lily acks de part of innocent bystanders. Thankin' you one an' all, de show will now go on."

The Wildcat bowed low and ducked back of the curtain. Facing Perdue Grandy, he growled a venomous order.

"Git out dere on dat stage an' do de best you kin to be a downtrod black slave." The stage manager turned to his partner. "Git yo' blacksnake whip, Demmy! See kin you light a fire on dis Perdue nigger. Leave yo' motto be, Spare de rod an' spoil de chile. You heerd whut I said! See kin you unravel Perdue, an' don't aim to miss. Pop yo' whip!"

The Massacre of the Black Slave opened with the desolate theme of the Prelude in C Sharp Minor, which as everybody knows begins with a descending Boom-pop! Boom-pop! Boom-pop! Improvising here and there, Demmy stepped on the staccato until some of his high notes were fairly smoking.

High above the realistic moans of the downtrod black slave rose Lily's imitation of Little Eva going to heaven, or elsewhere. Carrying the audience back to the Suwanee River, inspiring it with sad sweet memories of its childhood days in the old South, an undertone of song about his Old Kentucky Home lifted from the Wildcat's lips.

The Wildcat doubled in the act, for in addition to his Old Kentucky Home, at his vantage point in the one and only exit from the stage, unseen by the audience, he put on a specialty for the sole benefit of Perdue Grandy. With the first pop of Demmy's lash on the hide he loved to touch, Perdue had leaped in retreat. He halted after his first leap. Facing him stood the Wildcat, and in the Wildcat's hand waved a six-inch razor. To Purdue's bulging eyes the razor predicted an unexpected dividend for some careless undertaker who was not fastidious about the appearance of his customers.

The Massacre of the Downtrod Black Slave ended in a climax wherein one of the leading actors was balled up like a howling armadillo stripped of his armor. The other, perspiring freely, but happy in the knowledge of a work which was well done, bowed low and coiled his whip.

Curtain.

The Wildcat addressed himself to his new white folks:

"Cap'n, suh, dere you is. De whip hand of justice has popped de verdick. Mebbe a li'l' rest at yo' jail, along wid some square meals, might git de guilty carcass of ol' Perdue sanctified up as fur as de mourners' bench."

"I'll take care of him," the sheriff answered. "Thirty days won't hurt him. Go ahead with your show."

"Cap'n, yes, suh. Now me an' Demmy an' Lily kin try to make de white folks laugh. Git agile, Demmy! Wrap us Eliza's child, an' hide his horns. Lily, 'tenshun! Quit a-eatin' on dat pizen Perdue befo' you ketches his meanness! All ready fo' Eliza crossin' de Delaware wid de Father of her Country, whilst I bellers like a bloodhound. Le's go!"

NATIONAL TRADES

(Continued from Page 21)

prepared. The conditions under which this man will work will be a good deal more below the American standard than those under which tailors work. He will not be protected by the industrial unions of this country. There will be no eight-hour day and no union wages. The chances are three to one that there is no home, either, and that the newcomer will lie down in the back of the store, late at night, after the lights have been put out, on a hastily improvised bed.

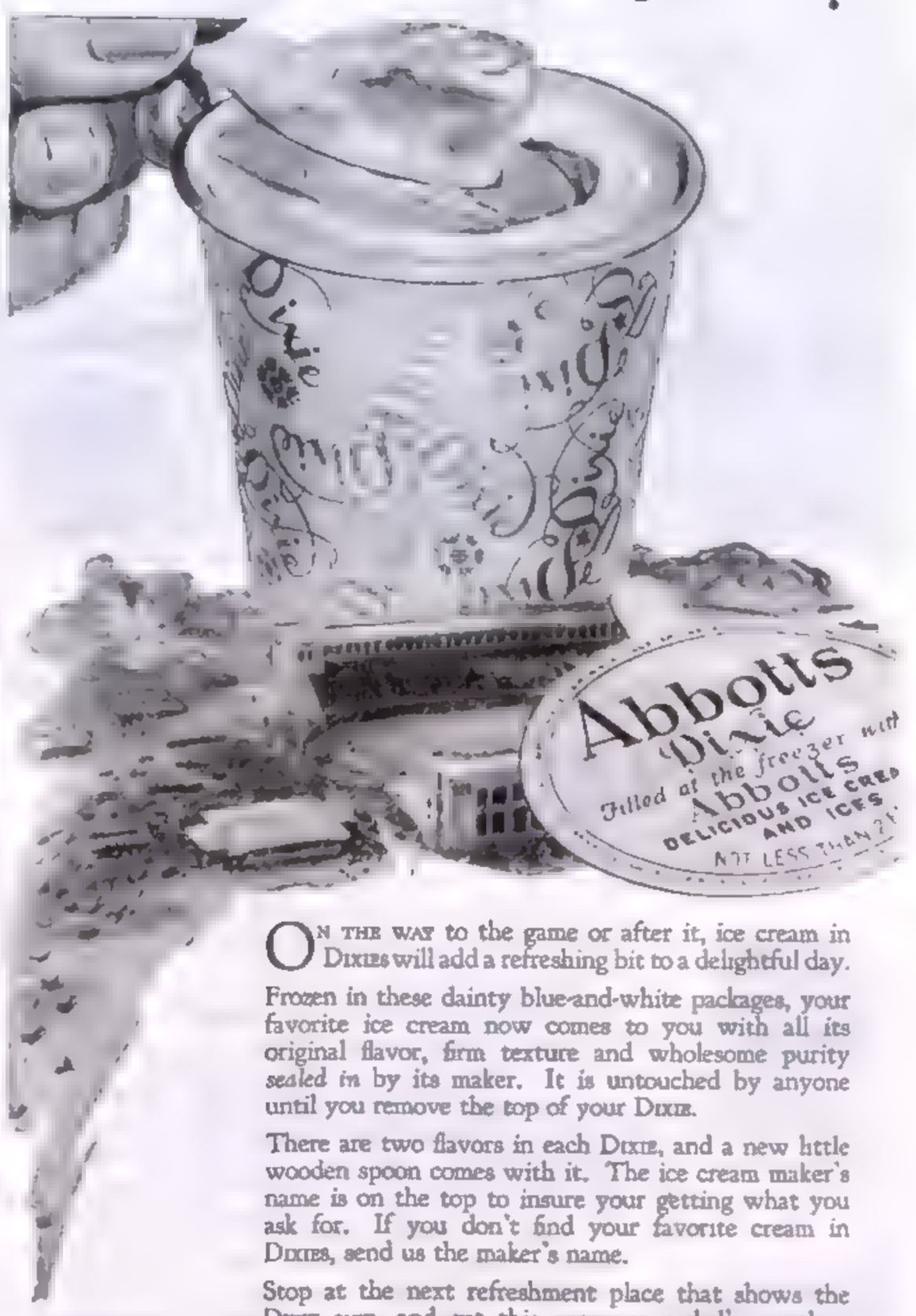
After this first stage has been passed, and the newcomer has acquired a few English words while polishing the shoes of the ladies and the gentlemen, or serving dumbly in one of the thousands of small restaurants owned by the Greeks from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in every town, city and village, the newcomer will begin to count nightly his money and watch zealously over its increasing quantity. He, too, has had an eye open and figured the cost and profits; and if he has had a few hours free during the day, he has not gone out and amused himself watching a movie or shooting pool. He has gone about and looked at every corner and at every available empty space, figuring out and counting the passers-by. He has probably inquired tentatively the rental of this, that and the other place.

By the time his English vocabulary has come up to about 200 words, just as much as he needs, he will spring the news on his uncle or cousin that he has rented a restaurant across the street. There will be loud quarrels and many gesticulations, and the customers will wonder what these Greeks are hissing at each other about, while the plates clatter and the nickeled coffee brewer is sizzling. The owner of the restaurant is merely repeating exactly the same accusations of ingratitude that were hurled at him not so very long ago.

And here again I must say that the merchant mind has come to the fore; the merchant mind, which, like the mind of the actor, knows no quarter and no consideration. One has to get to the front of the stage or disappear in the mob and be one of the millions. The Greek shoemaker, like the Russian Jewish tailor, who arrives here with a thorough knowledge of his trade, and who gets a much higher wage than the merchant, who has to learn the trade, will, ten to one, remain at his last or his sewing machine for the rest of his life, merely looking on dumbly at the advancement of the man whom he considered his inferior when that man was working near him at the bench. The wise ones look at their apprentices as to their future bosses.

Now suppose that the newcomers are Italians—let us say, Neapolitans. Have you ever noticed that 70 per cent of the barber shops all over the country are owned by Italians? And if you inquire a little closer you will find out that most of them

Dixies hit the spot
anywhere – anytime



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Frozen in these dainty blue-and-white packages, your favorite ice cream now comes to you with all its original flavor, firm texture and wholesome purity *sealed in* by its maker. It is untouched by anyone until you remove the top of your Dixie.

There are two flavors in each Dixie, and a new little wooden spoon comes with it. The ice cream maker's name is on the top to insure your getting what you ask for. If you don't find your favorite cream in Dixies, send us the maker's name.

Stop at the next refreshment place that shows the Dixie sign, and get this generous nickel's worth—the most tempting morsel yet offered by America's leading makers of ice cream.

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5¢ DIXIES

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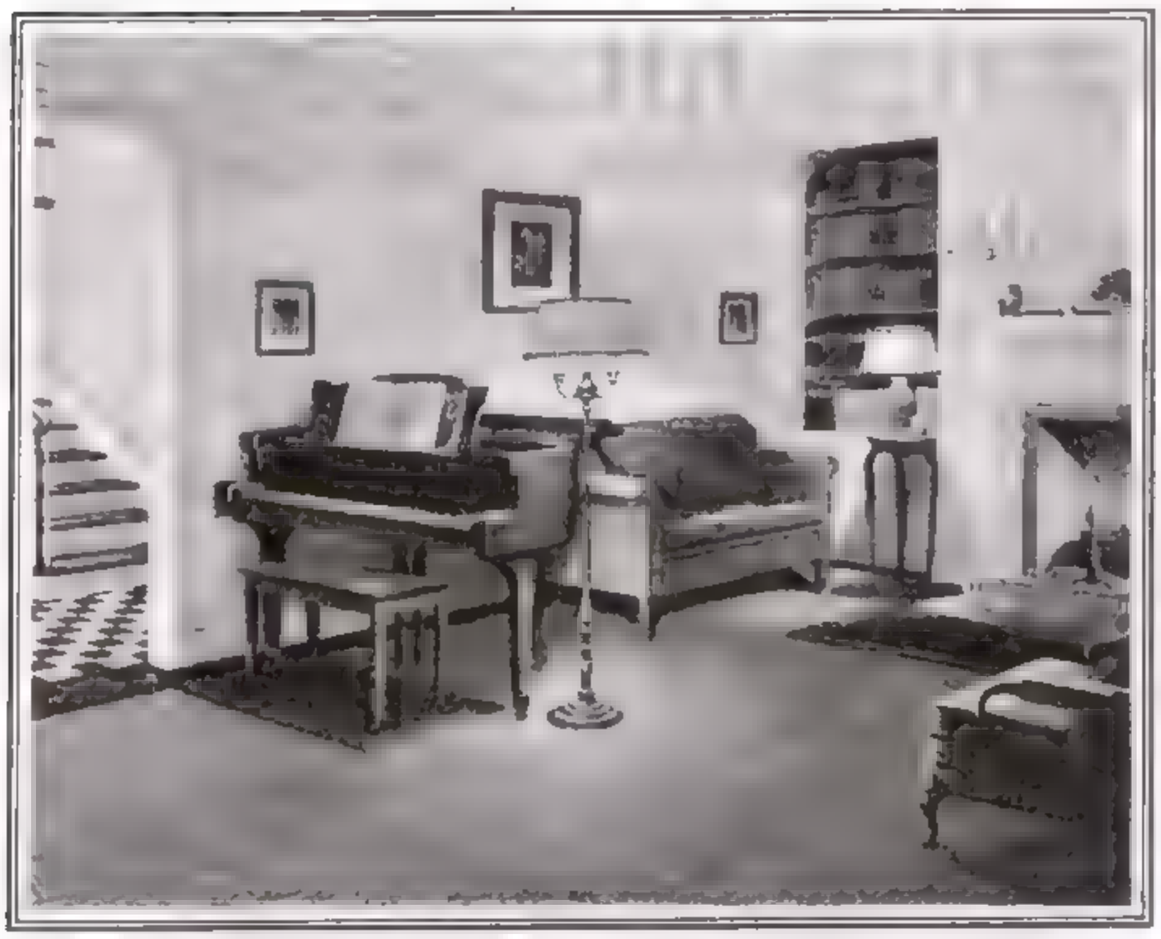

The rose davenport, blue pillows and blue fabric rugs blend harmoniously with the Blabon floor of two-tone gray Jaspé Linoleum—pattern 10. (Made also in brown Jaspé effect—pattern 5.)

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Here is a charming room! The soft, warm tones of the walls and furnishings blend perfectly with the two-tone floor of Jaspé Linoleum! Such an arrangement would not have been practical several years ago, with the old-fashioned kind of linoleum. But today, with the new and charming effects, which can now be had in Blabon's Linoleum, various delightful combinations are readily obtained.

Not only do Blabon floors with the soft colorings and beautiful patterns, offer unlimited possibilities for alluring color schemes—they do away with much of the work of caring for your floors. It is such an easy matter to keep the smooth, sanitary surface of these linoleum floors clean and fresh-looking. Expensive refinishing of floors now gives place to an occasional waxing and polishing of linoleum, which preserves its original beauty, and even mellows it with age. Fabric scatter rugs go well with such floors, especially in winter.

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BLABON'S Linoleum

are Neapolitans; and you will also find that the workingmen in the shops are barbers who have learned their trade at home, and have been able to join the union here as soon as they arrived, while the owner of the shop is someone who had no trade when he arrived, and who, not being able ever to be a good barber, was compelled to become the owner of a barber shop and the master of men whose misfortune was that they knew the trade too well when they came here.

Now let us consider these national groups and watch them a little closer, the better to see their transformation. Let us take the trades they are engaged in and look at them.

Let us take the women's clothing industry in the United States from 1859 to 1921. In 1859 there were 188 establishments, with 5739 wage earners in this industry. The capital invested was $1,422,000. The value of the products that year was $7,181,000.

In 1869, ten years later, there were 1847 establishments; the average number of wage earners was 11,696; the capital invested was $3,520,000.

The Needle Trades Russianized

Let us stop for a minute at these figures, and what do we see? Although the number of establishments in ten years had increased tenfold, the number of wage earners, as well as the capital invested, had only about doubled.

The one conclusion to which we can come from these figures is that the establishments, which multiplied themselves so terrifically in those ten years, were much smaller than the original establishments. At that time the women's clothing industry had been more or less concentrated in the hands of Germans and German Jews.

Clothes which had formerly been imported from abroad had begun to be manufactured in this country, and these establishments were more or less home establishments; part of the already too crowded home was being used as a workshop.

In 1899, thirty years later, though the number of establishments had only grown from 1847 to 2701, the number of wage earners in the industry was 18,739. What had happened in those thirty years was that a good many of the newcomers had worked themselves up and out of the old shops. Instead of multiplying themselves they had merely aggrandized themselves.

They had moved out from the rear of their homes into independent places and were manufacturing on a large scale; for by that time machine power was being used extensively and the sweatshops had come into existence.

The tailoring trade, not only in the women's clothing industry but the trade in general, was still in the hands of Germans and German Jews.

Suddenly the great influx of the Russian Jewish immigration into this country burst upon us. Thousands arrived daily. The intelligent young Russian men learned the tailoring trade here as a means to make a living. Soon they raised their heads from the machine. They wanted the better things of life, they needed employment for their intelligence. Business was the only chance for them. Their intelligence and mercantile talent stood in good stead when they established themselves as manufacturers. The German Jews were at first glad to see them do that; not because they were particularly anxious to see these newcomers succeed but because these people, by becoming subcontractors, were employing the newly arrived Jews, whom they could handle. The sweatshops were making more money for the large manufacturer than for the sweatshop keeper. They competed with one another and produced things much cheaper than the manufacturer was able to produce in his own shop.

But the newcomers did not remain long where they were. As a matter of fact, the greater number of them were not trained tailors—only a sprinkling of them were. Some of the Russian Jews who arrived at that period were of the intelligentzia of Russia, who came to this country because they wanted to leave the Czar and his rule behind them. It was they who brought to this country whatever we know of Russian art, of Russian literature and of Russian music. A few years later the Russian Jews had wrested a large part of the clothing industry from the hands of the Germans and the German Jews.

There was also another element which made the German Jew give up the struggle more easily and sooner than one would have expected him to. Any trade in which newcomers become engaged tends to lower the respect for that trade in the eyes of the native born. The children of the German Jews engaged in the mercantile side of the tailoring business now began to be ashamed of being engaged in it; not because the business had anything shameful about it but because greenhorns were employed in it. It was below their dignity as Americans to compete with the greenhorns. The greenhorns carried their bundles on their backs from the shop to the home, and their wives and children sat until late into the night, basting and stitching and lining and pressing. Folding beds had become very popular. Any room could be turned into a shop merely by closing up a bed and pushing it out of view in some dark corner. And as to cheap labor, there was no end of it. Thousands of relatives who arrived had to be employed, and there was no better manner of employing them than by keeping them right where they came. People were taken from Ellis Island to the sweatshop. Those who did not have sufficient relatives arrive from abroad had agents to entice other newcomers at the gates of the country.

By 1921 the number of establishments in the women's clothing industry in the United States was 7061, less than threefold what it had been in 1899. The average number of wage earners was 144,865. The capital invested was close to $400,000,000. The value of the product in the industry was $122,742,000. And even these figures hardly do justice to the number of people employed in the industry, because they take cognizance only of the number of people employed in large unionized shops, and not of the thousands working in smaller places which spring up daily and continue a more or less precarious existence. I am speaking of the fashionable dressmakers and cloakmakers in this country. If one should include all the other branches of the needle trades, men's clothing industry and cloakmaking, shirt waists and men's shirts, and also include the number of salesmen and clerical workers, it would be safe to say that the clothing industry in the United States today employs not far from half a million men and women.

Italian Tailors

But will that industry remain in the Russian Jews' hands permanently? The signs indicate that they may not hold sway over it for any great length of time. The Italians, who were at first allowed in the trade merely to offset the shortage of workers during great pressure, or to combat strikes, have now so infiltered themselves into the industry that the trade union has seen itself compelled to have an Italian branch run almost independently in order to keep the Italian faction in line during strikes and disputes between capital and labor. If one should care to go down to New York's East Side, below Canal Street and Third Avenue, and watch the closing hour of any of the shops in the neighborhood, one could easily see what a tremendous number of Italian working men and women are coming out of the shops.

Upon inquiry one would find that there are already hundreds of Italian tailoring establishments that had at first been subcontracting in exactly the same manner as the Russian Jews had subcontracted for the German Jews.

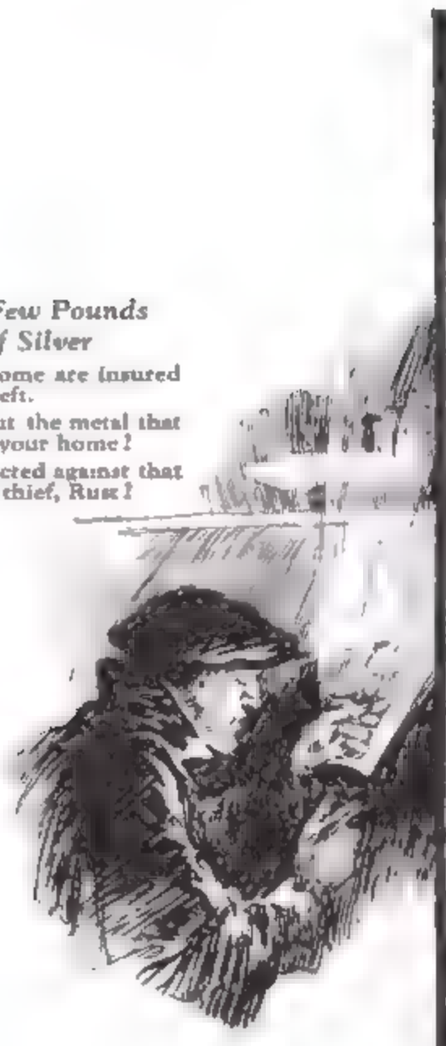
Continued on Page 201

The Few Pounds of Silver

in your home are insured against theft.

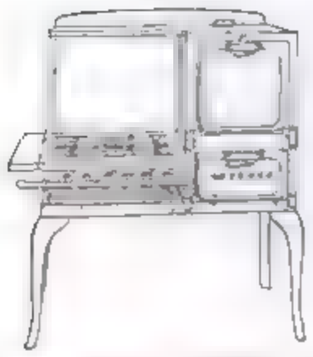
How about the metal that is part of your home?

Is it protected against that ever-busy thief, Rust?



Look for this blue and gold Armco label on washing machines, stoves, ranges, refrigerators, enameled table tops and other articles. It represents a standard of quality and purity in iron the same as the Sterling mark on silver.

There's half a ton of metal in your home —*is it insured?*



Stoves of Ingot Iron will not only last for years but their enameled surfaces will remain unblemished and beautiful. That is because of the flawless satiny surface of the metal beneath.

If you start with the furnace in your cellar and give close attention until you reach the flashing on the roof, you will be astonished at the number of ways in which sheet metal enters into your daily existence.

The sheet metal in your home is not as beautiful as your silver, but it is far more important and of far greater value to you.

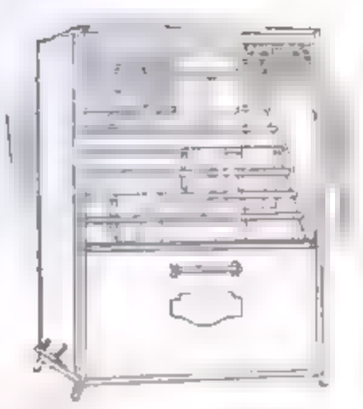
Insure it against corrosion—you'll save more money in a short time than all your silver is worth.

The one quality you should demand in the metal you use in your home is durability—whether the metal forms part of your roof, down spouts, eaves trough, stove, furnace, water heater, etc.

You get this durability in ARMCO Ingot Iron—the purest iron made. It is practically free from the foreign substances that promote rust. It makes a perfect base for vitreous enamel.

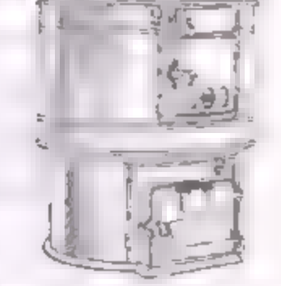
Every sheet of ARMCO Ingot Iron bears the blue ARMCO Triangle—many household articles made from it are identified by a blue and gold ARMCO Label which manufacturers are proud to put on stoves, refrigerators, table tops, tub covers, etc.

When you buy products made of metal protect your pocketbook—ask this question—*Is it made of ARMCO Ingot Iron?*



Clothes Driers made of ARMCO Ingot Iron withstand the attack of moisture and changing temperature which are generally so destructive to sheet metal.

Rain causes rust. Rust causes leaks. Leaks cause trouble and expense. The way to avoid this is to use ARMCO Ingot Iron.



Furnace casing and pipes are subjected to soot, smoke and corroding gases. Insure longer service by insisting on Ingot Iron. Practically free from the impurities that cause other metals to rust, ARMCO Ingot Iron resists all sorts of corroding influences.

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL CO.
MIDDLETOWN, OHIO

(Export) THE ARMCO INTERNATIONAL CORPORATION
MIDDLETOWN, OHIO Cable Address—ARMCO
Distributors in all principal cities

ARMCO TRADE MARK **INGOT IRON**
The Purest Iron Made

IS IT MADE OF ARMCO INGOT IRON? *Every day more and more people are making sure of enduring household articles by asking this question*

Rollins
Runstop
Always red - - a dainty touch of color at the knee - - Rollins Runstop (patented) is the mark of style and beauty and the means to greater economy in fine, full-fashioned silk stockings. It stops all garter runs.

Not so many years ago full-fashioned silk stockings made their debut - - - shy, retiring, modest.

Today - - well, silk stockings are no longer retiring. Holding the balance of power in fashion's ensemble, they demand and receive first consideration. Tone, beauty, blending color - - still essentials. But practical economy becomes requisite, too. And here it is.

Rollins Runstop stockings are practical in the extreme - - no garter runs can shorten their long lives. But with all their economy they retain all the snap and style and beauty of youth.

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SOLD ONLY BY RELIABLE DEALERS - - NEVER BY HOUSE-TO-HOUSE CANVASSERS

ROLLINS HOSIERY

For Men, Women and Children

(Continued from Page 198)

The newly arrived Syrian immigrants, living below Washington Street down to the Battery, are playing the same rôle as the Russian Jews once played to the German Jews and the Italians are playing opposite the Russian Jews now. In Chicago the number of Lithuanian tailors is growing daily; and though there has not till now been any great inroad in the mercantile branch on the part of Lithuanians, it is to be expected that it will soon take place.

The needle industry is not one greatly favored by the native born; it therefore passes into the hands of the newly arrived. The native born of foreign parents feels that it is a sort of stigma upon him to be engaged in the same trade as his father has been; it is for a greenhorn, no matter what it is. And even the new immigrant tries to get out of the trade he originally engaged in as soon as it is possible to do so. One has but to watch the change of faces in the crowded streets where Jewish women carried their bundles a few years ago, in Chicago, New York, Rochester and St. Louis. Until recently the greater number of women were Jews; then it was Italians; and now there is the latest racial change, as I have explained above.

Like Father, Unlike Son

It should not be understood from the previous lines that all the Jews are engaged in the tailoring trade or that all the Greeks are in the restaurant and shoe-shine business. Neither are all the Italians barbers. What I did want to point out was that these trades and businesses were each in the hands of a different nationality, and that the nationality which at one time has control over a certain trade changes in due time.

The majority of the small restaurants all over the country were at one time more or less in the hands of German people, as were most of the bakeries in the country. As a matter of fact, these small restaurants were nothing more than adjuncts of bakery shops, until the Greeks entered the business and sort of squeezed the Germans out of it, though the Germans are still in control of the small bakery shops all over the country. I can see how the restaurant business is now being taken away from the Greeks by the South Americans, who are coming in in greater and greater numbers every year. In New York, Chicago and California, South Americans have already gained a foothold in the business and are pressing forward.

The Armenians had tried to do that long before, and failed. At one time there were more than 100 little Armenian restaurants within one small radius in New York City. But the prices, which were at first very reasonable, went up in too grasping a manner to hold the clientele. There has always been great competition between the Armenians and the Greeks all over the world. Both peoples produce astute business men. Both avail themselves of the cheap labor of their conationals and are able to exist and progress as no other business men could. The reason the Armenians failed, however, was just because of the business inclination of the people. Too many who had served a short apprenticeship in the restaurant of a brother or uncle went into the business themselves; much too soon for their own good and for the good of the trade.

The Armenians have successfully wrested the rug business from the hands of the Syrians, who first had control over it. They are now in the process of eliminating antique dealers of all nationalities who have plied the trade in the big cities of the country. The Syrians are still weaving rugs in Syria, but the marketing of these rugs is now in the hands of Armenians. If the Armenians were good rug weavers they would weave rugs; but there is greater profit in selling them.

Ever and anon one hears the complaint that the native sons are abandoning the farms. In this country the complaint has frequently been so violent that it took on the aspect of a national calamity. This calamity is, however, being warded off by the continual incoming from Europe of people from agricultural countries who are successfully taking over the farms in the West and in the Middle West, as well as in New England. What is true of the farming condition is true also of all the trades in this country. The native-born Jewish sons of Jewish cloak manufacturers are not taking over the trades or the businesses of their fathers. They are all getting away from it. A subconscious desire to distance themselves from their own and amalgamate themselves with the rest of the population is urging them on to go into other trades and professions, as if being in the cloakmaking business stamped one as an immigrant.

But national predilections soon work out, and they are, as a national group, again in control of a trade. The sons of the cloakmakers are lawyers and doctors and dentists and jewelers and bankers and pawnbrokers. The cloakmaker himself, after having been here a good many years, is trying to wipe off the stigma of being an immigrant whenever he possibly can. And again, following a national bent in a certain direction, they invade certain other fields of endeavor.

Take the Greek or the Armenian, the Italian, the Syrian or the Lithuanian as an example. Until recently America was but a transient country for most of these people. They came here alone, leaving their families behind them in their respective countries. The money they earned here they shipped across to buy land and property there, and also to keep their families alive. They were willing to earn the wages and the incomes according to the standards of this country, but were unwilling to spend the money to raise their families here when they could raise them at one-fifth or one-sixth the cost in their own country. These people lived on what they possibly could exist on, and spent only very little for other things; saving, saving all the time, and returning every year or so for a short visit home, during which they increased their families and holdings of land and other property. There were tens of thousands of absentee fatherships in Italy, Greece, Syria, Poland, Hungary and Austria.

Investing Their Money Here

Take Miltiades, a friend of mine. I have known him now close to twenty years. Miltiades, who is a successful grocery keeper, had gone home every other summer. Though his business was very prosperous, he lived in a corner of the rear of his grocery store. His furnishings were a folding bed. I could swear that I had seen him twenty years in the same clothes. I am positive that he never had more money in this country than what was absolutely necessary to run his business. During the war Miltiades invested most of his money in the depreciated currency of his country. He was absolutely certain that it was the best investment, and he gave himself the illusion that it also was a patriotic act. When the crash came and Miltiades was left with almost worthless paper for his twenty years of saving, he woke up with a start.

What a different Miltiades now! I do not know what has happened to his landed property in Greece, but he has brought his family—rather a large one, considering his absentee fatherhood—to this country. They are living in an apartment house in Monroe Street, New York, and Miltiades is now investing his money here in real estate.

One could find tens of thousands of Miltiadeses in this country; thousands who are now investing their money in real estate instead of shipping it across. Many Germans, many Poles, many Italians have been similarly awakened. The savings of thousands of men were swallowed by the depreciation of European currencies. Never again will these people invest their money elsewhere than where they live and work.

The lather safeguards the beauty of your ceilings and walls and gives you greatest protection from fire when he installs a METAL base.

The plasterer prefers a METAL base for those plastered surfaces which represent four-fifths of the interior finish. Heed his advice.

Perfect from afar — flawless on closest scrutiny

HOME AGAIN—in their *new* home!

Theirs is that thrill of ownership—that surge of admiration for a house into whose walls has been built that something which makes it more than a thing of masonry, mortar, metal and wood.

From room to room—not one discordant blemish mars the harmony of perfection.

Closest scrutiny reveals perfect plastered surfaces without which those favorable first impressions would be blasted—without which there can be no lasting satisfaction.

In small home or mansion Better Plastering is essential to *permanent* beauty.

You cannot see its hidden base of steel, yet you know it's there by the flawless surfaces. Homes so protected always command a higher resale price.

Ask your plastering contractor about Better Plastering. By its steel base is this permanent, fire-safe finish distinguished from all others.

And send for a copy of the Better Plastering book. It will awaken a new appreciation of the importance of plastering in your home. Read it *before* you let your contracts. See *why* a base of steel assures permanent beauty in plastering.

NATIONAL COUNCIL *for* BETTER PLASTERING
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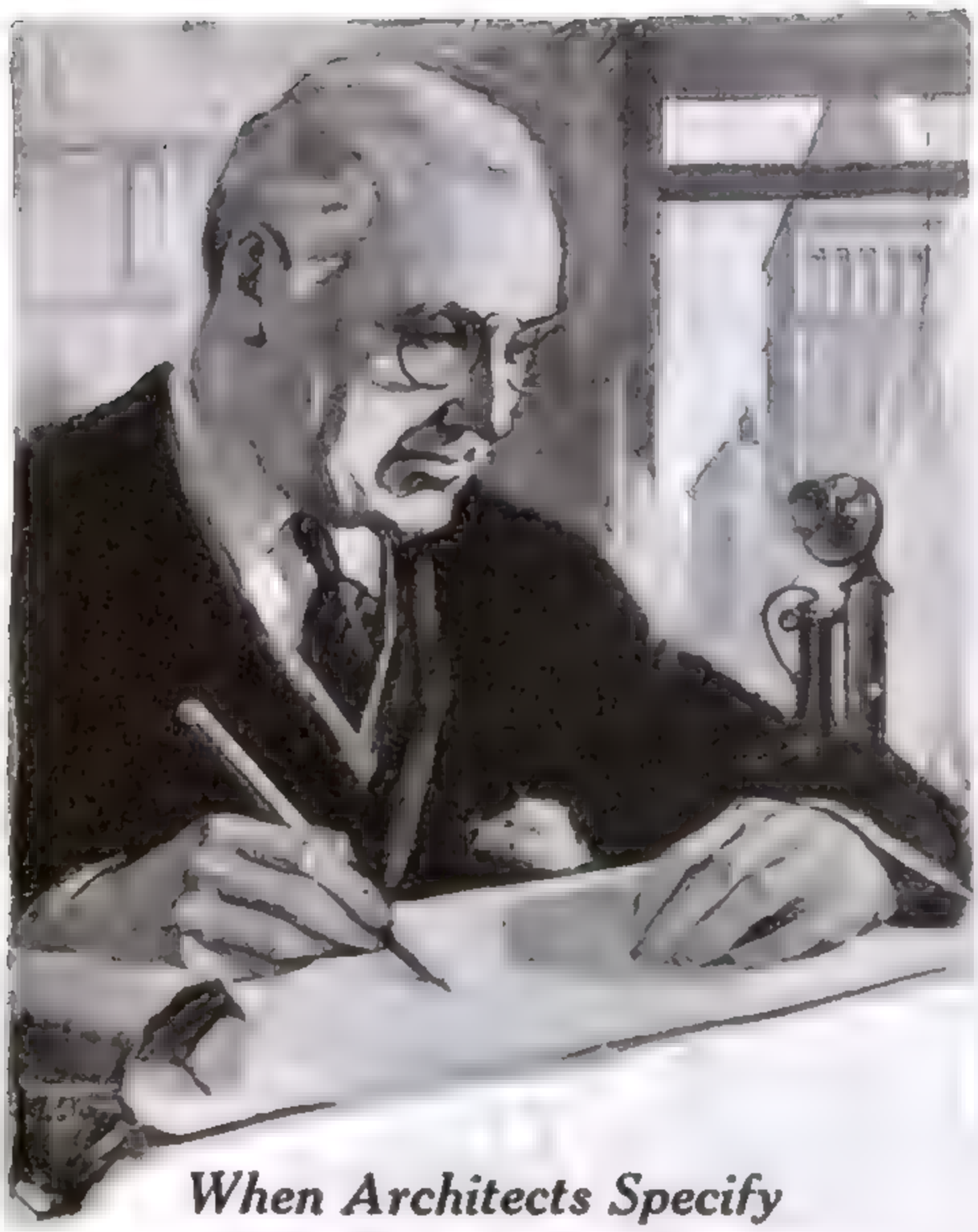
BETTER PLASTERING
METAL LATH TO REINFORCE AND PRESERVE



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However rigidly architects may lay down specifications for electrical switch equipment, Square D is certain to satisfy every possible requirement in any industry. For Square D is designed to go wherever current goes—built to meet the most exacting conditions in every field it serves. To this fact Square D, "the pioneer safety switch", owes its established leadership, now based on more than 3,000,000 satisfactory installations.

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SQUARE D
Safety Switch

I do not know exactly what the figures were of the money the Italians took out yearly from this country and shipped to Italy. A well-informed Italian banker in New York told me that until our entering the war, the numerous private Italian bankers in this country, who handled most of the money that was sent across, shipped close to $500,000,000 a year. The figure seemed very much exaggerated to me, and I told him so, whereupon Signor Martini raised his hands in the air and cried out, "Why, don't you understand? Can't you see that now the small Italian banking houses have been disappearing because less money is being shipped to Italy?"

"And what do they do with their money now?" I asked; and then the banker told me:

"Why don't you go to Bathbeach and Coney Island and Flatbush, and everywhere in Brooklyn and the Bronx, and other places right here in New York? And why don't you go to the Fourth Ward in Chicago, and wherever there are many Italians? Why don't you go there and see how many real-estate agents have Italian salesmen? You go and see how many Italians own houses now."

I did go, and verified my banker friend's statements. Why?

There are real-estate offices even in the Chinese quarters of New York. A place which formerly housed a gambling den now houses a real-estate office conducted by Chinese and for Chinese. It has been doing business there for the past four years. The little yellow, white, green and blue strips of paper on the signboard at the corner of Mott Street, upon which they used to announce the theatrical presentations and the meetings of the different tongs, are now announcing bargains in real estate. Similar changes will be found also in Bensonhurst and in the Bronx, in Newark and in Trenton. The native sons of Chinese are not going into the laundry business; they are selling real estate to the older men, who find this the safest manner to invest their earnings.

More Children, More Money

Of other industries which have been more or less in control of given nationalities is the weaving industry—cotton mills and worsted mills. Originally the majority of the workingmen employed in these mills were Germans. The weaving industry everywhere has ever been one of the lowest-paid ones. The Germans maintained themselves in the weaving mills as workers as long as they raised large families, every member of the family being able to earn something and add to the coffer of the household. A weaver who had eight children was much better off than a weaver who had only six. He could fear less the bad times and the periodical lay-offs than other men, because of the small savings which he could lay by if all the members of his family worked.

In the cotton and worsted mills children of seven and eight were able to do something at a time when they would have been better off in school or playing in the street. A good deal of the work in the early days of the industry was done at home. And at home there were no stipulated hours; neither was there any control as to the age of the working children. Families with a large number of children were able to earn more, producing more yards of cloth than smaller families. Then as the native sons grew up and came in contact with people who had aspirations for better things in life, they drew away from the industry in which their fathers and mothers had worked.

When the Germans no longer raised large families the Italians stepped in, competing with them, not by the better quality of their work or their greater ability but because they were raisers of larger families. The Poles, who came in large numbers in the wake of the Italians, quite naturally drifted into channels where their superior quality of raising still larger families than the Italians was of some value. It was of no value in the cities, nor of any value in mining towns and smelting towns, nor was it an advantage in road construction. But it was a great advantage in an industry like weaving, because a good deal of the work was done at home, where every child could help and therefore contribute to the larder.

Better Living Conditions

Today, of course, these industries are being changed and put on a different basis than they were before. Employer and employe have realized that in an age and in a country that considers itself civilized, the old conditions were anything but humane.

Much has been said about the great work that was done to combat the white plague in this country. But it seems to me that one of the chief factors in the reduction of the victims of the plague has seldom, if at all, been spoken of. A good many of the Germans, the Poles, the Italians, and a number of other nationalities who came here, even with their families, lived at the lowest possible standard and in most crowded conditions so as to save from the little they earned enough money to return home and change the dollars into the smaller currency of their respective countries and live like the wealthy. The European conditions, as well as the loss of faith in their currency, keep the people here permanently.

This feeling of permanency has relieved them of the avariciousness with which they saved, putting by not that which was superfluous or which they could comfortably save, but taking it from the mouths of their children and from the volume of air and space necessary for proper living. The number of people suffering from the white plague is being reduced because these people are now living, though far from ideally, in better conditions than they had ever lived before. There is no longer any hurry in their saving. Their thoughts have become more permanent; they are here to stay. It is no longer Greece, Italy, Poland or Germany that they are thinking of, but their own immediate vicinity. They are here to remain, and what they can save is invested in what is around them. I venture to suggest that the real-estate boom all over the country was created, in part at least, by the money seeking investment which would otherwise have gone out of the country, never to return again.

Sunset, Newport, Oregon

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ONCE you have experienced the cool comfort of the perfect shave with the New Improved Gillette, you will understand the tremendous popularity of this razor among well-groomed men. It is indeed the mechanically perfect razor. Used with the Gillette blade—possessing the finest edge that steel can take—it solves once and for all your shaving problem.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.

$5 to $75

The Gillette Tuckaway
In gold plate, $6
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Whether you have a beard "like wire" or as soft as silk, your GOOD *shave will become a* PERFECT *shave if you read "Three Reasons"—a new shaving booklet just published. A postcard request and we'll gladly send you a copy with our compliments.*

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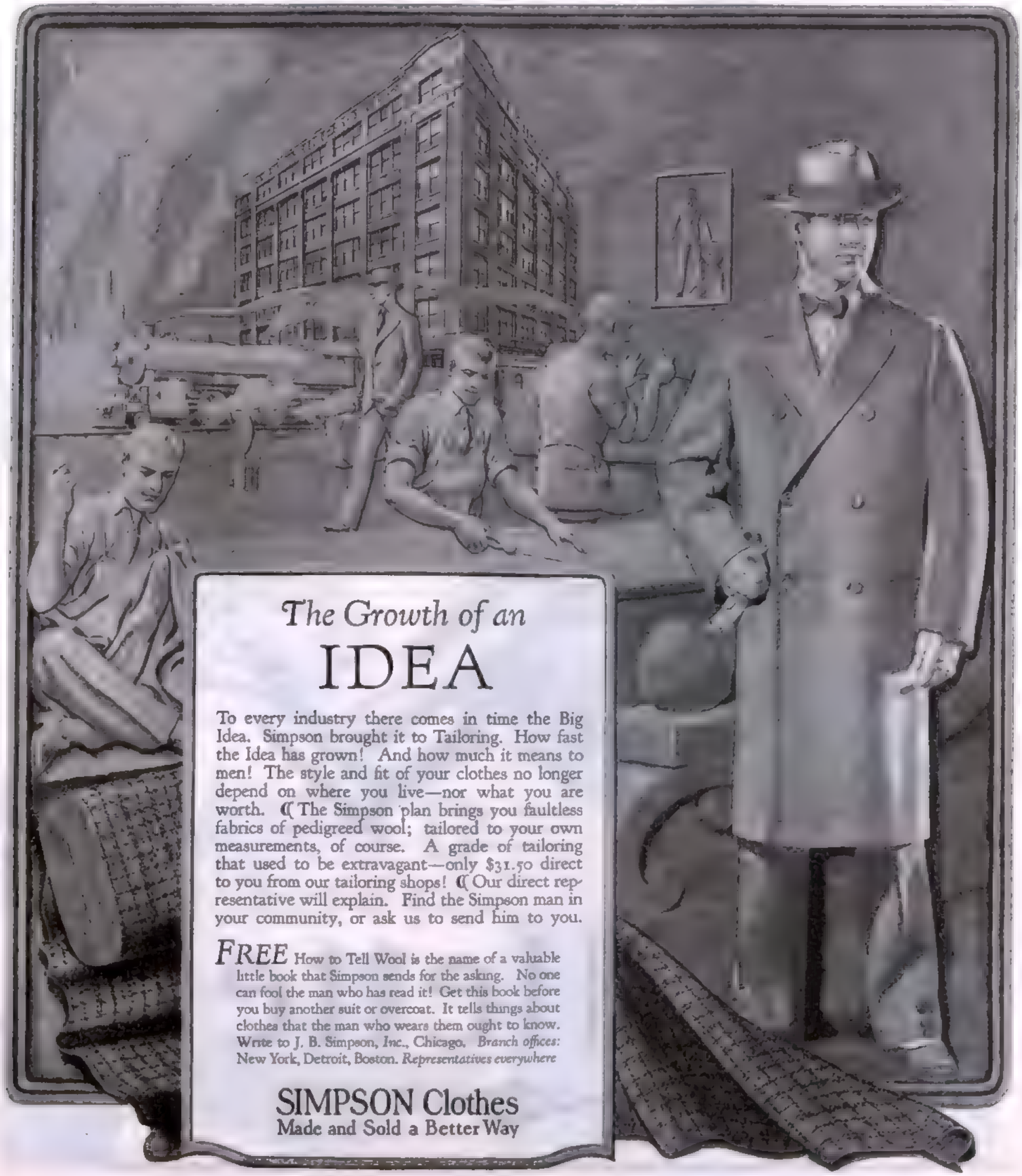
SIMPSON CLOTHES Made and Sold a Better Way



The Growth of an IDEA

To every industry there comes in time the Big Idea. Simpson brought it to Tailoring. How fast the Idea has grown! And how much it means to men! The style and fit of your clothes no longer depend on where you live—nor what you are worth. ¶ The Simpson plan brings you faultless fabrics of pedigreed wool; tailored to your own measurements, of course. A grade of tailoring that used to be extravagant—only $31.50 direct to you from our tailoring shops! ¶ Our direct representative will explain. Find the Simpson man in your community, or ask us to send him to you.

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SIMPSON Clothes
Made and Sold a Better Way

THE CUP AND THE LIP

'Continued from Page 23

"There'll be plenty to blame me because I haven't," said Hattie calmly.

She moved back to the buggy, lifted the cushion and piled Chet's groceries in his arms as he stood beside the wall. With the reins in hand, the clean linen lap robe drawn smoothly about her, she turned a level gaze at him.

"You can let it alone for a year, Chester."

"Guess so."

"You can. You've got grit, and what's a year? It'll be gone before you know it almost." Chet nodded carefully

"It's—it's a sight more'n I deserve," he said.

Hattie's smile flashed at him, the buggy whirred away. He carried his groceries in to the kitchen table, stopped at the barn for a halter and went across the pasture toward the big willow beside the creek, where the two horses drowsed in the moist shadow. A fish splashed in the pool under the bank and he leaned over to look for it against the gravel bottom. The sound of quick, impatient hoof beats on the bridge came down to him, traveling along the water. He straightened quickly and hurried on toward the lazing team.

"More'n I deserve," he mumbled; "sight more."

III

DEL YOAKUM leaned his gartered arms on the candy show case and, although except for himself and Hattie Marsh the store was empty, lowered his voice to a confidential pitch.

"Wish 't you'd stop in at Chet's on your way home and leave him this here pound of coffee. Little present from me."

Hattie's distinct brows arched.

"Coffee? Why, Chet doesn't drink it. It's bad for him."

"Know you got him to quit using it three-four years back," said Del. "Just got a notion 't maybe that might be one reason he ——" he stopped. "Never had none of his—spells till after he give up coffee anyhow. Struck me 't maybe if he felt another one coming on, a good strong cup o' coffee might sort of help him hold out."

Hattie's round chin rose a little and the definite brows drew together. Del shook his head eagerly.

"Don't get mad at me, Hattie. Knowed you and Chet since you was knee high. Set a sight of store by the both of you, I do. Hate like time to have it put off again, the way Chet's held out this time. Year's most up, but—seen Chet drive past yesterday and he looked kind of peaked. You give him this here coffee and tell him to try it if he ——"

"I ——" Hattie stopped. "All right, Mr. Yoakum. It's" she swallowed and forced the words—"it's real kind of you to take so much interest."

"Shucks! Guess everybody in the Glen takes an interest in you and Chet." Del spoke heartily. "Town wouldn't never 've voted dry last election if it hadn't 've been f'r you two."

"No, I suppose not." Hattie's lips straightened. She turned away and stopped short as the screen door slapped shut behind a wide, aggressive figure silhouetted against the light.

"Why"—Del Yoakum craned his short neck and recognized the face—"why, hello, Mart! It's you, ain't it—Mart Breen?"

"Thought you'd know me, Del." Breen spoke without moving his eyes from Hattie's face. His voice changed. "Hello, Hattie. Didn't hardly hope I'd see you—just driving through and thought I'd stop and see Del." He paused. "You're looking first-rate, Hattie, first-rate."

"I keep well," said Hattie. "You—you've put on weight, haven't you, Martin?"

"Some." Breen wagged his head. "Keep too busy to gain much, I guess." He laughed. "You certainly look fine, Hattie."

Hattie laughed nervously and moved in the direction of the door.

"Good-by, Martin. It's been real nice to see you."

He insisted on shaking hands.

"Give my regards to your father and mother, will you? Hope they're both well."

"Yes. They'll be sorry not to have seen you."

"Certainly like to see them again myself." Breen considered. "Got a notion to stay over a day and drive out after supper, if it'd be all right."

"You'd better come to supper. We'd be real glad to have you."

"I'll just do that."

He held the screen door back for her and followed her out to the buggy. He came back after a moment. Del Yoakum was putting up sugar in ten-pound bags. Breen leaned one elbow on the counter.

"So she didn't marry Chet Howie, after all, eh?" He drew in his breath. "What happened, Del? The last time I saw her she told me the date was set. Three years ago—no, four. Just before I went South. Thought she'd be an old married woman by this time."

Del squinted over his scoop.

"Chet got to drinking with some of the boys down to the Livingston House 'bout a week before the wedding. He and Hattie was up here together and she seen him. Come wabbling up the middle of Main Street, singing his old man's song about tomorrow being another wedding day. 'Member how old Howie used to sing it when he was feeling good and happy? Chet he sounded so much like old Jim I thought for a minute it was Jim come to life again. Hattie she sailed by him with her chin up, looking straight ahead."

"She would." Breen nodded admiringly. "Never forgive that, Hattie wouldn't."

"Thought so myself." Del opened a fresh sack and weighted it in place in the scale tray with a scoopful. "She did though. Give him a year to prove he could leave it alone."

"And he couldn't make good, eh?"

"Lasted into the last month that time. That was the time she found him setting out on the horse block side of the Livingston House, crying. Old man most always cried when he was going it." Breen wagged his head.

"Too bad. Just can't help himself, eh? A girl like Hattie waiting for him and he ——"

"That was when Hattie started in drumming up dry votes." Del tied the string and snapped it expertly. "Figured it was Tim Murphy 't was to blame and folks kind of sided in with her, but I guess it wasn't Tim's fault neither. Run Tim out of town, all right, but it didn't do Chet no good. Went clean over to Nunda after it the next time. Year was mighty near up, too, same as it was last time. Seems like Chet can hold out all right till he's right on the edge. Go fifty weeks without showing no sign of it and then bust loose and ——" He stopped. "Guess he's going to make it this time though. Ain't got but two-three days to go, way I figure it."

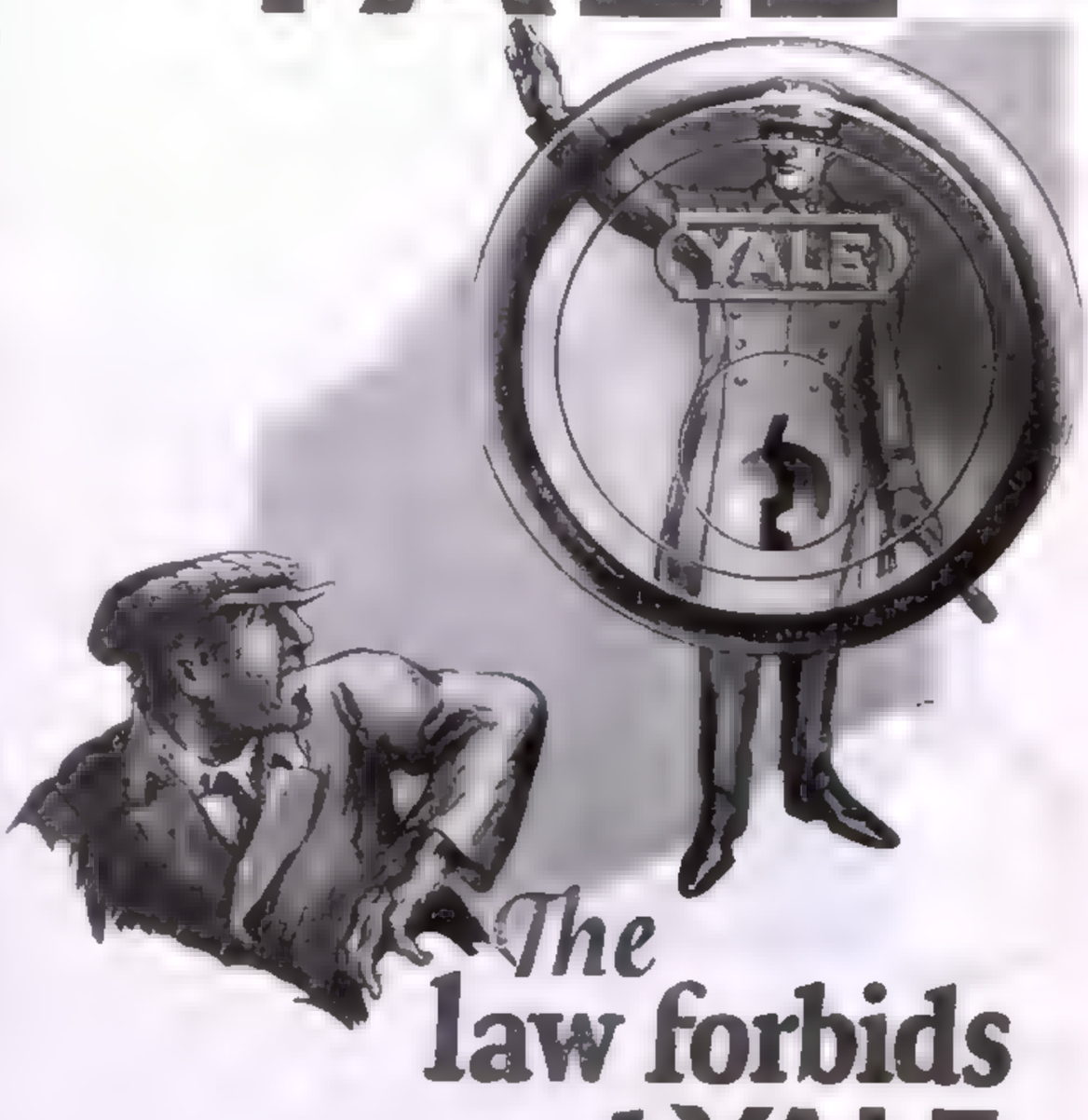
"You mean to tell me she's still sticking to him?" Breen stared. "Wasting her life trying to reform a chronic drunk that can't even stay sober long enough to get her! A girl like Hattie!"

"Wouldn't call Chet a drunk exactly. Don't seem to have no hankering for it, only when the spells come round. Done first-rate with the farm too. Hard and steady a worker as there is in the Glen. Set a sight of store by Chet, I do." He reflected. "Hattie, too," he added. "Smart's they make 'em, Hattie is. Don't guess nobody else could ever 've swung this town dry. Pretty too. Beats all how she gets better looking every year."

Breen opened his mouth and closed it again. His fingers drummed on the counter for a moment; suddenly his shoulders went back.

"See you later, Del," he said.

TRADE YALE MARK



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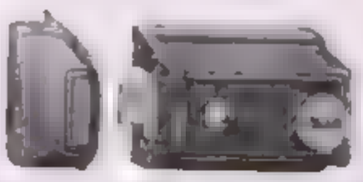

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He swung toward the door and the impatient stutter of a newfangled horseless carriage sounded on the heels of the screen door's gentle slap.

IV

THE faint line between Hattie Marsh's eyebrows deepened as the buggy drew abreast of Chet Howie's cornfield. Only one of his horses was to be observed, plodding deliberately between the rows, and the man at the handles of the cultivator was Charlie Marsh, Hattie's young cousin, who had been helping Chet out with his spring work. He climbed the fence in response to the beckoning motion of Hattie's head and leaned on the buggy wheel.

"Where's Chester?" Hattie spoke with a touch of impatience. "He ought to be helping you in that corn if he expects to catch up with those weeds."

"He went up to the house," said Charlie. "Said he felt kind of mean." He lowered his voice. "I told him to go lay down. He—he's holding out first-rate this time, Hattie." Hattie's chin went up.

"You'd better tighten that check rein," she said clearly. "That horse can reach the corn the way you've got it now."

"All right." Charlie hesitated. "Say, Hattie, stop in and see Chet, will you? Been holding out fine so far, but I'm getting kind of worried. Acted real restless all forenoon."

Hattie nodded curtly and clicked to the horse. The line between her eyebrows bit deeper as she passed the shed and saw that Chet's horse was hitched to the mud-splashed buckboard. She went up the walk briskly, her shoulders well back. The kitchen was empty and her frown lessened a little as she surveyed the spotless order of the wide low room. Chet kept house better than a good many women. She set Del Yoakum's sack of coffee on the paper-lined shelf of the cupboard and went into the sitting room. Chet wasn't there, but his Sunday hat lay on the table and Hattie frowned at it. She had suggested cutting a little window into the big closet under the stairs just so that it would be lighted and handy for hats and coats. She took the hat and crossed the room briskly to the heavy old door. Her hand went out toward the knob, but instead, on impulse, she turned the big key in the lock.

Stepping back, she waited, but there was no sound. She went out, turned the angle of the house and looked in through the tiny new window. Chet's mournful eyes met hers and moved away. She tapped smartly on the pane and he opened the single sash.

"I was afraid of it," she said, not unkindly. "As soon as I saw you'd hitched up I guessed why."

"Guess I'm no good, Hattie."

"Nonsense! You're just as good as anybody else. You've proved that you've got plenty of grit, holding out this way, time and time again. It's just a notion you've got into your head that you take after your father, and I'm not going to give in to it, whether you do or not. I'm sick of it!" She held up the heavy old key. "That door's locked and I'm going to keep the key. You're going to stay in there till your year's up tomorrow night. There's plenty of winter lap robes in the chest under the stairs and you can fix up a bed on the floor and Charlie'll hand your meals through the window. I've put up with these spells of yours just as long as I'm going to! This time you're going to show folks that I've been right!"

"Hold on, Hattie! Wait ——"

She stopped and turned.

"It's no use, Chester. You can't wheedle me into letting you make me the laughing-stock of the whole Glen another time. It won't hurt you a mite to spend a little while in there, and I guess you can do that much for me, after the way I've stood by you. I'll tell Charlie to give you your supper. He won't say anything. Nobody but us three'll ever know about it unless you raise so much rumpus that somebody hears you clear down to the road."

She walked resolutely away from Chet's pleading voice. Charlie Marsh's face lighted as he listened. He slapped his thigh.

"Gee, that's great, Hattie! I was real worried. Set a sight of store by Chet. Wish 't I'd had the sense to think of it myself. If we can get him through this here spell, I wouldn't wonder if it was the last one he'd ever have."

"He'll try to soft-solder you into breaking the door open," said Hattie. "Better not stay where you can hear any more than you have to."

"Don't you worry about that! Talk me into chopping off a leg before he gets me to leave him out!"

Charlie wagged his head admiringly at the departing buggy and whistled as he went about the evening chores. He was milking when the red horseless carriage chuffed up the lane and Martin Breen, after tapping at the kitchen door, was on the point of seeking Chet at the barn when, passing the little window in the side wall, he caught a glimpse of a head that ducked hastily back out of sight.

V

HATTIE MARSH gasped and lifted an amazed hand to her cheek. It was almost dark on the side porch, with only a thin starlight sifting through the woodbines, and three years' experience in selling Florida real estate had taught Martin Breen the effectiveness of direct action. Hattie's voice was a little dazed when she found it.

"You shouldn't have done that, Martin."

There was remarkably little force in the tone and rather less in the bewildered movement that opposed the assurance of Martin Breen's infolding arm. By way of answer he kissed her again.

"But you mustn't!" She struggled uselessly. "I'm engaged to Chester. Didn't you know?"

"I did." Breen's voice was briskly impenitent. "You were engaged to him till just now, when you got engaged to me. Had enough of that nonsense! Soon as the moon comes up you're going to hop in my car and start for Buffalo. Ought to get there by the time the marriage-license office opens up in the morning. Keep straight ahead to Niagara Falls. Got it all settled. Let you make a mess of things long enough. Take charge myself, right here."

"But, Martin"—Hattie's voice was almost tearful—"you don't seem to realize that I've promised Chester ——"

"Fooled me once about that." Breen's arm settled itself a little more possessively. "Thought you really wanted him four years back. You didn't. If you'd wanted him you'd have married him long ago, drunk or sober, instead of trying to reform him first. Own up, Hattie, you know you'd a sight rather skip off to the Falls with me than stay here and spend your life locking Chet Howie under the stairs every time he looked thirsty."

She started. "How did you know?" Her voice heated suddenly. "I don't care! I just wasn't going to let him make a fool of me again, for the whole Glen to laugh at and—and pity!"

"Don't wonder you're sick of it." Breen spoke soberly. "Be a sight sicker, though, if you cheated yourself into marrying him. Own up, Hattie. You don't want to. You know you ——"

Steps sounded heavily in the gravel of the walk. Charlie Marsh pounded up to the steps as Hattie twisted herself free.

"Gimme the key, Hattie!" He was badly winded. "He's got a bottle in there with him. Must have found it hid in with them lap robes. Heard him singing and went to the window. You gimme the key and maybe I can get it away from him before he's started."

Hattie stood staring at him. Suddenly she laughed.

"Here's the key. You can let him out, Charlie, but don't try to take that bottle away from him, if he wants it so much more than he wants me! Tell him I've gone to Buffalo with Martin Breen—to get married."

"Started right off in Mart Breen's horseless carriage. Tried all I knew to stop her, but it wasn't no use." Charlie shook his head dejectedly as Chet, blinking in the lamplight, moved to the kitchen door, still holding the bottle by its neck. "No good trying to follow 'em either. Must be halfway to Mount Morris by now."

"Guess there's nothing to do but make the best of it," said Chet. "Serves me right, Charlie, way I carried on."

"That's just what it does!" said Charlie bitterly. "Darn right! I'm going to bed. You can stay up and drink your head off if you want to."

He stumbled upstairs and slammed his bedroom door spitefully on a thin, doleful drift of song that asserted, with melancholy accuracy, that tomorrow would be another wedding day.

When he came down to the kitchen in the morning Chet was up and dressed and a fire snapped in the range.

Charlie's glance strayed to the bottle, standing on the oil-clothed table. He opened his eyes.

"Why, it's full! You ain't more'n touched it!"

Chet shook his head. "No I ain't." He sniffed at the paper bag he had taken from the cupboard shelf. "It's coffee! Wonder how it got there. Go first-rate for breakfast anyhow."

He moved briskly to the stove. Charlie heard him mumble something under his breath as he spooned coffee into the pot.

"What's that, Chet? What's more'n you deserve?"

Chet waved an inclusive hand. "Oh, just everything, Charlie. Coffee for breakfast, and—and ——"

His eye rested on the whisky bottle and he crossed to where it stood, his face curiously uplifted. He tossed the bottle through the open door, to splinter on the chopping block.

Charlie stared. "Ain't you going to have your spell, after all?"

Chet regarded him above the coffeepot.

"What for?" he demanded mildly. "Ain't nobody else liable to marry me, is they, if I never swaller another drop of the dog-gone stuff?"

He turned to the stove and Charlie heard his cheerful murmer.

"More'n I deserve. Sight more."

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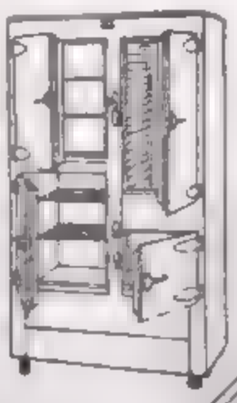

KEYS

(Continued from Page 15)

and stone jars and jugs which Doctor Saite said were unduplicated. He had to take a trayful in a taxi over to the Art Institute and then down to Chicago University. He was keen to show them to Professor Breasted. I phoned the university myself and found out that Professor Breasted had just left for Egypt; so Mr. Luke got Hal to carry his bugs and jugs down to compare them with some in the museum. We had the assortment of 'em in the safe Friday night; for he heard of the robbery and came hopping down with his unduplicatable jugs to have us lock them up."

Weibolt sorted over some slips.

"Here's his account. You see we bought his ticket west for him."

"That's it. Since Breasted wasn't here," Lynn continued, "he had to show his jugs to somebody at the University of California. So that's where he went; he must be on the train now."

Steve reëxamined the letter which was upon the stationery of the Hotel Loti; the envelope was blank in the space left on hotel envelopes for individual return address. From the clear even formation of the handwriting it was evident that the writer was more accustomed to social correspondence in longhand than to the mere affixing of his signature to business letters written on a typewriter. It suggested, as the man himself had impressed Lynn, real class.

The back of the proofs bore the stamp, Return Proofs to Majestic Galleries, with a number on Fifth Avenue, New York. When he turned the proofs over and again gazed at the girl but two questions clung in Steve's mind.

"Why did he register as Luke here and write her—Helen Thornton—as 'Father'?" Lynn laughed.

"Don't you ever see the society columns, sir? Nobody that's anybody in New York has the same name as her father now. She's his wife's daughter, of course; he's her stepfather."

"Then why did he write her he'd see her Sunday, and take a train out of here Saturday for California?"

"Lynn just said," put in Weibolt, "he changed his plan here because Professor Breasted was away."

"All right," agreed Steve, and proceeded with the others to talk with the police about a suspect whom they were watching, but he did not return to the mail rack the misaddressed letter with the proofs; he put it in his pocket.

Several times that day he drew out the proofs and gazed at them. This was always when he was alone and with a guilty feeling of intrusion which, at sight of the lovely face, changed to a glow of gratification. He must not let them fade, he warned himself, and so held them only for a glimpse on each occasion.

When he returned to New York on Wednesday he carried the pictures with him. Nothing whatever had developed to point to the perpetrators of the robberies of Friday night. Steve left Seligman in Chicago to help out the local detectives, but they had nothing to work with. It was a mere gesture.

Steve took his last look at the fading proofs before he left the train at the Grand Central, and before going to his rooms he stopped in at the Majestic Galleries, where the attendant thanked him for the proofs which, with the letter, she would forward at once to Miss Thornton.

"At Miss Fracroft's school," she volunteered; and added proudly, "We're taking all the graduating class for the school annual. The young ladies were in here two weeks ago."

Steve asked no question. What would be his excuse? By a mere mistake he had come into temporary possession of pictures of a very lovely girl who, as he now knew, moved in a social set inaccessible to himself. Miss Fracroft's was a finishing school near New York, attended by the daughters of the people whose patronage for his hotels old Steve Faraday had most zealously sought. Mere money would not qualify a girl for acceptance at Miss Fracroft's. If Steve Faraday had a sister of school age she would not be welcomed at Miss Fracroft's, he realized.

In Chicago the investigation was a complete failure. Seligman returned to New York on Saturday.

"If there ever was a job without a slip, that was it," he reported.

Steve listened to the account of the useless efforts perfunctorily. The job at the Tonty had become tied in his mind, and surprisingly in his emotion, with the likeness of a very lovely girl wholly inaccessible to Steve Faraday. He wanted to forget it and her, but on Monday he changed his mind about her.

He stepped from Park Avenue into his hotel and noticed a luncheon party of girls in one of the private dining rooms.

"Who are they?" he asked his steward, who named a girls' school.

"Do Miss Fracroft's girls come to us?" Steve inquired with a conscious effort to make the question casual.

"They have, sir, but not recently."

"Get back their business," Steve directed. "See if you can get the graduating class for their spring luncheon. Take it at a loss if you have to. We want that sort of affair in the house."

He did not again refer to the matter or permit himself consciously to dwell upon it, but he stirred to a sense of unusual expectancy after the steward reported to him that the hotel would serve the spring luncheon for the graduating class at Miss Fracroft's.

"When will it be?" asked Steve.

"Next Wednesday at one in the Jacobean Room."

She was not in the room, he decided prematurely and with a surprising amount of agitation, when he looked into the Jacobean Room shortly before three on Wednesday, when the thirty girls of Miss Fracroft's senior class were chatting and laughing over their ices and cakes. If she were present, he argued, she was so different from his idea of her, gained from the picture, that he could not distinguish her from the other assured and privileged young persons who gazed up at him so coolly and aloofly when they saw him with the steward. Then a girl whose back had been turned faced about to him and he stared at her in spite of himself, for she was so like his idea of her.

She was slender, and in years between eighteen and twenty, as he had supposed; she had brown hair and clear white skin and warm gray eyes, which regarded him in the frank and friendly manner of the pictures and which did not thrust him away, as someone apart, because he had come in with the steward.

"This is Mr. Faraday," Steve heard the steward saying, and turned to be introduced to a teacher, who had risen from the table.

"Some proofs, together with a personal letter, intended for one of your young ladies, a Miss Thornton," began Steve, speaking to the teacher, but with his thought on the girl at the table, "came to me by accident. I did not know how to return them at once or ——"

"Oh, I have them," said Helen Thornton in a pleasant clear voice.

"I hope they reached you in time to be in the annual," Steve continued, turning to her.

"Oh, they did; in plenty of time."

"If we'd known that Mr. Luke was your father, we'd have given them to him when he stopped at the Tonty," Steve proceeded, and stopped, surprised by the flaming flush of her face. She arose in such confusion that several of her companions, Steve was aware, watched her curiously.

(Continued on Page 211)

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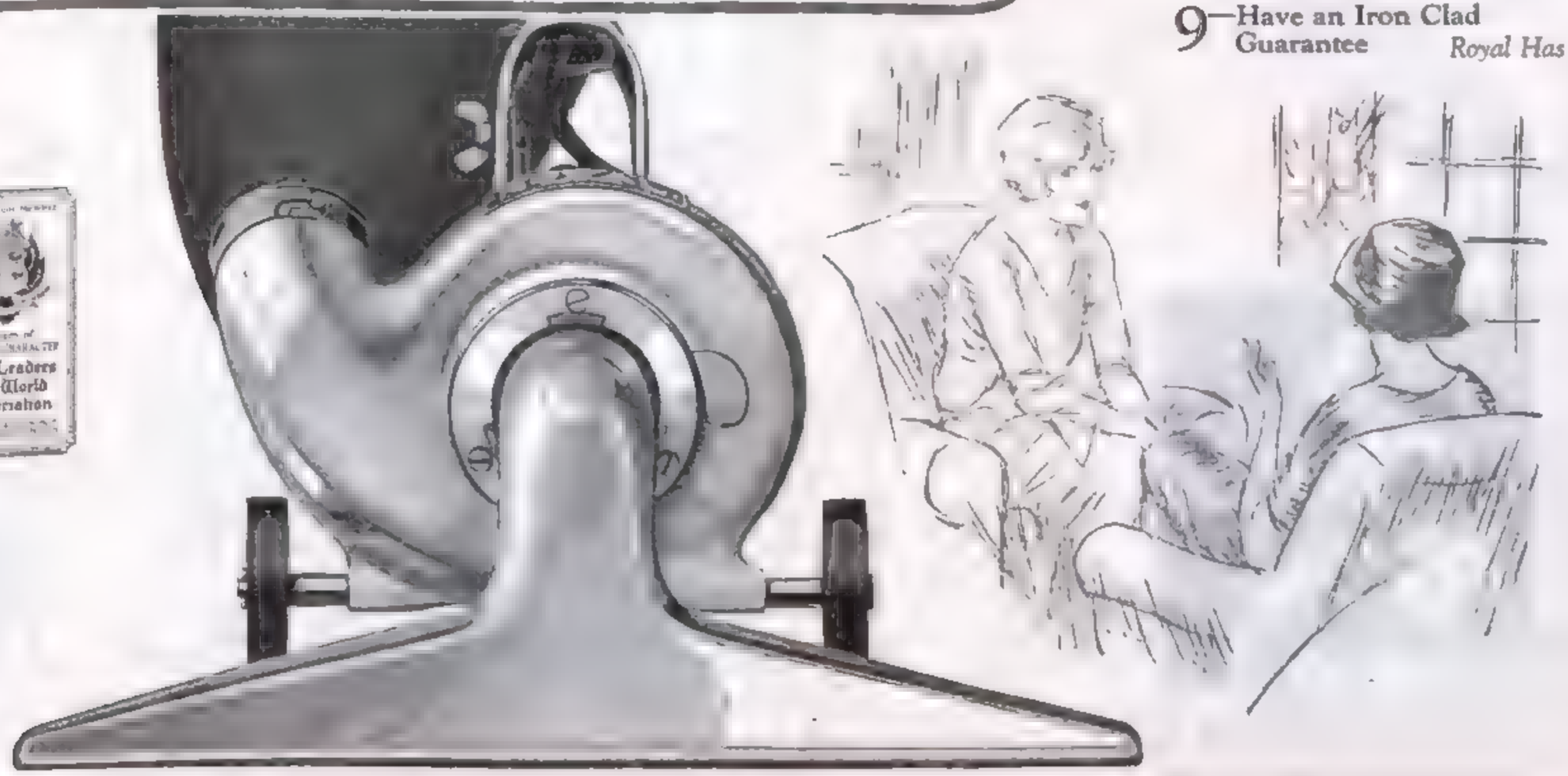

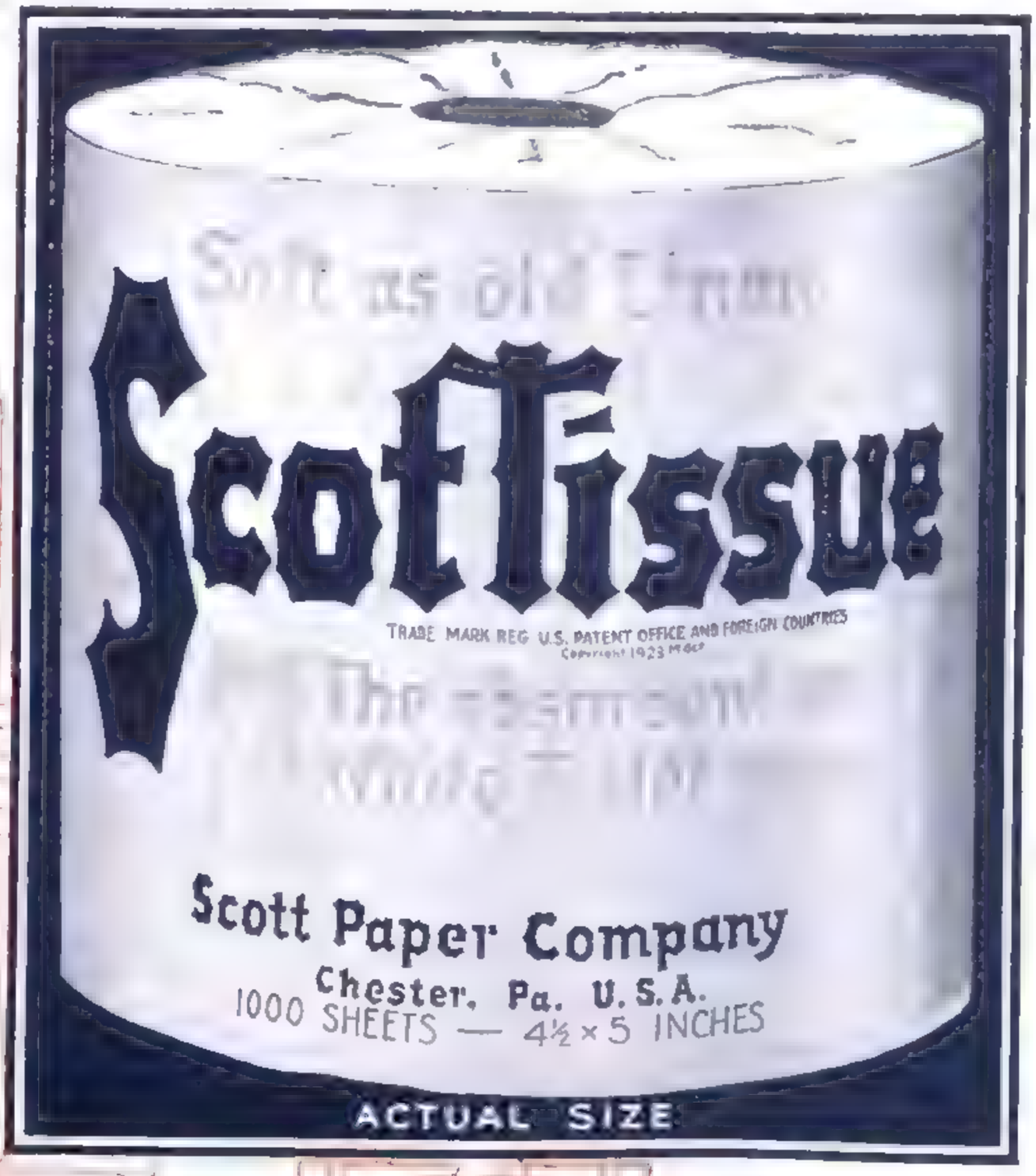
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(Continued from Page 208

"Mr. Luke is not my father," she denied in a low tone.

"Of course not," said Steve hastily, wanting to do nothing but to help her, and she regained composure, so that the other girls returned to their talk.

"My father is Hinleigh Thornton."

"Of course," repeated Steve, "of Baltimore."

"No; we live in New York."

"I made a mistake," explained Steve, but he knew that no mere mistaken mention of a name accounted for the excitement which he plainly discerned underneath her regained composure.

"Yes," she said, and stepped away a little, drawing him with her.

"What Mr. Luke do you know?" she asked.

"John Luke," Steve told her, and now she was white.

Her lips quivered and she bit them to control them before she said, "You spoke of him as my father. Why did you?"

"It was a mistake," repeated Steve. "I simply said a wrong name."

"Oh!"

"Luke is the friend of your father's," improvised Steve quickly, "through whom I know of your father. I was thinking of him when I came in."

"Then you know Mr. Luke?"

"Yes," lied Steve.

"Personally?" she persisted.

"Yes."

She caught breath and seemed suddenly to be greatly relieved.

"Thank you very much for your trouble about my pictures," she said, giving him her hand.

"I'm glad they reached you in time," he replied, grasping her slender lovely hand. He released it and withdrew, throbbing with an excitement of which he had not suspected himself capable. How lovely she was! And upon what secret, so stirring to her, had he stumbled?

Apparently her father, who had written to her that affectionate note, adopted at times, for purposes of his own, the name of John Luke; apparently his daughter had just learned or suspected that. Likely, after first fearing it, she had almost succeeded in arguing her suspicion away when he had blundered in and spoken of John Luke as her father.

Steve wanted to be alone, so he went to his rooms, where within twenty minutes the telephone rang for a message from the hotel next door.

"I called to see if you were there, sir," said a clerk. "A young lady of Miss Fracroft's school has left a note for you which she asked to be delivered immediately, sir. Shall I send it over?"

"Is she there now?" asked Steve.

"No, sir; she left it as they were all going."

"Send it over."

Steve read:

"*My dear Mr. Faraday:* You must have thought me strange when, after you spoke of Mr. Luke as my father, I asked you about it as I did. Mr. Luke is a dear friend of father's, and since you are a friend of his I would be pleased if you cared to see the school, which you may do if you come after three on Saturday.

"Sincerely,
"HELEN THORNTON."

He held her note with no thought of the room robbery at the Tonty, except as an affair which had plunged him in upon the secret anxiety of Helen Thornton. Obviously, he had greatly disturbed her; obviously, this invitation was for the purpose of discovering from him what he knew of John Luke.

Therefore, he argued, he ought not to go. He knew of Luke little enough, but that little was sure to increase her trouble. He would not go; he would acknowledge her note, thanking her, but excusing himself in regard to Saturday. But he put off writing the acknowledgment—and inquired about Hinleigh Thornton.

Thornton lived in an apartment only a few squares away on Park Avenue. He was rated not in the first class in amount of personal wealth, as fortunes go today; nor, indeed, was he in the second, but his occupation was designated as "capitalist." He was a member of several well-known clubs, one of which held Steve Faraday on its waiting list and two others Steve knew he had no chance of entering. He had been, when younger, prominent as a yachtsman. Thornton was a widower with one child, a daughter nineteen years of age.

He was out of the city at present, Steve ascertained, but would return at the end of the week.

Steve was not surprised that he had not known of Thornton by name; New York held many such persons of comfortable wealth and admitted social position, whose property and connections became known to the public usually only in their obituaries; and there were even more who pretended to such possessions. Except for his use of the name Luke, the report on Thornton quite definitely guaranteed this clubman who, in middle age, had turned for amusement to the collection of antiquities. Steve proceeded, however, to make one personal inquiry.

When passing the Metropolitan Museum on the next day, he followed a sudden impulse and entered, asking for Doctor Saite.

"A friend of yours named Luke brought back from Egypt an exceptionally fine private collection, I understand," Steve commented.

"I know no one named Luke," Doctor Saite replied.

"I mean Hinleigh Thornton," Steve corrected. "He was traveling with you in Egypt, wasn't he?"

"Nobody named Thornton."

Steve pressed no further. He returned to his rooms, where he phoned Seligman and asked, "What is new on that Tonty key job?"

"Absolutely nothing," said Seligman. "But there is one key worker less. Eddie Megan was taken up in Baltimore at the Hotel Loti."

"You think he may have done the Tonty job?"

"Not Eddie. They picked him up on Monday before the Tonty job was pulled. I've just learned about it."

"At the Loti," repeated Steve thoughtfully.

"They got him for a job in Cleveland and kept the arrest quiet because they figured he planned to meet someone at the Loti and they hoped to pick up one of his pals."

"Did they get anyone else?"

"No."

Steve toyed with the receiver. The peculiar affair of John Luke's two identities and of his Egyptian jugs and his pretense of friendship with Doctor Saite had become complicated by the peculiar coincidence of his presence at the Loti, in Baltimore, when a notorious key worker had been picked up. It all composed a problem which Steve was deciding was no purely private concern of Hinleigh Thornton and his daughter. So strange an idea came to him that he hung up without saying anything to Seligman about it.

So Steve drove to Miss Fracroft's school on Saturday afternoon.

Helen Thornton was expecting him, he found, when he presented himself and learned that he was to be sent into the garden where girls in white and pinks and blues idled or read comfortably in the shade, or played tennis prettily on the green courts. Several of the girls gazed at the visitor, but Steve hardly glanced at the others after he saw Helen Thornton awaiting him under an arbor.

She was bareheaded and in white for the warmth of the May afternoon, and she was flushed and excited in her greeting of him. Not on account of himself, he thoroughly realized; he, to her, was a possessor of information of most poignant importance. He felt, as he clasped her hand, that she had been kept in suspense ever since he had spoken to her on Wednesday in his hotel.

"So you had my note," she whispered

"Forgive me for not acknowledging it," Steve begged.

"You've acknowledged it by coming. By the way, remember you're a close friend of father's. I told them so when I arranged that, if you came, you'd be sent in."

"Thank you."

"Shall we sit here?"

"I'd like to."

She dropped upon the arbor bench and, as he seated himself beside her, he noticed her little hands tight clenched in her lap; she pressed tight her lips as if by physical means she might keep pent within her what she throbbed to say.

"I want you to tell me the truth, however it hurts me!" she pleaded, facing him. "This is it, isn't it? John Luke and my father are the same man."

"What?"

"Aren't they? Aren't they?"

"I don't know."

"You must know. You know John Luke, you said; you thought he was my father. That's why I had to talk to you, don't you see?"

"I see that, of course," said Steve.

"What made you think John Luke was my father?"

"I didn't," Steve denied. "I told you the other day, I made a blunder; I spoke stupidly."

"I didn't believe it then and I don't now. You said it because you knew John Luke is my father—he's Hinleigh Thornton too. Isn't he?"

"What makes you think so?" Steve questioned and realized that she was sure that as a friend of her father's he not only knew all about her father but was trying now to protect her father's secret, which an unguarded mention of Luke's name had betrayed.

"A lot of little things recently, Mr. Faraday. I can tell you one very definite thing. When father addressed to your manager in Chicago the letter with my pictures, he sent me a letter asking for a room. I opened the envelope, of course, and found father's writing inside and he'd written his name John Luke."

"Did you speak to him of this?"

"I haven't seen him since. He's been away. I couldn't write him about it."

"No," said Steve.

"He's married again, and keeping it from me. Isn't that it, Mr. Faraday?"

"What makes you think that?"

"What else can it be that he's doing under the name of Luke?"

"But why would he keep his marriage from you?"

"So that is it!"

"I haven't said so."

"You don't have to. I know now. He's married as John Luke because he's married someone he—he doesn't want me to know. She got him in her grip somehow."

"Let's walk around," said Steve and arose.

"Then it's true."

"No."

"What is it then?" she cried and caught his hand, looking up at him with an appeal which confounded him.

"Your father comes back tonight," he said.

"Yes; he'll be here tomorrow."

"He didn't come to see you here on the Sunday after the ——" Steve stopped. "After the robbery," he had almost said.

"After when?" she asked.

"After he wrote to you in the letter which I saw, that he was coming here."

"No; he changed his route; he went to California."

"Yes," said Steve.

"With his—wife?" she asked, letting go his hand.

"In Chicago," replied Steve, "John Luke was alone. Now will you show me the school?"

He moved away and, unwillingly, she followed him to the company of others

(Continued on Page 213)

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(Continued from Page 211)

whom she had to introduce, and he gave her no more chance for words with him apart. He went with her about the school, meeting her cool assured friends while the amazing explanation of John Luke's two identities and his change of plan played in his head.

He looked down at the lovely girl, who guided him through this school where his sister, if he had one, would not be accepted and where Hinleigh Thornton's—John Luke's—daughter was; and his lips pressed close upon an ironical smile at the idea in his head. He returned to New York before seven and immediately sent for Seligman.

"There was a slip in that Tonty job," Steve said. "It was human: there had to be. I've located it. I'm going a couple of blocks up Park Avenue, in about an hour, to call on Hinleigh Thornton. I want you to cover me. Two men undoubtedly will do; be ready to come in if I signal."

The building upon Park Avenue at which Steve Faraday presented himself a few minutes after eight compared more than favorably with that in which he himself lived. Steve could not keep his mind from estimating the probable rental of an apartment here; twenty thousand dollars yearly, at the least, he thought. And, thinking of Helen Thornton, he considered that probably rental never occurred to her when she passed these doors, more than it would enter the mind of another girl at Miss Fracroft's school.

He took the elevator to Mr. Thornton's floor, which proved to be the sixth, and gave his card to a Filipino servant, who returned in a moment with word that Mr. Thornton was in and would see Mr. Faraday. Steve, conscious of a quickening of his pulses, followed the Filipino into a large library and sat down.

The Filipino's voice, though trained to lack of inflection, yet had conveyed the impression that Mr. Thornton had been about to go out. Perhaps Steve wholly supplied the impression, for most New Yorkers of his acquaintance went out after eight o'clock.

The library was walled with books, and upon the top of the bookshelves, upon the mantel and upon a table under a lamp, stood small white jugs and jars. The Egyptian jars, Steve realized, which John Luke had carried with him to Chicago and on to California, which he had falsely said he had collected with Doctor Saite in Egypt, and which he had brought down to the office of the Tonty to be locked in the safe after the robbery of the rooms was known.

"Mr. Faraday?" said a quiet even voice, almost as inflectionless as the servant's; and Steve arose and faced about at the tone.

He thought, "He means to convey that he has no idea who I am, that he admitted me merely on his servant's report that I looked like a gentleman. But he knows who I am; he knows why I'm here."

He was, as Steve had expected, a man of medium height, rather slighter than Steve himself, and about forty-five years in age. He had black straight hair and even handsome features, gray eyes of the color of his daughter's, but smaller. He wore a dinner jacket.

"You were about to go out," observed Steve, as casually as he could.

"On the contrary, I have just returned from the West. I am expecting in others—a little later."

"Then I am not intruding upon you now?"

"Not at all. Won't you sit down, Mr."— he referred apologetically to the card in his hand—"Faraday?"

"I introduced myself to your daughter at a luncheon of Miss Fracroft's school at my hotel this week," Steve proceeded, seating himself again.

"Your hotel?" asked Thornton with some surprise.

"I have a hotel here," said Steve. "Also, I have the Tonty in Chicago. You know it?" he inquired, again as casually as he could.

Thornton nodded slightly.

"Have you ever stopped there?" Steve asked.

"Oh, yes."

"Recently?"

"No. May I ask how you came to be interested in my daughter?"

The question was asked for itself, Steve recognized; also it was intended to turn the topic.

"Certainly," said Steve. "I introduced myself to her as a friend of John Luke's." And Steve, watching sharply, saw Thornton's lips wince.

He had prepared himself, Steve thought, for mention of Luke, but not for the surprise of mention of Luke to his daughter. He dropped into a chair, with an overassumption of ease.

"Luke?" he inquired, as if puzzled.

"John Luke, who stopped at the Tonty about two weeks ago and was in the hotel," Steve slowly delivered, "on the evening when it was robbed."

"Robbed?" repeated Thornton vacantly, and Steve pressed swiftly his advantage.

"A man in the hotel business has an unpleasant lot to do with thieves, Thornton. We're dealing with one sort or another almost daily. Some we catch; some we don't. But I've always held the opinion, as the people in my organization know, that we ought to catch them all. It's a sort of hobby of mine to look for the slip—maybe it's only one slip and a mighty little one—which must be made in every job. There never is and can't be the perfect job; that's my opinion, Thornton. What's yours?"

Thornton had to clear his throat.

"I'm afraid I have never given the matter much thought."

"I gave that Tonty job a lot of thought," retorted Steve. "I located the slip in it as early as Monday after it happened, but I didn't recognize it till much later. You see, a man signing himself as John Luke wrote to the manager of the Tonty, from Baltimore, asking for a room reservation; he also, at the same time, wrote a letter inclosing proofs of photographs to a girl in Miss Fracroft's school. The slip occurred then; for he mixed the envelopes in addressing them, and the Tonty got the letter meant for Helen Thornton and signed 'Father,' and she got the letter in her father's handwriting, signed John Luke. You recall writing them perhaps?"

Dully, very dully, Thornton shook his head; and Steve glanced up from him and about the room, catching sight of the alabaster jugs and jars on the bookcases, the table and the mantel; and he remembered again that these—or others like them—had been in the Tonty safe after the robbery.

He arose with no conscious intention; he felt himself throbbing with his excitement of certainty that in John Luke-Thornton he had found the Tonty thief; and he took from the mantel one of the large jars.

Instantly Thornton started up, but he governed himself and sat back as Steve, with his eyes fluttering from Thornton to the little jar, examined the alabaster vase. It was one, he saw, which had been in fragments and pieced together, in the manner of such antiques in museums, with plaster of Paris. It had been partly filled, too, with a plaster of Paris; there was a thick base of plaster.

Steve let the vase slip through his hands, but his eyes did not follow it to the hearth. They flashed to Thornton, who sprang up from his chair. Fragments dashed at Steve's feet—fragments of the alabaster, of the plaster of Paris, of sudden sparkling specks, crystal, red and blue—diamonds, rubies and sapphires. Thornton stopped his lunge and straightened; he was suddenly haggard and ghastly with staring eyes and bloodless cheeks. He jerked toward the door, then faced Steve again.

"You—came here alone?" he demanded, with choked throat.

"Not quite; not quite," said Steve. "Seligman ——"

"Seligman?"

"At anything like a shot or loud disturbance, at least two men will come in. You

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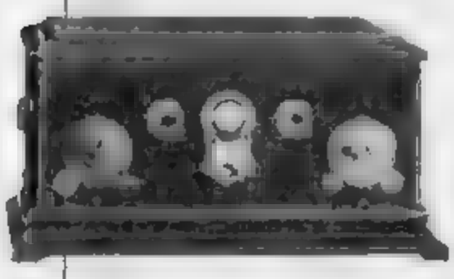

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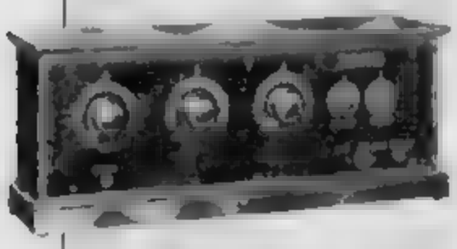

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know Seligman's habits possibly; he has a way of exceeding orders. I told him two men would do."

Steve stood with the jewels at his feet, his thoughts spinning. He had caught Luke-Thornton; he had caught the key thief who had cleaned out three suites at the Tonty. So this was the man who had met at the Loti, in Baltimore, Eddie Megan, the expert hotel worker whose gang, among them, had cleaned out countless rooms from San Francisco to Rome. This man's had been the brain, probably, behind the Megan mob; the finesse and perfection of this job—except for the slip of the misdirected letter—pointed to it. Clever and bold to have embedded the stolen jewels in these Egyptian jars, and then handed them over to Weibolt to put in the Tonty safe when Weibolt was turning the hotel upside down in search of the loot. A clubman, a yachtsman, but on the other side a hotel thief; likely he had been a thief before his daughter was born; he had reared her on the fruits of robbery.

Steve, staring at her father, thought for a flash of her in the garden of Miss Fracroft's school where his own sister, if he had one, would not be welcome. He was keeping his eyes intent upon Thornton, ready for any trick, and queerly Steve had the feeling that Helen Thornton had come into the room. He seemed to see her, in a white dress, over her father's shoulder. Then he realized that a portrait of her hung behind her father.

"Well," demanded Thornton, shaking under the strain, "what are you doing?"

"Waiting," Steve replied. "You see, Seligman's men are to come in anyway, after a certain time—unless I come out."

"Oh," breathed Thornton, and faced Steve fairly enough until Steve looked past him again. "What did you tell her?" Thornton cried, his shoulders contracting in a shudder. "What did you know when you saw her? What does she know?"

"She knows you're Luke," Steve said, but hardly considered his reply. He was thinking how queer that it was the size of the man's income and how he spent it—not how he got it—which made the daughter what she was. "But that's all she knows—nothing about Luke."

"You're telling me the truth?"

Steve came to himself and smiled grimly. "Why should I lie to you?"

There was a bell, and the Filipino entered timidly.

"Have those men let in," Steve said to Thornton, "or they'll be coming in anyway."

Thornton asked only one thing.

"They're your own men—not the police?"

"Yes."

"Let them in," Thornton directed the servant.

Seligman had exceeded his orders by adding himself to the two men assigned to this duty. He looked curiously around the large room, walled with books and furnished in perfect taste, at Thornton cowering, pale and silent, in a chair, at the jewels and fragments on the floor. He broke, one by one, the plaster plugs from the Egyptian jars—which had not been obtained from Doctor Saite—and he recovered and listed the loot of the Tonty.

"Is it all there?" Steve asked Thornton.

"All of it," Thornton said. He kept his eyes almost constantly on Steve; only occasionally he glanced at Seligman. He held crushed in his hand a handkerchief which he had taken from his pocket to wipe away the beads of sweat on his pale forehead, but he had forgotten to make use of it.

"His nerve is sure shot," Seligman muttered to Steve, who made no comment. What had shot Thornton's nerve, Steve realized, was the thought of his daughter. Now Seligman appeared to appreciate this too. There were shadow boxes above the portrait; Seligman switched on the lights and, as the lovely likeness seemed to emerge from the wall, Thornton winced, but whipped himself to action.

"Can I see you a moment alone, Faraday?"

Steve shook his head at the idea of the appeal which he expected Thornton meant to make.

"Seligman will hear with me whatever you have to say. But we don't need the others," Steve replied, and himself turned away from the portrait while he waited for Seligman's men to leave the room.

"You are going to send me up?" Thornton asked then.

"What else do you expect?" rejoined Steve.

"Nothing else for myself," said Thornton quickly, and with something of his former dignity. "I've not sunk quite to begging mercy after I've been caught, Faraday; mercy for myself, I mean. For her—that is a different matter."

"How different?"

"She knows nothing about this—does she, Faraday?"

"No."

"She knows only that I took the name Luke for a while; isn't that all?"

"The worst she fears," said Steve, "is that you've married, using the name of Luke."

"Then let her think it for three weeks more. She graduates in three weeks, Faraday. Don't bring this to her now—and to all her school, to all who know her. After she graduates, perhaps she'll have to know, perhaps others will have to know, but just now ——"

"What?" demanded Seligman. "Let you off?"

"Arrest me under some other name than mine—or than Luke. That's all."

"In return for which?" required Seligman.

"I'll plead guilty; I'll give you no trouble."

"Not enough," pronounced Seligman. "Turn up the other members of your mob for us and we'll talk business."

"My mob?"

"The Megan mob."

Thornton blinked at Seligman as though he had not understood him; suddenly he stood up, and his face, which had been deathly pale, flushed.

"You don't mean you think I was with Megan?" he exclaimed.

"We know it," retorted Seligman shortly.

"Faraday, you don't think that? It never entered my head you'd think that. It is easy to learn about me; I'm rather well known, and my father was well known here. You could learn about me in a dozen places—at my clubs, my bank."

"I learned those things," said Steve, "but you robbed the Tonty."

"Yes," Thornton returned. "Yes."

And his recollection of himself seemed to make him more the man he had been when the little vases had stood intact about the room.

Suddenly he stepped forward, switching off the lights in the shadow boxes so that his daughter withdrew from them.

"We've got Megan," Seligman pursued relentlessly. "Come clean on your connection with his crowd and we'll do something for you."

"That is very easy," said Thornton with dignity, "and fortunately involves no one but myself. I did that job alone."

"We know," Seligman persisted, "that you were at the Loti with Megan."

"I was. I went to Baltimore last month, Faraday," Thornton related, facing Steve, "to try to raise money to meet an emergency. It was a queer fix for me to find myself in. I had made a get-rich-quick speculation after a lifetime of seeing others lose everything in such gambles, and after looking after my own investments carefully for twenty-five years.

"There comes a time, Faraday, when a man in difficulty can get no more money, not even a single dollar; and when he can do nothing more fatal to himself than to appeal for aid in quarters where he is known. I had reached that point on Monday night when I was in Baltimore, where

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(Continued from Page 214)

I had gone to make an appeal to a friend. He could not, or wouldn't, help me.

"I knew that night at the Loti that, unless I obtained money soon, I would lose everything. You are too young, Faraday, to understand the feelings of a man who had brought up a daughter to occupy a certain position in the world, to go among certain people and expect a certain way of living, and who finds that he can no longer provide those things for her. If I lost what I had, I knew no way to make money for her or for myself; for I inherited all that I have.

"I was desperate. It was a most revealing evening at the Loti, Faraday. I'll not deny it. You would have said—I would have said—that everything in my tradition and training would make for going down decently, like a gentleman; the truth was, Faraday, all I could think was how to save myself some way, almost any way. Then a thing happened which ordinarily would have meant nothing to me. I heard loud voices in the corridor of the hotel, and knocking on the door next to mine and a summons to open.

"My room connected with the next; the door between them was locked. I saw a piece of metal slipped under the door as if for concealment; then the people in the corridor broke into the next room and, as I learned a few minutes later, caught a hotel thief named Megan.

"I had picked up from under the door to my room the bit of metal Megan had thrust there; it was one of the checks issued at the parcel room of the Baltimore and Ohio railway station. I did nothing about it; I mean, I did not turn it in to the police. The idea had come to me that, from his effort to hide it, the check was for a parcel containing loot which I might use to save myself. I went to the station and obtained a man's black traveling bag, which I carried to my room and opened to find in it no articles whatever of any value, nothing but some wearing apparel and a quantity of keys.

"They were labeled and numbered; I saw at once what they were—duplicate keys to doors in hotels.

"I was told at the Loti that evening that Megan's takings had totaled in the hundreds of thousands before he was caught. I realized that if he could do it repeatedly how simple for me to do it—once.

"I was ready for almost anything, I told you; and this gave me a chance to save myself, as I saw it, by robbing a class of people who would feel a loss least. I worked out the plan, and wrote reserving a room at the Tonty in the name of John Luke."

"No wonder the job was a tough one to trace," said Seligman to Steve. "Him dropping in on us with no pals and no need of preparation."

"Your slip was that you mixed the envelopes," said Steve.

"I learned that later. I am not putting it forward as any extenuation that I did not dispose of the jewels," Thornton said quietly. "After I had them I did not dare to return to New York; I went on to California to lose John Luke there. While there I received word from an old friend whom I had not thought to ask help from, that he had learned of my difficulties and would advance the money to see me through. He did it.

"So I came back to New York carrying the little Egyptian juga. They had become an incubus. I dared not leave them; I dared not open them; I dared not do anything about them. I've wondered, in these last days, Faraday, if I'd had the nerve to use the jewels if I'd needed to. I made a queer discovery: nerving yourself to the crime isn't the hard thing; there's the excitement of the risk and matching wits and perhaps something of the potential criminal in all of us, to carry you through that; but after you have the things you've stolen is when your nerve flees and you see yourself going, as a thief, to those who deal with thieves; and you're living it within yourself."

Seligman snorted.

"You got out of your hole with your friend's money, but if you got in again you'd do it again."

"Perhaps so," replied Thornton, very quietly. "I'll not deny it. I've had something of a revelation, I told you, of what a man may do which he would never suspect of himself. So I shall never again put myself in a position where I may be tested by such temptation."

Steve referred to Seligman.

"I think we'll find that he's come through clean on his connection with Megan. You promised we'd do something for him. What?"

"That's up to you," challenged Seligman, and Steve turned back to Thornton, but now he was not considering Thornton; he was thinking of a girl in the garden of Miss Fracroft's school.

He set out in his car on Sunday afternoon, and sought again the garden of Miss Fracroft's where the cool, assured girls were idling or reading, and where Helen Thornton was awaiting him once more in the arbor.

"What is it?" she inquired of him, after their first words were over. "Father was so strange when he telephoned me last night. He said you would be out today and asked me to see you, but he wouldn't tell me why."

"He'll be out later this afternoon," said Steve. "I wanted to come first, since I was the cause of distressing you by mentioning John Luke as though he was your father. I can now tell you how it happened. John Luke and your father were intimately connected in a personal matter which was on my mind. John Luke had been placed in a most difficult position; for a time it was necessary for your father to act as John Luke. He went to Chicago under that name."

"Is he acting as John Luke now?"

"No. The trouble is over, because the person who had John Luke in his power, for your father's sake decided not to use his power."

"Who was that person?"

"That is something I can't tell and which your father should never be asked; it is John Luke's personal secret. I give you my word that you have nothing of the sort which you suspected to fear of your father."

"But can this trouble of John Luke's bother father again?"

"I am quite sure not."

"So you don't want me even to mention it to father?"

"That's it."

"I won't," said Helen Thornton, with relief. "I'd much rather not. It's all straightened now, you say. Do you know what I think? It's that you've had a great deal to do with it. I won't ask, since you don't want me to, but I feel that you've been father's and my good friend all through."

"I am very glad of that," said Steve. "I'd like to be a friend of yours."

He drove back to New York with more of a glow of satisfaction with life than he had felt for many a day, and upon his return he went to his rooms to reread carefully the letter to Wiebolt in which he finally disposed of the Tonty key job.

"I am sending you, by registered mail, the stolen jewels. Explain to the owners and newspapers that the thief was not registered at the hotel. However, our chief of house detectives, Arthur Seligman, picked up the trail of the jewels and located them in New York, although the thief has not yet been apprehended; consequently we do not at present give out his name. Some of the owners offered rewards; tell them when you write to them that the hotel bears all expenses, and drop a word—not too strong—about efficiency; that this is the sort of action, in and outside of the customary lines of service, that can be expected by guests at all Faraday hotels."

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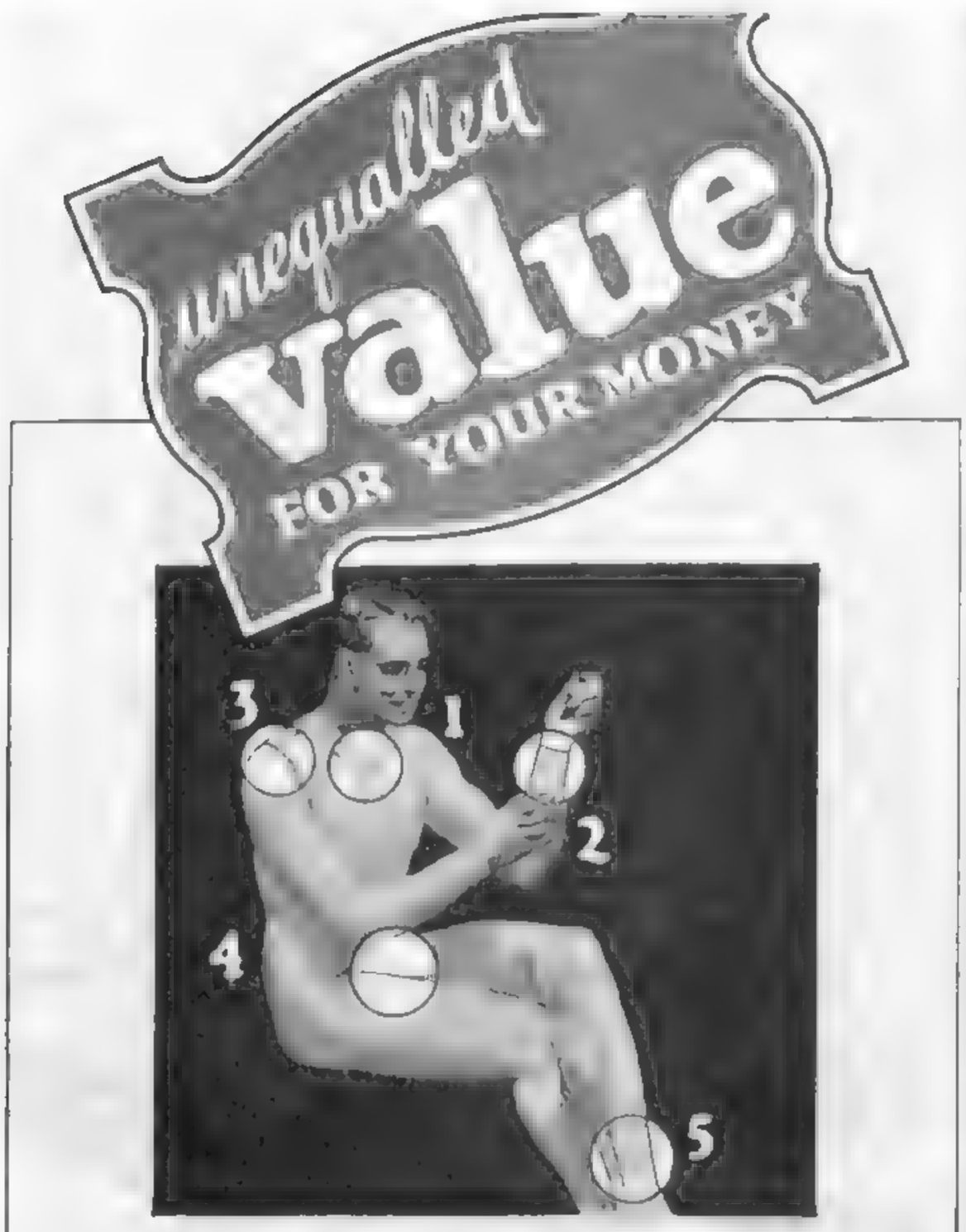

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THE GREAT AMERICAN SCANDAL

(Continued from Page 33

"The reformation theory is the proper basis for shaping any and all penalties, so far as concerns the individual at the bar. It may lead to permanent segregation from society, at one end, or to immediate discharge on probation, at the other end. All modern criminal law has been modified in obedience to this theory. In the Loeb-Leopold case it would lead to no mitigation; for there was no evidence at all that these men would ever reform. The evidence was all to the contrary. Their philosophy of life was fixed; they had been developed by the highest education; their cynical, callous unscrupulousness revealed them as irreclaimable.

"But this reformation theory affects solely the individual at bar. It takes no account of the mass of humans outside. The criminal law is quite as much concerned with social effects—that is, effects on the community at large. And that is where the deterrence theory comes in. The opinion in the Loeb-Leopold case ignores entirely this basis of the criminal law. And that is its cardinal error.

"The deterrence theory is the king-pin of the criminal law. The crimes contemplated but not committed bear the same ratio, or greater, to those actually committed that the submerged base of an iceberg bears to the portion visible above the surface; scientists say it is as 6 to 1. The fear of being overtaken by the law's penalties is, next to morality, what keeps most of us from being offenders in one way or another. For the professional or habitual criminals who have ceased to care for social opinion it is the only thing.

"A lax criminal law means greater yielding to the opportunities to crime. This is common knowledge.

"So the main question here really was: Would the remission of the extreme penalty for murder in the Loeb-Leopold case lessen the restraints on the outside class of potential homicides? The answer is yes, emphatically. And daily newspapers dispense us from laboring to offer any elaborate proof. On September first, after the counsel's argument for the defense had been published, two eighteen-year-old girls were arrested in Chicago for assisting two youths of sixteen and nineteen—Bill and Tony—to kill cruelly an old woman whose money they coveted. And the girls on their arrest said: 'A cop told me they would hang Tony. But they can't. There's never been a minor hanged in Cook County [note that the judge later cited this point in his opinion]. Loeb and Leopold probably won't hang. They are our age. Why should we?' These particular reckless dastards, it seems, 'wanted money for our good times, excitement, clothes and fun,' and they don't mind killing because they won't hang. On September second a male and a female, nineteen years old, were arrested for highway robbery in Alexandria, Virginia; the robbery failed, by accident only, from being a murder; the female, when arrested, said, 'I'm sorry I didn't get away with it; if I had more experience I would have.'"

In the Face of Experience

The examples in which the criminal himself states that he thought he could get away with it are endless. A citizen of St. Louis, a man of high standing in his profession, writes me:

"The reason for the recall of the law abolishing capital punishment in my state was based on an incident occurring in our largest city. One of the participants in a bank robbery was confronted by a police officer. The robber was cornered. The police officer was shot down. The criminal freely admitted that the shooting of the officer was the result of legal analysis on his part. To be caught for bank robbery under the circumstances meant life imprisonment. To kill anyone did not increase the penalty. Therefore he deliberately killed to get away."

I do not cite this to argue the subject of capital punishment; I cite it to give one among the daily instances which answer those deluded persons who write to me and say, "Punishment of terrible severity in the Middle Ages did not stop crime. Punishment deters no one from crime. The criminal never counts the cost. Indeed, whenever punishment has been most severe, there is more rather than less crime." These deluded persons are not only flying in the face of all human experience with discipline, they are not only spreading a doctrine that all our police and most of our judges and the criminals themselves would meet with derisive laughter, but such deluded persons fail in the logic or courage to carry their assertion to its conclusion. They ought to go on and say, "If the more severe the punishment, the more we have crime, then the less severe the punishment, the less crime we will have. To abolish crime let us therefore abolish punishment. And if the law which forbids carries no punishment and no power, it is not a law but a mere expression of sentiment. And if it is not a law it should not be on the statute books. Let us remove not only punishment but the laws as well." This is the philosophy, foolish or sinister, which would undermine the discipline and authority of our homes and our Government.

Thieves in the Making

In one newspaper I find an editorial headed as follows, Imprisonment Also is Torture. It continues: "There would be some difficulty in explaining why most modern men recoil from the thought of inflicting physical pain in cold blood on a fellow mortal while they still have no compunction for sending considerable numbers of erring ones to endure for years a life of confinement which would be torture to the great majority of us." This is an argument against punishment. On the same day a girl of seventeen had been charged with a succession of seven apartment-house burglaries and was quite resentful and outraged by the proposal to send her to the reformatory!

In a Middle Western city I talked with a police chief who had once been a railroad detective. He told me of eight boys ranging in age from seven to twelve he had caught when he was employed by the railroad, stealing small loads of coal from the railroad yards. The judge was a tender-hearted facetious old person who said to the boys: "I am going to discharge you boys. Your families probably needed the coal and that is why you took it. But the railroad stole it anyhow from the people. I won't even put you on probation." The railroad detective whispered to the judge and said: "Please do not give out the impression that boys in that district can get away with coal stealing. Coal stealing is the beginning. If the boys there think they can break the law, it will be a regular breeding ground for criminals. I don't want these boys sent up, but there should be some punishment for them."

The judge laughed indulgently and replied, "Punishment won't cure these boys," and waved his hand. Twenty years later, in the course of a few years' service as police chief, the old detective tells me that he saw five of these eight boys and a dozen others from their neighborhood sent to the penitentiary for felonies.

The present superintendent of prisons in one state spent some hours telling me that punishment seldom accomplished anything. Finally I discovered that he meant that mere punishment seldom accomplished anything in the way of reforming the person punished. He had completely forgotten, as so many of our prison authorities and citizens forget, that punishment is not inflicted

Continued on Page 221

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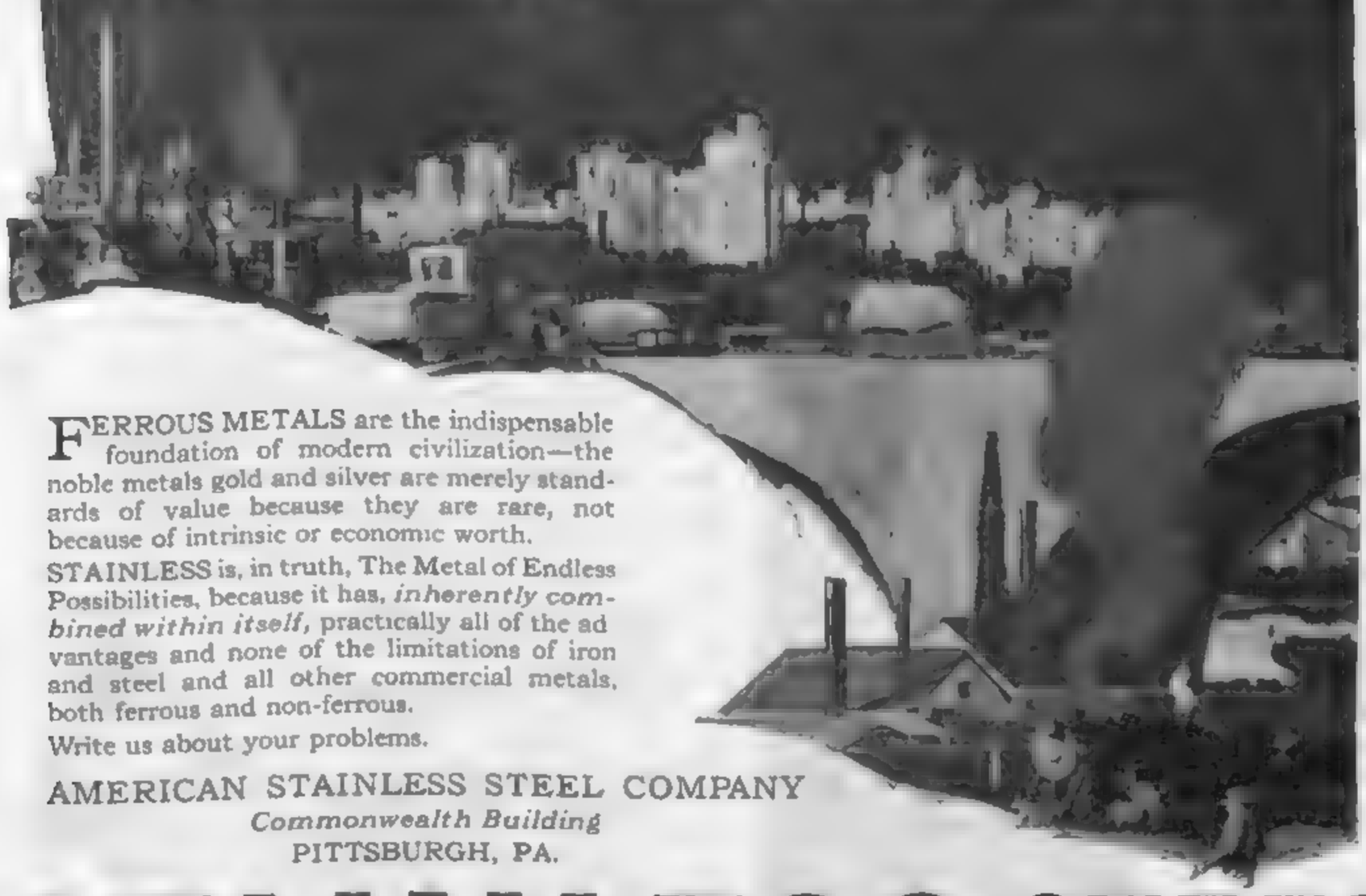

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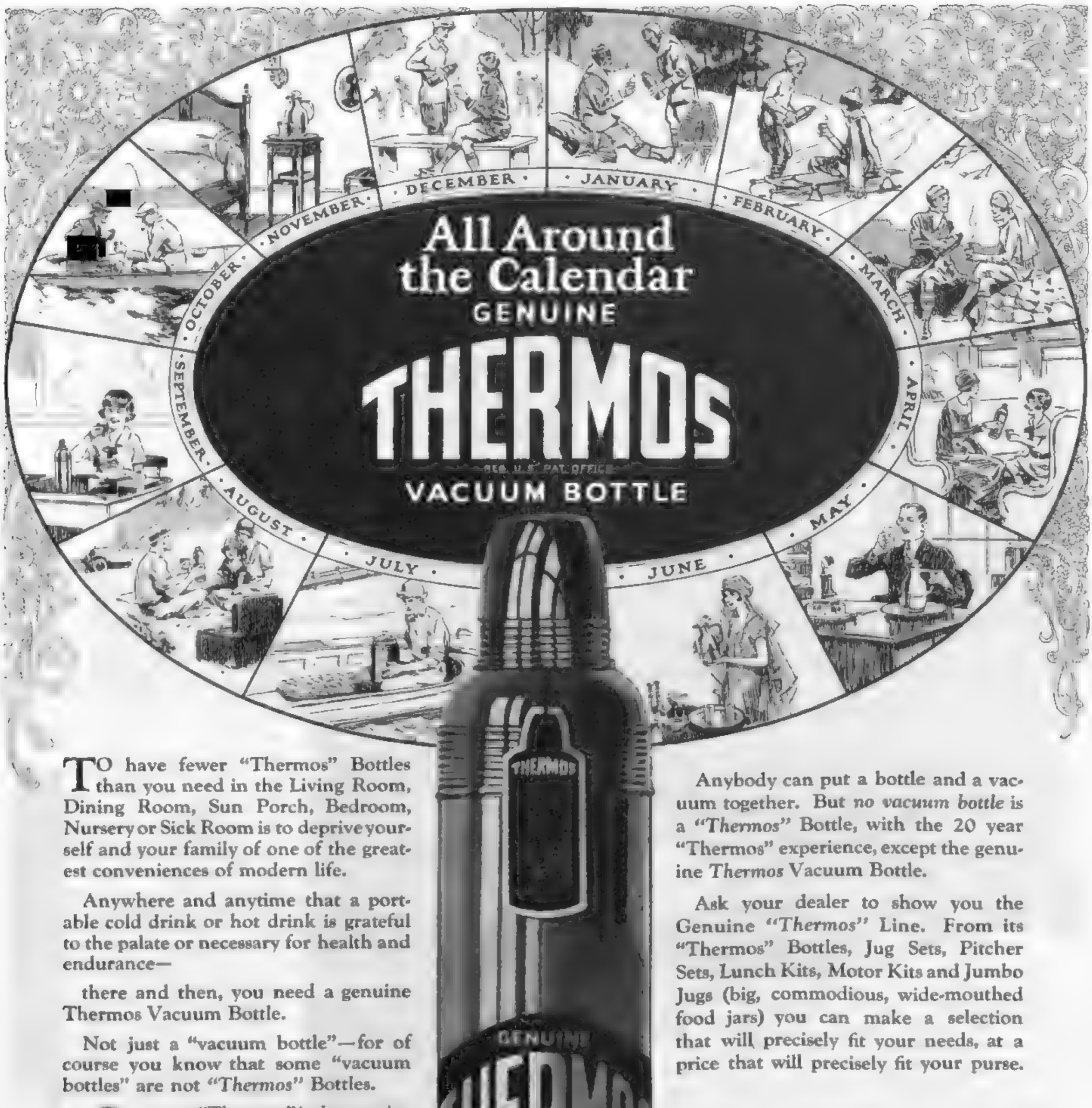

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(Continued from Page 218)

upon one person for revenge and not primarily to reform that person, but to give notice to that person's neighbors, friends, public-school or business associates and to the whole world that if good sense and enlightenment will not always be on the job to restrain the temptation of the prospective wrongdoer, the law and its enforcement and its punishment act as the price tag on crime.

Another superintendent of state institutions also told me that punishment did not act as a deterrent. After an hour of conversation, I said to him, "Let's see. You have been having quite an exciting time in your state from auto bandits."

"Yes, we did," he replied. "The situation was frightful! A few young desperadoes would take a car and go through place after place, holding up people or robbing stores. But it was stopped!" He spoke with vehemence and pride.

"What stopped it?" I asked.

"Well, I'll tell you about that!" he said eagerly. "One of our judges gave three sentences of forty-five years. That stopped the whole business!"

No one but a fool will believe that the institutions of law and punishment will make humanity perfect or abolish criminal tendencies. But law and punishment make no pretense or practice of taking over full responsibility for the field of eugenics or social, economic or spiritual evolution. All that law and punishment claim is that, for the maintenance of safety, order and peace and the protection of the innocent from the violence of degenerates or from deliberate wrongdoers, the cost of wrongdoing shall be marked on temptations—and collected! If there are those who propose to abolish the collection of the amount on the price tag and to eliminate discipline of all kinds from society and the state, they are either maudlin or anarchists.

I have tried to go to the bottom of this question of why we punish, because, unless we know what we are doing, there is no basis on which to build policies for our prisons, our paroles, our pardons, for our scientific progress, our individualization of treatment, our severities or our dispensation of mercy and consideration.

One warden said to me, "They say that our prisons should be made educational. Of course they should. But the best education a prison can give is the education of the boys and girls outside the walls, who in these loose days are tempted to commit crime."

Wise and Unwise Reformers

This is a point of view which is so often completely forgotten by the parole board, the governor who grants pardons for a few tears or a few votes, and those sentimentalists who want indeterminate sentences when maximum of the sentence is fixed rather than the minimum.

The tragedy of our whole prison situation—and some of the criminals know it better than I do—is that the unwise reformers spoil the work of wise reformers. It is not those who propose brutality and inhumanity and revenge who undermine the case of those who propose science and humane methods and are willing to stand by results of attempts to reform. Not at all. Those who break down constructive policies and labors are those who go blithering around that punishment is not a deterrent.

It is not the psychiatrist who says, "Let us examine them to find out reasons why they should be restrained," who throws discredit on psychoanalysis of prisoners. It is only the psychiatrist and alienist who says, "They are all mad. They are all sick. They would not have done wrong if they had been right. Let them out!"

It is not the parole-board member who tells the truth and says, "Our experiments in release are not a great success," who does the harm to the cause of paroling safe and worthy prisoners. It is the parole-board member who pretends that parole boards in present practice are able to know much of the wisdom of releasing this man and the next.

The truth of the matter is that most of the innovations, outside that of proper decent care for the physical and mental well-being of prisoners, have been experiments. And it is not clear that most of them have been successful experiments. The abolition of capital punishment—of execution, which probably will be conducted some day by the use of some painless anæsthetic gas—has yet to prove its case. Temporarily the evidence tends to show that capital punishment acts as a deterrent of the crimes it punishes. Certainly the best argument for its abolition is that juries are reluctant to convict when conviction means a sentence of death. Its presence may bring a prospective murderer to count the chance of paying an extreme penalty, but its presence may lessen the chance of his paying any penalty at all.

Old Traits With New Names

As to the mental examinations of prisoners, I have been accused of opposing the research of the psychiatrists. I do not. On the contrary, whatever the development of an imperfected science may accomplish in looking into the minds of men and leading to a cure of folly and misbehavior is a good thing. But the silly aspect of the proposal as so often stated, is that the discovery of abnormality is a reason for turning loose the abnormal, dangerous man so that he can misbehave again. Discovery of abnormality in a man is not a reason for shortening his sentence or letting him go; it is an additional reason for committing him to safer keeping.

If psychopathic treatment can be developed so that it provides cures of criminality, who will say evil of it? But so far as it has gone now it appears to be almost all diagnosis, and not at all well provided with a record of efficient remedies. Its best and noblest emphasis is the insistence upon treating criminals as individuals, and upon classifying various groups in our prison population so that we may salvage all we can of the more promising material, rather than allowing its further corruption.

But there has been a good deal of nonsense about some psychopathic investigation. One piece of that nonsense is the introduction of phraseology which calls old, recognized human traits by new names. As I have pointed out before, the smart psychiatrist who speaks of the unfortunate young female prisoner as having suffered from an "emotional vacuum" is only saying what the old-fashioned farmer's wife said when she announced, "Satan finds work for idle hands to do." The terms "borderland case," "psychopathic personality," "neurotic type," used to be described by such simple, homely phrases as "Jack has brooding spells," or "Minnie got too interested in herself," or "Henry was a fidgety boy." I recently had occasion to go over the data cards of the psychiatrist of a state penitentiary. They were impressive; they were filled with newly coined phrases with which I have made myself familiar, but when I wanted to know about two or three particular prisoners—I asked the warden.

There has been a good deal of nonsense, too, in findings that indicate that our criminal population is of startling low mental level, or composed almost entirely of abnormal beings. No one challenges the low mental level or the fact of some abnormality. When allowance is made for the fact that it is the less fit, the stupidest and the most impoverished of criminals who are in prison, because the more clever are often able to escape through the loopholes of the law and that, in addition, the criminal is now thoroughly educated to the idea that he must deliberately try to prove, by acting the part, that he is a nut, it is not surprising that the psychiatrist is fed a maximum of low mentality and high abnormality.

But the real joker is found in the fact that low mentality and abnormality, defective vision, teeth and other misfortunes are about as common outside the prison wall

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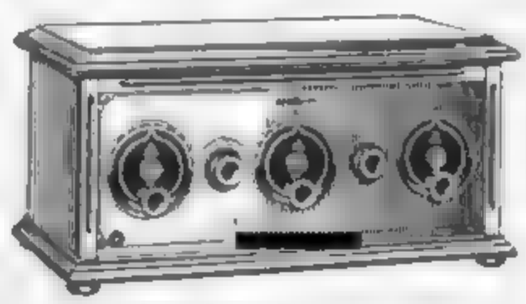

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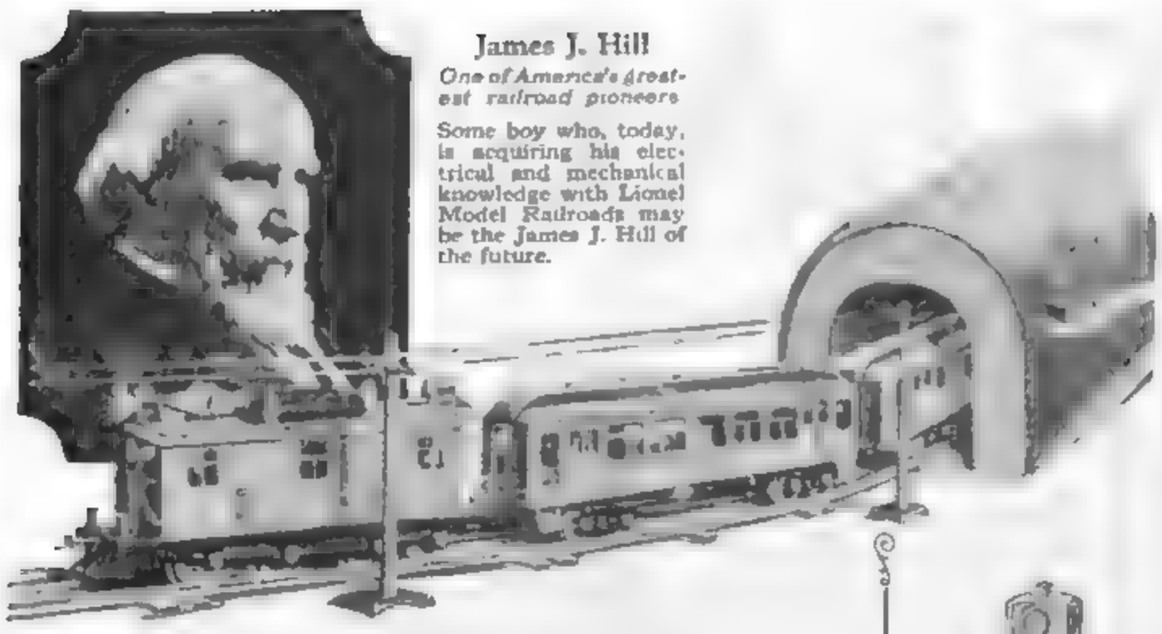

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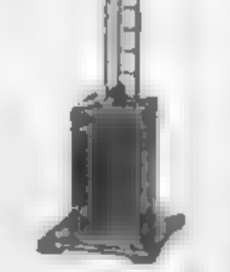

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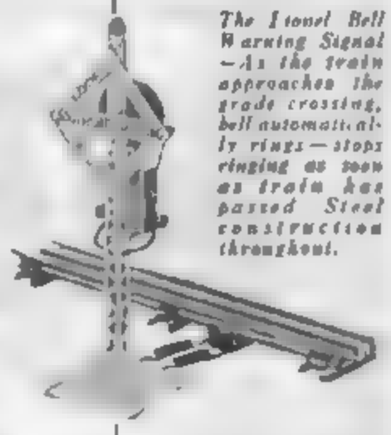

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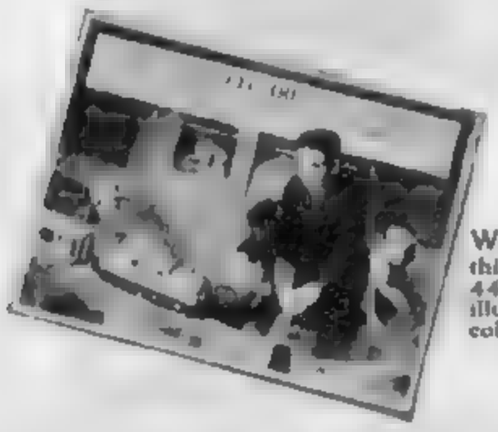

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as inside. Before the war and, therefore, before the psychiatric examination of millions of drafted men, there was a great hullabaloo about the low mental level of the wrongdoer. The draft records pricked that discovery, because it was found that about the same shocking underdevelopment of mentality was the curse among us all. Carl Murchison, professor of psychology in Clark University, who conducted extensive investigations comparing the intelligence of native, white, male prisoners with the draft men in the war, found that the criminal intelligence was higher and not lower than the draft intelligence. In his book, the most thorough review of the subject, he says pungently: "The author has no desire to play the part of the devil's advocate. He does not hold the conviction that criminals have more able minds than do more conservative members of society. But he is convinced that great harm has been done and is being done by the propaganda which creates the impression that the criminal is feeble-minded and an individual to be fawned over and petted. It would be of greater service if the thinking element in society could have their minds directed to the idiotic expressions on statute books and the imbecile attempts to execute such idiotic expressions."

The wisest psychologists and neurologists probably realize that the same error is now being made about abnormality as was made about mental levels. If one is to accept as abnormal the cases so diagnosed by some of the prison psychiatrists, then mental abnormality is also about as common outside of prisons as freckles. There is a kind of enthusiasm on the part of any diagnosis specialist to find something. There is a reluctance to have a lot of phrases, terms and learning at hand and not be able to tie them on to every patient. The normal person is a kind of disappointment of eager expectations and is reluctantly accepted. One is left wondering what would have happened if the psychiatrists had examined Napoleon, Garibaldi or Lincoln, the whistling butcher's boy or you and me.

Psychoanalyzing Criminals

There have been published statements that 89 per cent of crime is due to emotional or brain defects. F. Emory Lyon, superintendent of the Central Howard Association, says that he fixes the percentage at 15 per cent. But, whether 89 per cent or 15 per cent, it is quite possibly the fact that the man who finds that the commission of crime is due to any fixed percentage of brain and emotional defects would have to find almost the same percentage of defects among the noncriminals as a reason why they do not commit crime.

One of the numerous physicians who have written me to protest against the fanaticism of psychoanalysis of criminals says, "Having done much medical testifying myself, I am familiar with the methods and terms by which the public is made to feel that the criminal must necessarily be ill, on the hypothesis that if he were well he would not have committed his crime."

The excuses and exaggeration of many criminal psychologists, and not any opposition to reasonable investigation and experiment, are to blame for the misfortunes which have fallen upon the sincere worker in the field of mental hygiene. A frank declaration on the part of the searchers for truth that until now most of the results have been in diagnosis rather than cure, would help. But even more it would help for them to declare that the logical result of discoveries that criminals are defectives or are abnormal is not to let them loose earlier, but to keep them longer.

The Price Tags of Wrongdoing

If psychiatry takes that position and comes down off its phrase-made plane, the support of the public will be given to its attempts to feel around for a handle to readjust the individual wrongdoer. If indeterminate sentences mean the commitment of prisoners for a minimum term with an indeterminate term to follow, which may be ended by adequate evidence of the prisoner's fitness to be at large, citizens can approve that too. If governors must continue to grant pardons at all, the people may look with calmness upon the clemency of justice; but if they have sense they will turn against some of the scandalous, wholesale distribution of clemency for political purposes which is even now going merrily on in some parts of the United States.

No one wants the prisoner mistreated, abused or abandoned. Everyone wants the prisoner salvaged, if he can be salvaged. But above all, the one thing standing up above all else that I have found in investigating our crime record, is the need to remember that the prisoner, whatever consideration we may give him, is not the person we are educating by swift, sure and severe punishment. Consideration for that individual—the guilty man—is secondary. The persons we are trying to reach, trying to safeguard, trying to educate when we punish the prisoner, are the boys and girls in countless multitudes who may and do, even though they be morons or defectives, read the plainly marked fixed-price tags on wrongdoing.

When the reader of this meets the foolish or sinister preachers of a contrary doctrine, he meets a man or woman who, facing the increasing success of the criminal in his war on the nation, decides to be a defeatist and a pacifist.

Editor's Note—This is the ninth of a series of articles by Mr Child. The final article in the series will appear next week.

BET-YOU-A-MILLION GATES

(Continued from Page 7)

$100,000 to $500,000 in later ventures without batting an eye, the larger sums often being the pyramided profits of the original $10,000.

Somewhere in the nineties American finance learned a new trick from an Englishman, Ernest Terah Hooley. Operating in Great Britain, Hooley demonstrated the ease of combining ten plants having a total capital of $10,000,000 into one concern with $20,000,000 capital stock, if half the issue were called preferred stock and the other half common stock.

"Water" was the newspaper term for it. Later on, the common stock would be unloaded quietly on the market.

For twenty years Gates had cherished the plan of consolidating the wire industry of the United States into one great company. His own consolidated company, as the name implied, was a merging of a number of smaller companies. Originally Gates' motive had been the killing off of cutthroat competition. That, in fact, was the impelling motive behind all the earlier American monopolies, for it was cutthroat competition indeed in the old days, and economically wasteful. No agreement held, no pool but was broken. Only common ownership could stabilize the industry. And here was Hooley demonstrating how it could be done with a handsome, direct profit for the manipulators.

Gates, I. L. Ellwood, L. L. Smith and J. H. Parks, of Boston, circulated quietly among the wire mills and got options on them. These options permitted the Gates group to introduce auditors and engineers to search out assets and liabilities and to value the plants physically. The option on the Washburn-Moen plant, king-pin of the industry, called for $8,000,000.

Negotiations went on night and day in a suite in the Waldorf, Gates and his fellow promoters tranquilizing their nerves in the

(Continued on Page 225)

"The Farley"

A virgin wool overcoat, sir!

—with the style of Piccadilly; the woolen-craft of Oregon City

CORRECT STYLE travels fast; today we are only a week away from London by photography and air mail.

So this model is the latest inspiration of Piccadilly and New York style authorities. In every detail it is correct—a tendency to length, wider button spacing, broad shoulders.

But the mirror for this smart style is the fine woolen-craft of Oregon City. Even before the days of ready-to-wear clothes, our woolens were used by the best custom tailors of the country. And today, we are one of the few clothing makers producing all our own fabrics.

No other woolens are just like these woven at Oregon City. They are pure virgin wool. Processes have been handed down for 61 years. Distinct climatic conditions, soft water and the world's greatest wool country at our door, contribute to the unique quality.

See The Farley, as pictured, and the other new Jacobs Oregon City overcoats. At least one progressive merchant in nearly every city and town can demonstrate the extra value of our clothes and woolen goods. Suits and overcoats for men and boys; flannel shirts; sport blouses; lounging robes; blankets.

Write us for an interesting booklet, "A Trip Through the Land of Wool." Oregon City Woolen Mills, established in 1864 by I. and R. Jacobs, Oregon City, Oregon.

The "Wrinkle Test"

Try it, or see store demonstrations. Roll up a Jacobs Oregon City overcoat any way you wish—for several hours. Then hang it up, or wear it. Within a short time wrinkles will be gone. Liveliness of virgin wool does it!

Jacobs Oregon City Woolens

Men's and Boys' Overcoats, Mackinaws, Suits; Sport Blouses; Flannel Shirts

Lounging Robes; Vivid Indian Blankets; Motor Robes and Fine Bed Blankets

PURE VIRGIN WOOL — WOVEN WHERE THE WOOL IS GROWN

Do travelers notice the difference?

Few, very few, hotels have a private bath and circulating ice water with every room—as these hotels have. Yet that isn't the biggest difference between the Statlers and others.

And few, very few, are the hotels which give you a morning paper under your door; or sell you things at the news-stands at street-store prices; or post the price of each room, printed in plain figures, in that room—as these hotels do. Those things get nearer to the essential difference because they express the *policies* under which these houses are operated, and in which they are unique.

Few, also, are the hotels which give you as wide a variety, as much choice, in restaurants and restaurant-prices as do these houses. Besides the regular dining-rooms, each hotel maintains a cafeteria, or a lunch-counter, or both—as a more complete service.

And few are the hotels which maintain their properties in new condition—clean, bright, ship-shape—as these houses do. They are virtually new hotels—except that they are manned by organizations which are not new, but are trained, seasoned, competent.

More characteristic, though, than any physical features of the building is the *personal service rendered you by employees.* We know of no hotels which have gone so far as these in drilling into employees, everlastingly and all the time, that *it's Statler policy to give extra value and extra service, and to guarantee the satisfaction of every guest.* If, though, some little thing does go wrong, you will find us ready to make prompt and satisfactory adjustment.

That difference in the attitude of employee to guest is the most personal characteristic of the Statler-operated houses. It is a part—a very important part—of the *extra value for your money* which you get in these hotels.

Do travelers notice this difference?

You bet your life they do!

E. M. Statler

Boston's Hotel Statler is building:

In the Park Square District of Boston (Columbus Ave., at Arlington and Providence Streets) construction has begun on the new Hotel Statler—which will have 1300 rooms, 1300 baths, and all the comforts and conveniences for which these hotels are world famous.

Rates are unusually low, in comparison with those of other first-class hotels:

Single rooms are from $3 in Cleveland, Detroit, and St. Louis; from $3.50 in Buffalo, and from $4 in New York.

Twin-bed rooms (for two) are from $5.50 in Cleveland, Detroit, and St. Louis; from $6.50 in Buffalo, and from $7 in New York.

And remember that *every* room in these houses has its own private bath, circulating ice water, and many other conveniences that are unusual.

Buffalo—and Niagara

The newest Hotel Statler (1100 rooms, 1100 baths) is in Buffalo—delightfully situated on Niagara Square. Across the street from it is the new Statler Garage, a marvel of convenience throughout—and especially appreciated by tourists visiting NIAGARA FALLS, which is but 23 miles away. The old Hotel Statler in Buffalo is now called HOTEL BUFFALO.

STATLER HOTELS

Buffalo~Cleveland~Detroit~St. Louis

Hotel Pennsylvania *New York*

The largest hotel in the world [illegible] rooms, 2200 baths. On Seventh Avenue, 32nd to 33d Streets, directly opposite the Pennsylvania Station. A Statler-operated hotel, with all the comforts and conveniences of other Statlers, and with the same policies of courteous, intelligent and helpful service by all employees.

And Statler-Operated Hotel Pennsylvania~New York

(Continued from Page 222)

interludes by playing poker for stakes of thousands of dollars. When all the options were added together and balanced against the maximum amount of stock that could be floated, Gates saw that the Washburn-Moen $8,000,000 was too heavy a load. It meant risk.

Gates was done on that instant. The merger was his very own child. He had been nursing it for twenty years. All Wall Street supposed it to be on the verge of successful consummation and called him a quitter and a rainbow chaser. His associates, more easily dazzled by visions of millions of profit, less cautious calculators of risk, pleaded with him. One of them wept, but Gates checked out of the Waldorf and caught the Century for Chicago. Instead of merely wiring me notice of his coming, he sent a telegram reading, "The jig is up. Back Monday morning."

Bulldog and Rabbit

Gates was too extraordinary a combination of bulldog and rabbit for Wall Street to fathom. His tenacity was endless if the facts justified tenacity, in his judgment, and he was the world's quickest quitter if his acumen so dictated. Convinced that the merger could not safely carry the additional $8,000,000 load, he withdrew in the knowledge that one such spectacular failure would be enough to wipe out the credit of his years of success.

But he did not fold his hands. Instead he made a sudden and brilliant flanking move, virtually lone-handed, and began the task of consolidating all the wire plants except the Washburn-Moen. Such a combination would be a huge affair, would permit of many economies of operation, eliminate unhealthy competition and duplicated sales efforts, but still avoid the cry of monopoly. So he went at it and succeeded in putting together—his own modest term for consolidating—all the wire plants except Washburn-Moen in a new corporation, the American Steel and Wire Company, capital stock $90,000,000, later merged into the United States Steel Corporation at $120,000,000.

The most difficult people to win over were the Chisholms of Cleveland, proprietors of the H. P. Nail Company, men of old-fashioned business ideals, personally interested in their employes and proud of what the name of Chisholm stood for in business. I watched Gates standing over Stewart Chisholm, urging him, jollying him, pushing him, wearing him down, relaxing the pressure, then applying it more vigorously than ever, until Chisholm succumbed. He lacked Gates' hard core and could not resist the greater determination. It is my opinion that Gates' tactics were shrewdly premeditated, that his plan of battle from the first was to tire Chisholm's nerves until the man surrendered of exhaustion. Actually, promotion has more of this sort of thing than the outsider may credit.

Gates worked very closely under legal advice in his operations. In his wire combination his constant shadow was Judge Elbert H. Gary, now a world figure, then an obscure Illinois lawyer. Gary drew up brief and simple options but they were lawproof and loopholeless. Gates had the executive faculty of recognizing merit in others without having it labeled and stamped genuine for him. He saw instantly that Gary was not only an able lawyer but a sound business man. The Gary-Wheaton Bank at Wheaton, Illinois, was a Gary institution.

It was Gates who brought the merits of the Illinois country lawyer-banker to the attention of the elder J. Pierpont Morgan, who later made Gary head of the United States Steel Corporation, simultaneously denying Gates even a place on the board of directors, from which time Gates and Gary ceased to be pally.

Gates had another executive quality—the ability to delegate details. He had neither the time nor the legal and special knowledge to attend to the technical points of charter, stock certificates, payments, real-estate titles, service contracts and a myriad of other practical details of such operations as he was carrying on. They were Gary's jobs.

The American Steel and Wire combination brought up a difficulty in underwriting. The options on the component plants ran for short periods and it was necessary to raise millions of dollars with which to take them up long before the new stock could be printed, listed on the exchange and sold to the public. And had it been possible to offer the stock in time to pick up the options, the public was not apt to invest on the strength of only Gates' name and those of his relatively obscure associates.

Gates went to Morgan, and I remember waiting in Wall Street one morning and seeing my employer stride up the street as if he were treading on air, a lo-the-conquering-hero-comes atmosphere about him.

"Owen," he beamed, "Morgan has agreed to underwrite us!" It was rarely that he confided a matter of such importance even to his confidential secretary, and I have no doubt that he told me then only because he hoped that I would be indiscreet enough to repeat the "secret" and thereby smooth his path.

With the consolidation effected and the participants each possessed of large blocks of common stock, they wished to unload expeditiously and at the best price possible. Morgan was made manager of the pool that was to let the stock out gradually and skillfully in order not to depress the market price. I saw the contract each man received in exchange for the bundle of stock left in Morgan's hands. It was an impressive document of several pages and about every third paragraph repeated the proviso that the matter was to be left wholly to Morgan's discretion. The entire contract, I saw after careful study, might have been condensed into the sentence, "I place all my stock in J. P. Morgan's hands to deal with as he jolly well pleases, confiding wholly in his integrity and sense." That would have suited Gates, but the small fry felt better with a long and redundant document to look at and to flourish.

Settled With a Penny

Gates' circle of business intimates did not expand proportionately with his wealth. He had barely climbed into the big-money class when his business name acquired a sort of taint. He was labeled a gambler, and the newspapers, in return for his innumerable rebuffs to reporters, took care to keep that label before the public. As a result no one sought his name for the name's sake on a board of directors and Morgan gave him only an offstage part in United States Steel.

Pat Sheedy, the unquestioned king of the professional gambling fraternity, once pronounced Gates the greatest gambler then living in all the world. None who knew Gates will dissent. The magnitude of his bets, his eternal willingness to bet, the triviality of the events upon which he would wager if pressed and the calm and insouciance of his losing mien all justified the award. He would, when in the mood, bet $500 and $1000 on a raindrop. I was with him at the Waldorf once when a complicated money dispute between his company and the Carnegie Steel Company came up for settlement. Gates was there with his treasurer, Thompson. Schwab arrived, flanked by his chief accountant, Moreland, each subaltern loaded down with bulky sheafs of data. The disputed items were settled amicably one by one by discussion, some in Gates' favor, others in Schwab's. At last one only remained, involving, as I remember, $20,000. The pros and cons of debate seemed of equal weight and Gates at length offered to flip a penny for it. Schwab accepted, the penny was flipped and Gates won.

He was intensely annoyed in his later years by "Bet you a million!" which the newspapers had fastened upon him as his favored and characteristic exclamation. He

Of course . . . you'll like Ice Cream *Now!*

No matter what you think of ice cream—no matter whether you're young or old—no matter whether it's winter or summer—*make this test*, and every taste-nerve in your body will be broadcasting the glad news that you have broken right into flavor-paradise!

Here's the test: Take an Eskimo Pie; roll back its gleaming, silvery foil wrapper, just enough to reveal the smooth, crisp, sweet milk-chocolate end; then let your teeth pass clear through the rich, firm ice cream center!

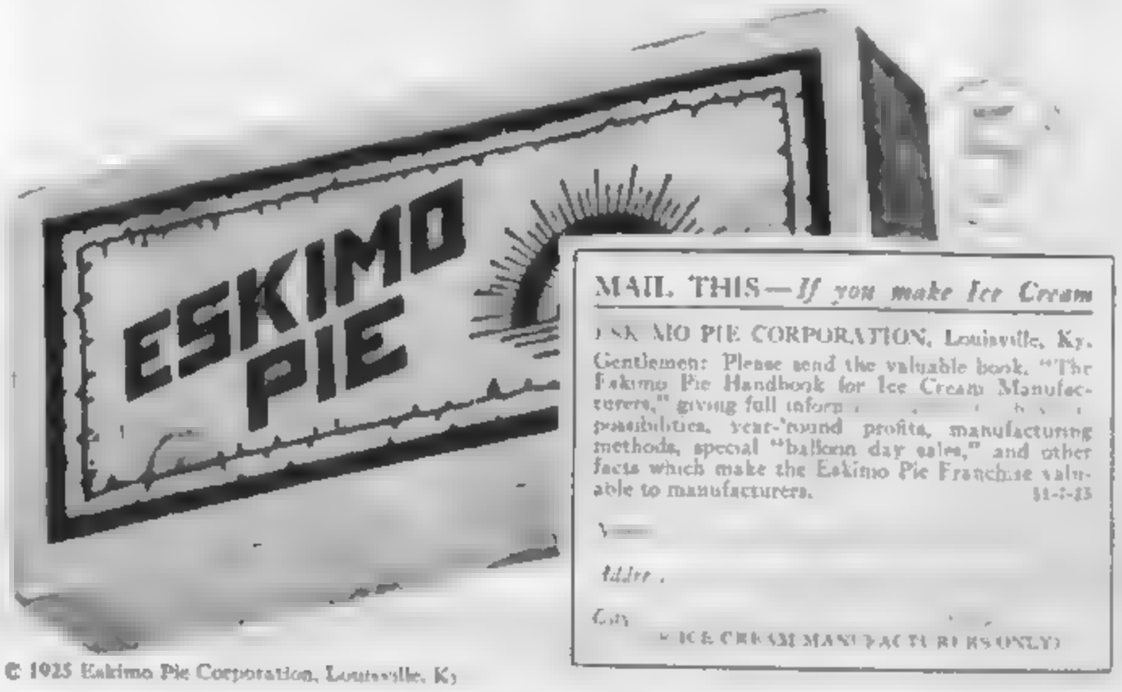
Get that flavor? Finer than ice cream. Finer than chocolate. Finer than any ice cream and chocolate you ever tasted in any blend except this patented, copyrighted combination. No wonder the fame and flavor of this new taste-delicacy are winning new millions to ice cream.

Never before has the ice cream industry faced such an opportunity. Every dealer should urge his manufacturer to get the Eskimo Pie license (no special fees—all rights included in the purchase of wrappers at less than 2/5ths cent each, ready-printed).

Tremendous Rewards for Ice Cream Makers!

That coupon below brings you facts too valuable to miss—facts about the money others are making from Eskimo Pie—facts about the money others are saving by use of the Anderson Eskimo Pie Machine, which does all operations mechanically, or the Universal Eskimo Pie Maker, suitable for smaller plants. Clip the coupon to your letterhead and let it open the way to bigger profits for you.

ESKIMO PIE CORPORATION, Louisville, Ky



MAIL THIS—*If you make Ice Cream*

ESKIMO PIE CORPORATION, Louisville, Ky.

Gentlemen: Please send the valuable book, "The Eskimo Pie Handbook for Ice Cream Manufacturers," giving full information [illegible] possibilities, year-'round profits, manufacturing methods, special "balloon day sales," and other facts which make the Eskimo Pie Franchise valuable to manufacturers. 11-7-25

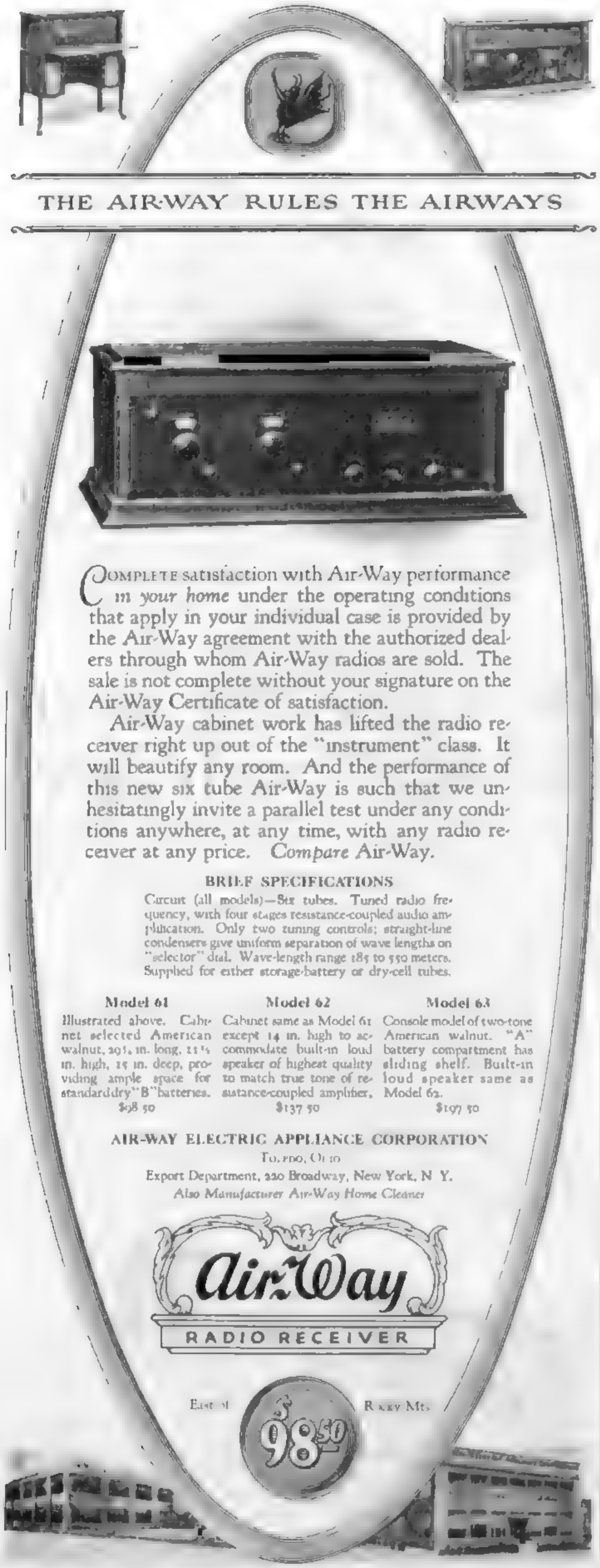
Name .....

Address .....

City .....

(ICE CREAM MANUFACTURERS ONLY)

© 1925 Eskimo Pie Corporation, Louisville, Ky


THE AIR-WAY RULES THE AIRWAYS
Complete satisfaction with Air-Way performance in your home under the operating conditions that apply in your individual case is provided by the Air-Way agreement with the authorized dealers through whom Air-Way radios are sold. The sale is not complete without your signature on the Air-Way Certificate of satisfaction.
Air-Way cabinet work has lifted the radio receiver right up out of the "instrument" class. It will beautify any room. And the performance of this new six tube Air-Way is such that we unhesitatingly invite a parallel test under any conditions anywhere, at any time, with any radio receiver at any price. Compare Air-Way.
BRIEF SPECIFICATIONS
Circuit (all models)—Six tubes. Tuned radio frequency, with four stages resistance-coupled audio amplification. Only two tuning controls; straight-line condensers give uniform separation of wave lengths on "selector" dial. Wave-length range 185 to 550 meters. Supplied for either storage-battery or dry-cell tubes.
Model 61
Illustrated above. Cabinet selected American walnut, 29½ in. long, 11¼ in. high, 15 in. deep, providing ample space for standard dry "B" batteries.
$98 50
Model 62
Cabinet same as Model 61 except 14 in. high to accommodate built-in loud speaker of highest quality to match true tone of resistance-coupled amplifier.
$137 50
Model 63
Console model of two-tone American walnut. "A" battery compartment has sliding shelf. Built-in loud speaker same as Model 62.
$197 50
AIR-WAY ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CORPORATION
Toledo, Ohio
Export Department, 220 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Also Manufacturer Air-Way Home Cleaner
Air-Way
RADIO RECEIVER
East of Rocky Mts.
98 50

may have used the phrase once as a jest, but he certainly never employed it habitually or seriously. More likely it was purely a newspaper fabrication. I heard a man, newly introduced, quote the remark to him once in Texas, foolishly thinking to get a laugh from the multimillionaire, but Gates turned his back and walked away without a word.

He was entirely open in his gambling and probably never understood why it hurt his standing as a business man, why the general public ultimately shied away from any enterprise with which his name was identified. All his life he was strangely blind to the tendencies of public opinion and the power of the press, and extremely contemptuous of both. It was in such facets of his character that he was immeasurably inferior to such men as J. Pierpont Morgan, Sr., or Frick; and more than anything else it accounts for the fact that he fizzled out after promising to become one of the few supremely great captains of American finance. Such blind spots eventually led us underlings to the conclusion that he was not a truly great figure, even though in many respects a business genius.

One reason, however, why Gates had no sense of embarrassment about his gambling was that with him it was not a vice. It was not exactly an amusement, certainly not a greed for gain; rather the exercise of certain talents or methods upon which his success as a promoter, organizer and administrator were grounded. Gambling gave him an outlet quicker, more compact and more dramatic than the slow-moving and responsible operations of actual big-business finance. He was like a fencer who, in default of better sport, will lunge and parry with a straw. He rejoiced as a strong man to run a race, though the stakes might be but dimes.

I have played poker with him in company with his family doctor and others of little means, and Gates enjoyed our trivial stakes and fought for them as eagerly and craftily as he battled for millions in other arenas. When he wintered at his country home at Port Arthur, Texas, he used to have Frank Ireland and several other town worthies up to his house every evening to play bridge. Gates was a finished and scientific bridge player. Possibly a net of $5000 would have approximated the assets of any one of these townsmen. But Gates rejoiced vainglo-riously when he won. Grinning all over, he would say to Ireland, "Well, Frank, you gave the party last night." He had Roosevelt's unfeigned democracy and joy in every instant of life, be it important or insignificant.

Drifting With the Current

Gates was continually browbeating and teasing his friends into bets large and small on more or less trivial matters. An onlooker would have thought it merely a display of bad manners, but this was his own astute method of driving home a prediction and advertising his foresight. Gates having prophesied this or that, he did not intend that the prophet should go unhonored when the prophecy should be fulfilled, as it usually was. Were he to say, "Mark my word, Oklahoma Steel will break twenty by St. Patrick's Day," it might or might not be recalled on March seventeenth that Gates had been the only man to foresee it. More probably everyone would have intimated that he knew it all the time. But if Gates said, "I'll bet you ten thousand Oklahoma Steel breaks twenty," the loser and his circle never forgot who had guessed right.

Gates was daring where most men were cautious, cautious where most men were daring. It was this that made him not merely rich but phenomenally rich. It was a reversal of human instinct.

Bad luck begets recklessness with most of us. At the card table the rash better is the loser, threshing frantically like a drowning man. In business the man who is staring at bankruptcy is apt to lose his head. He tends to pass the thin line that divides an honorable prudence and reckless chance taking. On the other hand, when luck is with the same average man he cashes in too soon. He hangs back nervously when a bull market appears to be on the make, but when the ticker tells a daily story of falling prices he clings to his commitments with a grim courage worthy of a better game.

Gates did just the opposite. When the current ran strongly against him he drifted with it and husbanded his strength. He never shook his fist in the face of Dame Fortune and abused her. In business or in poker he outpikered the piker if his luck was not running. If he must lose, he lost grudgingly and as little as possible. He played his cards, as poker players say, close to his belt. On the stock exchange he would right-about-face and sell his holdings precipitately if he had guessed wrong.

But when the long frost of ill luck thawed in the morning's sunshine, and there was that something in the air that tells the true fatalist that spring has come, Gates was up and at them, pressing every advantage home furiously. In games he clamored for the limit to be lifted sky-high. He was not superstitious, but there was something mystic in his view of chance.

Four Times Out of Seven

I suppose he merely recognized that with every man events sometimes seem to favor him, sometimes to oppose him, and that such periods usually come in rather longish curves.

I have seen him play poker for hours with extraordinary ill luck, holding miserable hands, then draw a full house when no one opposed him. He would bide his time and hoard his chips. Toward the end of the session his luck would turn. He knew the jade's face. At once he howled for bigger jack pots, a higher limit, and jollied, chaffed, half insulted his opponents into reckless raising and calling. In one brief, flashing attack he would win back more than he had dribbled away in hours of losing, and rise winner for the evening.

A passion for calculating chances was inherent in the man. Promotion is a dealing in futures. The promoter must estimate and approximate costs, markets, distribution and innumerable other elements. Some data will be available to guide him, but never enough for certainty. Where other men spoke in terms of "enough," "not very likely," "quite probable," "rich," "not very well off," "undervalue," and "generous," for lack of better measures and weights, Gates had the art of attaching numerical values to impressions.

Habitually he used figures as expressions of relativity. He would say, "Three to one we will not find him home," "There is not one chance in forty to get your money back," "His story is about 22 per cent true." In instances such as the last his quaint exactness would bring a smile to the face of his listener, but in his mind the precise figure meant something. Another might have said, "His story is only a quarter true; yes, less than that," which would have been, after all, something like Gates' 22 per cent. I heard him tell a reporter once, "If I guess right on the stock market four times out of seven I am satisfied," a remark widely quoted.

A good general and a good promoter, I imagine, have much in common. The Duke of Wellington once was driving with a friend in a gig through a region in Scotland until then unvisited by him. The victor of Waterloo repeatedly guessed correctly what they would find on the far side of each hill, basing his judgment upon apparently inconsequential signs along the road, a wisp of smoke, a distant spire, some foot passenger seen a mile back. The friend was puzzled and astonished.

"I have spent most of my life," the duke explained, "trying to guess what lay on the other side of the hill."

The only generalization, abstraction or maxim Gates ever spoke in my presence was "Never lose your nerve." It sounds flat

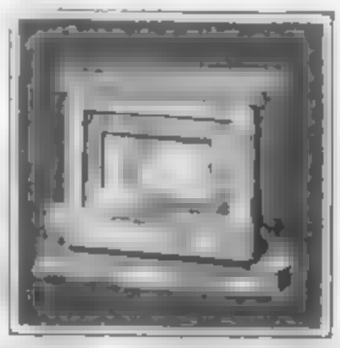
(Continued on Page 229)

When Contentment Reigns

IN MYRIAD ways the clever modern woman makes her guests more at ease and her task as hostess lighter. Almost certainly you will find that it is her pleasant custom to serve after-dinner coffee in the living-room and that—sure sign of her modernity—she pours the coffee from a Manning-Bowman percolator.

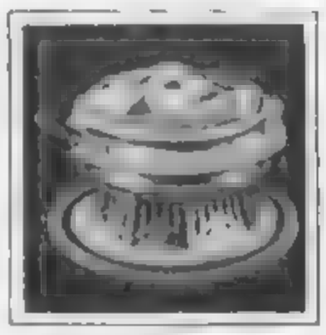
The tray with cups, cream and sugar and the percolator are placed upon some small convenient table. During the dinner a touch of the switch sends the Manning-Bowman percolator cheerfully about its task of making coffee. At the end of the meal the coffee is ready—piping hot, not too strong, not too weak. Its savor greets the guests as they enter from the dining-room. Seated upon divan or in easy chairs, they enjoy coffee's bright cheer. Contentment reigns! Conversation needs no prompting!

Manning-Bowman percolators are designed, first of all, to make perfect coffee—coffee, delicious, hot and amber-rich. But they are also fine table appointments—as graceful as the finest pieces of silverware.



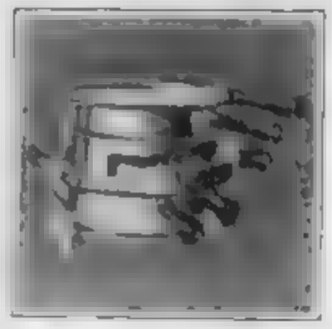
The Manning-Bowman oven type toaster browns toast evenly on both sides at the same time. Lustrous finish and easily kept clean. No. 1227. Price $8.50

You will welcome them for the beauty they bring to your home. You will welcome, too, the security of the safety attachment which turns off the current automatically—just in case you might forget!



Manning-Bowman electric waffle iron No. 1606. As practical as it is artistic. Price $15.00

See Manning-Bowman appliances at most any of the better electrical stores. With them your housekeeping will become pleasanter, more efficient, more gracious. There is a Manning-Bowman waffle iron, for instance, which makes waffles of any desired thickness or crispness, in a jiffy, right at the table. The Manning-Bowman "oven" toaster toasts both sides of the bread at once and averages better than a slice a minute. See the laundry irons and other devices. Each is made with the skill and honesty of workmanship that have marked Manning-Bowman appliances for more than seventy years.



This Manning-Bowman electric table stove has many features you like. Handsomely designed and durable. No. 1410. Price $12.50

Every home-loving woman will be interested in these little suggestion booklets: "Alluring Luncheons" and "Bright Breakfasts." There's a copy of either, or both, waiting for you. Write for it—today. Address Manning, Bowman & Co., Meriden, Connecticut.

Manning-Bowman
Quality Ware
Household and Table Appointments, in nickel and silver plate. Hotakold Vacuum Bottles, Jugs, Carafes. You'll see them in the stores.

Manning-Bowman
Electric Appliances

Super-Zenith
Model VIII
Same as VII except—built with mahogany legs of well proportioned, appropriate design, converting model into console type.
Super-Zenith
Model IX
Same as VII except—built with legs and additional compartments containing built-in Zenith loud speaker on the one side and generous storage battery space on the other.
New Zenith
DeLuxe
Chinese Model
Equipped with two built in loud speakers, Bates Rotary Log, illuminated dial, single control specially constructed Zenith Radio Circuit.

Why Zenith is Here to Stay——

If you own a Super-Zenith it is not necessary to tell you why the instrument is here to stay.

If you are contemplating the purchase of a radio and want one that will be thoroly satisfactory years from today—this message is for you.

In the beginning we confronted a grave question—the choice of one or the other of two business policies.

One way open was to make radios "at a price" in large quantities.

This plan we discarded and chose the other road—the road of business soundness—customer satisfaction and absolute permanence.

We designed and manufactured a superior instrument—the finest radio of its kind humanly possible to produce.

We chose this policy—not because we felt it would be the most profitable immediately, but because we knew it would be best in the long run.

As the result of that decision, Zenith has maintained a steady and ever-growing volume and owner endorsement.

Every Super-Zenith is a perfectly balanced radio instrument—simple yet responsive and highly sensitive—giving distance with ease—yet preserving clear, wonderfully true tones.

Literature gladly sent on request.

Super-Zeniths priced from $240 to $355

DeLuxe Art Model Cabinets from $500 to $2,000

Other Zenith Sets $100 and $175

Again Commander Donald B. MacMillan chooses Zenith for his Arctic Expedition. When human lives may depend upon the reliability of radio performance, only one reason can explain his choice: Zenith has proved to be the best obtainable at any price

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, Straus Building, Chicago

ZENITH
→LONG DISTANCE← RADIO
TRADE MARK REG

It Costs more - but it Does more

(Continued from Page 226)

and banal, yet read in the light of what I saw the man do when faced with apparent ruin, the odds terribly against him, it springs forth in letters of fire. Had he had any gift for phrase making, he probably would have expressed it: "A man never is licked until he tells himself so."

Soon after he became head of the Illinois Steel Company and was just emerging from obscurity, he took a foolish flyer in grain on the Chicago Board of Trade, guessed wrong and lost virtually every dollar he had. Although I was his secretary at the time, I knew nothing of this, and I cannot recall that he ever betrayed by word or action the fact that he was down for the count. Mrs. Gates told me the story years later. He came home one night, she said, to their great house at Michigan Avenue and Twenty-Ninth Street, lay down on a couch and told her, "Dell, I guess they have got me at last," giving her the details.

Mrs. Gates had a fine courage of her own, and she rallied him.

"You are not whipped," she exhorted. "Your credit and reputation are intact. I am the only one who knows you are cleaned out. Tell no one else, strain your credit and you can raise enough money to keep you going until the tide turns."

There is nothing so inspiring to the sex that is presumed to have a monopoly of courage as an exhibition of supreme pluck by the sheltered and supposedly timorous sex. A lesser man than Gates would have been rallied by such a wife. He never again was within $50,000,000 of destitution. Most of us would consider that a reasonably wide margin.

In 1901, Gates sent me abroad as foreign statistician for the American Steel and Wire Company. I was in London that year while my employer was spending the summer in England. He rented a house at Ascot Heath to be near the races, and I frequently was down for a day. The great race at Ascot is the Gold Cup, and this season it appeared to be anyone's race. There were three about even favorites and a number of other highly regarded contenders.

Tod Sloan not long before had come to England with his unorthodox seat far up on the mount's neck, removing the weight from the loins, and had eclipsed Archer's fame utterly and demoralized the British turf for the time being. In the wake of his success came other American jockeys.

Gates sent for a couple of them, heaped his lavish hospitality upon them, flattered them, cornered the elder of them, a pretty honest, upright youngster and keen judge of horseflesh, on a sofa and shot this at him, "Who is going to win the cup?" It was an unsportsmanlike question.

A Disciple of Davy Crockett

The lad squirmed, blushed and stammered, "Well, we are not supposed to give opinions—I would be fined for talking—anyhow, it's hard to say; but"—Gates was all ears—"but," the boy added, "I think Santoi ——"

That was all. The jockey escaped from the house as soon as he could. But it was enough for Gates. As a betting man, he knew in his heart that the tip was nearly perfect, barring an ever-possible accident. Yet so oddly are men constituted that the average better would not have backed such information any heavier than he would a simple hunch or the whisper of an obscure stable boy. But Gates' philosophy was to play a good thing desperately hard either in business or in gambling.

Santoi won. Gates strolled into our box after the race. One of the ladies asked what horse he had favored. When he named the winner she asked how much he had wagered.

"Oh, £6000," he answered carelessly. I have no doubt that he told the truth or understated his winnings.

Gates, I think, could have improved upon Davy Crockett's adage and made it: "Be sure you're right, then go ahead—with a vengeance."

Gates cut a poor figure in politics. He understood nothing whatever of its ideal conception, and he was an awkward novice on its practical side. To him it was either an obstacle or an instrumentality in the chase for money, as the case might be. Politicians sought him out because he had a "barrel," but he was in no sense an easy mark. When he handed out money he had immediate or ultimate objects in view, but as for politics abstractly he would say "That's for the politicians," meaning that it was no more concern of a practical man than Egyptology, philately or dressmaking.

Gates once got up a subscription to buy an Illinois congressman a fine carriage and team of standard-bred horses. Later Gates decided to make a similar gift to Governor John R. Tanner, who had appointed Gates a colonel on his staff, a title which Gates rather enjoyed. The Tanners and the Gateses were much together, the two wives being "Cora" and "Dell" to each other. It occurred to Gates that P. D. Armour might be willing to contribute to the Tanner gift and he sent me to the packing king.

The Barrel at Springfield

Why should Tanner have a team and carriage given him? Armour demanded. I suggested that he possibly was envious of the previous gift to the congressman. P. D., who had not heard of the earlier beneficence, snorted.

"A team and carriage for Blank? Why, Blank had nothing, owned nothing, never kept a cent!"

He subscribed, I think, $1000.

In the McKinley campaign, when Mark Hanna, in the expression of the time, was "frying the fat out of the corporations," Gates sent me to Hanna, who had temporary quarters in the Auditorium Hotel, Chicago, with a check for $50,000. I turned it over to Hanna in person and innocently asked if he cared to give me a receipt. The look he gave me!

Thomas Brackett Reed, Speaker of the House, had been a candidate for the nomination which went to McKinley, and with his usual lack of political prescience, Gates had picked Reed as a winner, had him as a house guest and showered attentions upon him. The $50,000 check was, I suppose, by way of amend to Hanna for the Reed apostasy.

Gates had nothing but contempt for the antitrust laws until one day it became convenient, as head of Illinois Steel, to repudiate certain contracts for the purchase of iron ore, made when the price was up. Gates ordered his lawyers to attack the contracts on the ground that the ore pool made between competing mining companies had been responsible for an artificially high price. All of which was true, but this sudden reverence for the law was amusing.

Gates knew nothing of and cared nothing for art, but because it seemed to be the thing to do, he bought some twenty costly paintings in his later years—Corots and that grade, as he might have expressed it—and hung them in his Michigan Avenue home. Literature he was utterly innocent of. In my years in his employ he read one book, David Harum, and it was the only book he ever spoke of. "The finest ever written," was his verdict, as a one-book man. The shrewd Yankee horse trader of Westcott's was a kindred spirit he could understand. Devoid of intellectual curiosity, science was a closed volume to him. It might have paid him, as it will pay any man, to know and respect one ology—physiology. But his indifference, like that of most of us, was complete. When he was a very sick man in his later years his physician put him on a diet and limited him to three cigars a day. Gates thereupon had a supply of Havanas, each the size of a small baseball bat, made to his order. It was an all-day task to smoke three of these monsters, but Gates chuckled over his cunning in obeying the letter of the doctor's orders without denial to himself.

When he became president of the Illinois Steel Company, its general legal counsel

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was E. Parmalee Prentice. Prentice was a type that the nineties called dudes. Occasionally a conference was necessary at Gates' home in the evening, when Prentice would appear in full evening regalia. Although Gates was a fastidious dresser himself, Prentice's general sassiety air perceptibly got on his nerves. One day at the office he asked for Prentice and found that his general counsel had gone East without bothering to notify President Gates. Although the young man apparently was unobjectionable in any other respect, Gates dictated a three-line note discharging him. Prentice subsequently married Alta, daughter of John D. Rockefeller.

Gates once was president of a petty railroad operating one passenger train a day, possibly an accommodation coach attached to the daily local freight. He had annual passes prepared in the finest example of the engraver's art and sent one to the president of every railroad in the country, including the great trunk lines, with his compliments and a suggestion that, "if consistent," they "reciprocate." The exchange of annual passes then was legal and customary. By this means he gathered a bulky sheaf of annual passes and took great gusto, when traveling, in pulling the whole bundle forth carelessly and picking out the pass for the particular road on which he happened to be riding.

A Man of the World

It is difficult for an American of a background of family, culture and traditions to appraise such a phenomenon as Gates. He was no barbarian, nor was he a rough diamond. He was neither uneducated nor uncouth, speaking and writing decent English and spelling and reading with normal facility. He was not a character in the sense of being nonconformist or a man of striking peculiarities. He had a flair for dress, particularly evening garb, tubbed twice a day, was always fastidiously shaved and groomed. He was manly, wholesome, at ease with luxuries, a patron of sports, liked golf, played bridge inordinately well and was one of the finest amateur rifle shots in the country—a man of the world. It would have been hard to put him down in one's own mind, utterly impossible to do so in personal contact. Of course, as Robert Louis Stevenson defined a gentleman, Gates would have been indexed with Napoleon and Byron rather than with Grant.

"Paint me, wart and all," Cromwell ordered, but the painters of Cromwells sometimes overdo the wart. Once I read an account of Herbert Spencer written by two maiden women with whom he lodged in London. They told with much gusto and at great length of how the great philosopher spent days in the selection of a rug for his room, examining and rejecting very many. He was insistent on a particular shade he called impure purple. The rest of the memoir was on a parity with this. There was no evidence that the two had any conception of the majestic intellect they had housed. If so, they had left to other hands the admeasurement of the whole man. If the latter, they were excusable. The reader of such gossip is presumed to approach it with prior appreciation of the subject's true dimensions.

I emphasize the mannerisms and limitations of the man both because I am attempting a balanced portrait and because they were tied up with his greater qualities. How is it that such a man can make himself so phenomenally rich where most of us, many of greater seeming advantages, are hard put to maintain mere gentility?

"What are the secrets of success?" we demand. We have a pathetic belief in magic aphorisms and alchemistic formulas for wealth and happiness.

Many of these secrets are not secrets, but obvious traits which really are symptomatic, as a doctor would say; but because they lie upon the surface, visible to every eye, they pass for eccentricities to be smiled at and dismissed. Many a story was told in Gates' lifetime of his severity with men late to appointments. His ire on such occasion seemed to its victims the senseless irritation of a man of no sense of proportion, one who exaggerated trifles. It really was a manifestation of his extraordinary reverence for time and for the inviolability of a man's word in small matters as in great. Surely it is no light revelation of a successful man's methods that he appraises minutes and hours at their true value and that he makes his word his bond and expects others to do so.

When John D. Rockefeller was besought to give the secret of success, he is reported to have said, "No actual secret is needed, no new knowledge is required. If people would merely do the things they know they ought to do, they would succeed."

A sermon or a book of practical philosophy could be made of this remark, which went largely unheeded, as obvious truths do. The curious inquirers turned away disappointed. What they really desired was a magic hocus-pocus bringing wealth without work, without economy, without foresight. Rockefeller, Gates and all the rest put years of toil, anxiety, frustration and self-denial into their successes. Such an investment, barring great misfortune, always will produce wealth.

Add to it unusual opportunities, intellect, the acquisitive instinct and great physical endurance, and you have great wealth, a Gates or a Rockefeller.

While this is true it is not the whole truth. The whole truth of anything must be a paradox, one half of the testimony contradicting the other half. The sibyl's saying, "Be bold, be bold, be very bold—be not too bold," is a fair example.

The virtuoso in money making, like any other master, has ultimate tricks of his own that he knows transcend the homely virtues he preaches. Paderewski learned all that Leschetitzki could teach him, then went far beyond his mentor. There was an agility in his fingers and a native perception of music peculiarly his own.

Mr. Gates continually performed feats that were not to be explained by any maxim of his own or of the sages. Indeed, he did not work by rules at all, choosing caution one time, boldness another; felt his way like a blind man or plunged; bargained or was lavish; flattered or threatened, according to circumstances, but never by chance. Whatever his policy, it was the ripe fruit of observation, deduction and sagacious appraisal of the strengths and weaknesses of his opponents.

Having studied him for years, I should say that he owed his success in the first place to the accident of being born to a father and mother having all the pioneer American virtues, who bequeathed to him a magnificent physique and reared him sensibly in a normal small-town, Midwestern environment; to a kindly fate that, furthermore, gave him the prize of a splendid woman as wife. With opportunity right at hand in the shape of a commodity invented in his youth in his immediate neighborhood, the stage was set for him.

A Good Buyer and a Good Seller

Inherent qualities did the rest. The first was the acquisitive instinct, the hunger and greed for money that marks every man who becomes rich by his own efforts. Without it no man will rise to great wealth any more than Fabre would have been an entomologist without a passion for spying upon insect life, or Newcomb an astronomer without a boundless curiosity about the heavens, or Steinmetz a superlative electrical engineer without a flair for mathematics and physics. Gates' mind always was on money and the means of making it. Sitting before an open fire in his beautiful home, watching the lambent play of the flames with the pensiveness of a poet building beauty in the embers, Gates would emerge abruptly from his brown study to ask his son, "Charley, is that a 2 per cent or a 3 per cent grade north of the Little Rock bridge?" or something equally practical.

(Continued on Page 233)

A Brand New HOTEL SHERMAN
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So distributed that 75% are *at the* Hotel Sherman's Minimum Rates $3.00 *to* $5.00 *with bath*

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The policy of *immediate room assignment* inaugurated by the NEW HOTEL SHERMAN has met with instant approval. A traveller's first desire on reaching his hotel is to get to his room. The NEW HOTEL SHERMAN, by providing plenty of highly comfortable, moderate-priced rooms available without delay, has established a service long desired, but seldom found, by the travelling public.

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Duofold

Health Underwear for Men, Women, Children and Infants

(Continued from Page 230)

Many have challenged Doctor Johnson's dictum that a man who has earned the name of "genius" in some particular pursuit might have climbed just as high in another and unrelated field had circumstances turned his interest that way; but I, with Gates as an example, credit it. I cannot conceive of John W. Gates lost in the crowd in any field of endeavor, and I can easily picture him, for example, as a great general, engineer, labor leader. But his love of money kept his vigorous and healthy mind and his enormous energy concentrated on trade and its strategies.

He was that rare combination, a good buyer and a good seller. He loved to dicker, as some men love to fish. Bargaining was an engrossing game and he a master player. The art has its technic. One wonders that in the flood of textbooks on business, few, outside of those on the overstressed topic of salesmanship, give any thought to the tricks of negotiation. I recall a case wherein Gates chaffered for three hours with a man over a bonus. The asking price was $25,000—smashed in half almost instantly by Gates with a seemingly natural laugh of derision. Toward the end of the three hours the other fellow was holding out for $7500 and Gates was intimating that he might pay as much as $5000. The man's right hand was hanging over the edge of the sofa on which he sat and Gates was watching it out of the corner of an eye. At the mention of $5000 the hand relaxed slightly, then the middle fingers scissored each other in a fleeting nervous reaction and the hand stiffened again. Relief—hesitation—no, hold out a little longer. This was the message the telltale hand telegraphed to Gates, and the deal was closed a little later at $5000. When he was bargaining, though he smiled, frowned, sneered, feigned disbelief and astonishment, stormed or murmured, gave ground or blustered, his eyes held steady and unchanging upon his opponent as a cat watches a mousehole, the keen mind behind them taking no part in the gusts of emotion that played over his face like the changing scenes of a drama. Such contests of wits usually were ridiculously one-sided. No normal business man could understand, let alone cope with, a nature such as this, where thought and even reverie were marked with the dollar sign.

An Interesting Legend

I never have known at first-hand why Gates retired in his prime from New York and his stock-market operations to Port Arthur, Texas, a town of 5000 or 10,000 on the Gulf of Mexico, far removed from his world. The story is that he was banished forever from New York by J. Pierpont Morgan, Sr. Gates and his friends secretly had bought control of the Louisville and Nashville, a railroad needed by Morgan in some combination, resold to Morgan at a high figure, and boasted of how they had belled the cat. This much is history. The legend is that Morgan professed to take the coup as a good joke on himself, indicated great confidence in Gates and induced him to borrow immense sums on demand notes secured by collateral. The market value of the collateral took a sudden drop as a result of market manipulations set under way by the house of Morgan and the notes were called. Had Morgan enforced the letter of his rights, Gates would have been beggared. So runs the legend, with the addendum that Gates went down on his knees literally to Morgan and that the latter softened the terms on the stipulation that Gates quit New York and his stock-market activities forever.

Possibly Gates, if alive, would say that the story is "about 22 per cent true." Certainly, however, some extraordinary situation lay behind his taking the veil, and I suspect from various things I saw and heard that the legend is an approximation of the truth. I do know that the elder Morgan was the one man in the world of whom Gates stood in awe.

Port Arthur was a place of pleasant winters, its duck shooting was of the best, and having become familiar to Gates as the Gulf terminus of Arthur Stilwell's Kansas City, Pittsburgh and Gulf Railroad, which later became the Kansas City Southern, he became an incongruous citizen of this little Texas town. I suppose he reasoned that, having been excommunicated from the one place that counted in his world, it made little difference whether his new scene of operations should be a community of 10,000 or 1,000,000. The difference was purely relative.

The Spindletop Field

Not many miles from Port Arthur was the Spindletop field, where the first great gushers of our oil history had spouted millions in sudden wealth a few years earlier. The oil industry was securely in the hands of the Rockefellers, and competing with the Standard was regarded generally as a short cut to financial suicide. But Gates' keen insight perceived that the oil industry had reached a magnitude where an independent might successfully challenge the domination of the Standard, and his courage risked a large part of his depleted fortune in this, to him, totally strange field. He virtually organized the Texas Company, one of the first and greatest of the independent oil companies. It stepped into large earnings at once, brought him back more millions than he had lost and continues to be a notably sound and profitable property. He had the wisdom to select a man of great ability in the petroleum field as its head and to keep his own hands off the management.

In 1906 I returned from five years in Europe, made some patent investigations for the wire company, then, at my own request, went on the road selling wire goods. One evening in the Galt House in Louisville I read a story in a local paper of a man arrested for stealing a loaf of bread to appease his hunger. The prisoner had given his name as John W. Gates. I sent the clipping to Gates at Port Arthur, and it served to recall me to his mind at a time when he and his cronies were seeking a man to manage the Port Arthur Board of Trade, which they were rehabilitating. A letter from him asking me to take the job caught me at Kansas City and I accepted, remaining at Port Arthur until Gates' death in 1911 put an abrupt end to the municipal dreams he had inspired.

This spectacle of a whale among minnows was hugely diverting. And as always happens with a great man's neighbors, the minnows had no thought of being overawed. They took him much more casually than did New York, Chicago, London or Paris. And here he spun his perennial schemes, reduced to a small-town scale. He might easily have built the new hotel or the rice mill with one stroke of his check book. No! That would have taken away all the fun. Gates put at least as much effort into the financing of the hotel as he did into the Texas Company, probably more. The more substantial townspeople must be made to buy stock and the abler to act as helpers, for so opportunity arose to fence with men, outsmart them, batter down resistance, pull strings and bargain. He enjoyed it just as he enjoyed playing bridge or poker for stakes of ten dollars an evening with the local gentry. One liked him for the hearty way in which he threw himself into these Lilliputian promotions. And, in his private office at the back of the tiny First National Bank, he would turn from talk of the rice mill and the hotel to his immense holdings in oil, railroads and Northern private properties as easily as an elephant picks up a peanut one moment and a teak log the next, and with no change of style or pace.

A project was launched to build a pleasure pier on the lake. It would cost $150,000, a huge sum for such a town to raise for such an object fifteen years ago. A mass meeting was called. We had a list of all the men in town whose means would permit of a subscription of $100 or more, and most of

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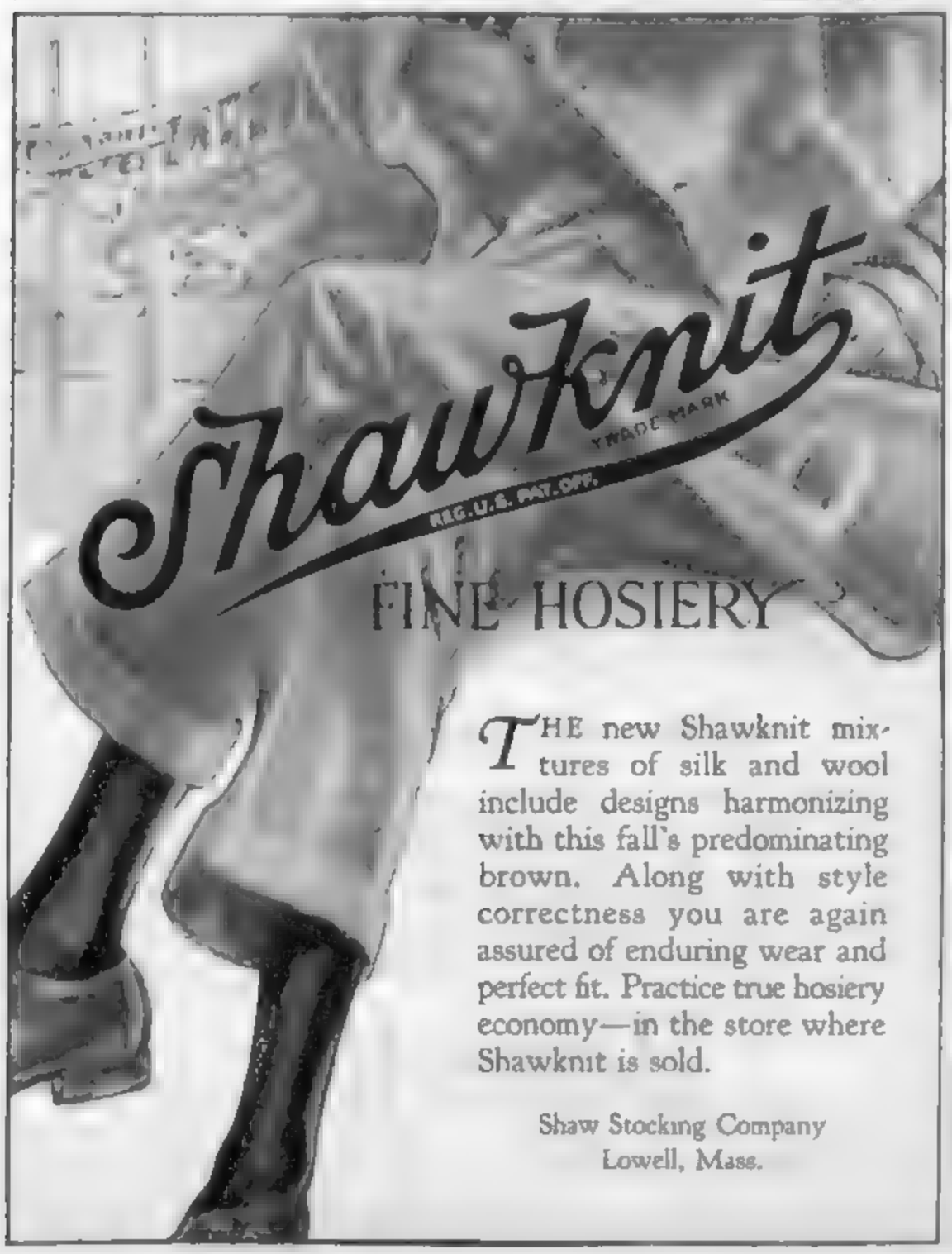

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Shaw Stocking Company
Lowell, Mass.

these citizens were in the audience. Gates was chairman and called off each man's name with the amount he was expected to take. They wriggled and squirmed, abashed by the publicity and Gates' vibrant personality. Mostly he landed them. Some resisted, but Gates wheedled, joked, flattered and shamed, and the fish already in the net, desiring companions in misery, added their voices until the mass pressure was all but irresistible.

Those who did not attend the meeting Gates went after in person.

I saw him catch a local druggist in the bank, back him into a corner and hammer away at him for an hour and a half. The druggist might have been J. P. Morgan, and Gates arguing for his financial life. The druggist was fat and he sweat profusely. There was the look of a trapped animal in his eyes. The sum involved was $750 and the master of $100,000,000 played every card in his deck for it. He got his arms around the druggist, patted him on the back, cajoled boyishly. "Aw, come on, Ed, now come on, say yes." Not $750 but Gates' mastery of men was at stake. The pleasure pier would be nothing in his pockets anyway. But somehow Ed stood firm. His native stubbornness held out against Gates' last assault. It was one of his very few failures.

A Futile Fortune

The pleasure pier and the hotel both were built and both were financial failures. Gates' untimely death took all the momentum for a time out of Port Arthur's boom.

But now the town, by its own efforts, is developing finely.

There was a pathetic futility about the Gates fortune. Their one child, Charles Gilbert Gates, was a bitter disappointment. His father cut him off with a shilling—that is, he bequeathed him $1,000,000 cash and an income of $100,000 a year. I read the will after probate, and it was apparent that Gates had felt he was dealing very sternly with the young man.

Charles dropped dead in a railroad station in the West in his thirties, only two or three years after his father's death. A favorite nephew of Mrs. Gates, Henry Baker, of St. Charles, who would have been her heir, died of tuberculosis.

When Mrs. Gates died on Thanksgiving Day, 1918, there remained no close relative as heir and the fortune was divided between Mrs. Gates' brother, E. J. Baker, and her niece and namesake, Dellora Angell, then a girl of sixteen. At Mr. Baker's death the other half of the fortune will go to the niece.

The Gates millions are back in St. Charles, where they began. In 1923 Miss Angell chose her school-day sweetheart, Lester Norris, cartoonist and son of the local furniture dealer and undertaker, over other suitors.

They were married in California and returned to St. Charles to live in a simple five-room home on Main Street. Her husband since has bought the St. Charles Chronicle and become publisher and cartoonist. Two children have been born to them. The first child won the perfect-baby contest at the Central States Fair a year ago. Perhaps in Mrs. Lester Norris' capable hands the Gates millions have come into a rebirth in the homely pioneer American virtues.

Anyone long in intimate contact with a superdoer, as I was with Mr. Gates, must be struck by the fact that such a character is one man at close quarters and quite another in perspective. This truth, it seems to me, is borne out by every biography, particularly by the best biography of all time. Without Boswell, we should have known Samuel Johnson as the first great lexicographer of English, the protector of Oliver Goldsmith, the familiar of Garrick and Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the writer of an immortal letter to Lord Chesterfield. He would today be a respectable but fading historical name. But there was another Johnson, who hoarded dried orange peels, counted lamp-posts as he passed them and went back sometimes to check the count. This same other Doctor Johnson it was, too, who carried a miserable, sick old-woman pauper to his home on his back and patiently endured her whinings and scoldings, supporting her and other derelicts with noble charity. Yet he was bigoted, insolent and bullying to his friends in familiar chitchat.

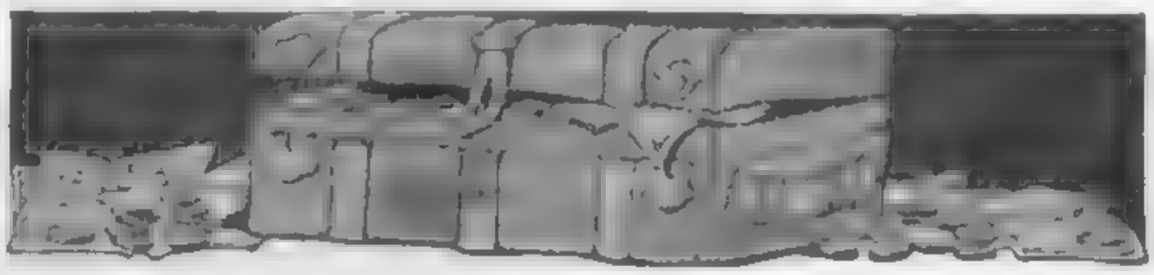
Gates left a record of achievement that is his own best spokesman. The greatest industry of his creation was the American Steel and Wire Company, still operated under that name as a subsidiary of the United States Steel Corporation. It grew from humble beginnings and it was excellently managed in all its stages under Gates. Its contributions to the settlement of the West and to the young electrical industry were two services to civilization. Its policy was broad and progressive, providing employment for thousands, returning ample dividends to stockholders and selling its product at fair prices.

Besides the Texas Company, he had much to do with the later prosperity of the Republic Iron and Steel Company, in which he invested heavily and whose policy was dictated by him for a considerable time. Though he dabbled from time to time in many small enterprises which did not always turn out well, these were in the nature of playthings. The only large venture into which his friends followed him, and which failed to be an immediate money-maker, was the Kansas City Southern, and this railroad eventually turned the corner.

A Doer and Builder

Any one of at least seven or eight of Gates' principal achievements, I should say, would have counted as a complete and unusual career for an ordinary man. We who were very close to him while he was at the height of his life work felt his short temper, his vehemence and exactions, and failed at the time to allow for the obstacles he had to plow through and ride over roughshod in order to get so much done. His task always was to make timid men take what seemed to them to be risks, but which his vision saw were not hazardous: to make slow and procrastinating associates act quickly as he did; to circumvent clever and often unscrupulous opponents who laid traps for him in the market place; to construct, organize, bring order out of chaos, to push, cajole, persuade, drive men of all sorts and temperaments into concerted action. No wonder he was exacting and merciless with his immediate human instruments. He was a doer, a builder, in a world of timidity and sloth.

Secretaries and assistants to such men are, I have thought, like the tenders of lighthouses. Afar off, the beacon is seen by incoming ships as a guiding light, bright enough, but not dazzling. To them the beacon is a blessing. But those exposed daily to the terrific rays of the great lenses are all but blinded. The great lamp is not loved by its tenders. Near by, it is too intense for human companionship. Were it not, it would not be powerful enough to be visible many miles out to sea.



Fifty Five Persons Will Be Killed Tomorrow in Automobile Accidents; Will You Be One of Them?

FIFTY-FIVE persons will start out tomorrow . . . . never to reach their destination. Instead, their remains will be brought back to saddened homes—mute sacrifices to their own or another's carelessness in automobiles on the highways.

Tomorrow, and the next day, and the next, and for 362 days thereafter, this grim tragedy of automobile transportation will be repeated. This year. Next year. For in America, land of the motor car, 55 persons on the average now forfeit their lives each day, and 385 each week, in motor accidents, most of them due to cars not being under control.

Automobile Deaths per 100,000 Population

[illegible]	[illegible]
Los Angeles, Cal	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]

When will you accept this evening's entertainment-free?

Thousands are spending a unique and delightful evening listening to the phenomenal new-type radio. If you have no radio, or if yours is out of date, by all means make this amazing test in your own home.

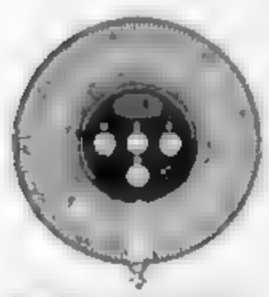
LET one of radio's newest discoveries provide an evening of delight and amazement. A new-type receiver is offered you to enjoy *alone*, right in the privacy of your own home. You are asked not to purchase it or any other set until you have first made this conclusive test

A revolutionary radio principle

Do not neglect to see this new-type 5-tube radio that is being so widely discussed in scientific circles. Thousands who have doubted reports of its performance find that they have been without exaggeration. Greatly improved reception is obtained through a new and different principle of inductance. And upon inductance rest the vital elements of receiver performance.

New kind of coil brings 4 striking improvements

Based on the new inductance principle is a new type of coil—the Erla *Balloon *Circloid. It is found in Erla alone. No other set, regardless of price, can give it to you. And 75% of the remarkable performance of the Erla Circloid Five Receiver may be traced directly to circloids.



New Erla Balloon Circloid Coupler and Transformer

Thousands of tests reveal four outstanding advantages through circloid amplification.

(1) ***Greater Distance.*** Circloids offer nation-wide reception in winter 1,000 to 1,500 miles on reasonably clear nights in summer. Because they have practically no external field to interfere with adjacent coils and wiring circuits, proportionately higher amplification is permitted in each stage. Hence increased sensitivity and range.

(2) ***Better Selectivity.*** Stations separated by only a few meters wavelength can be tuned in or out with surprising ease. Find any station previously logged in 20 seconds. Because circloids have no pickup qualities, only signals flowing in the antenna circuit are amplified. Static is materially reduced.

(3) ***Increased Volume.*** Higher radio frequency amplification because of circloids gives concert volume to distant signals no more than audible with ordinary receivers.

(4) ***Truer Tone.*** Ends forever the fuzziness and blurring so often considered unavoidable. Circloids' self-enclosed field eliminates stray feed backs between coils, and hence does away with mushing and distortion. Lowest to highest tones are full and crystal clear with the finest shades perfectly reproduced.

See how little this fine receiver costs

The price of Erla receivers is as surprising as their performance. Read the descriptions under those shown here. You can see why we say, "Add $50 to $100 to the price of any Erla receiver, *then* compare it with others."

As leading parts manufacturers, we have, above everything else, maintained mechanical excellence. Merged with the world's largest chest and cabinet manufacturer, we save the cabinet maker's profit. By making 95% of the parts that go into Erla, our price includes only one profit instead of three or four.

Now a tremendous demand proves the soundness of low price policy when extremely fine furniture and scientific excellence are paramount.

The Erla Circloid Five De Luxe Console in quartered and matched French walnut. Loud speaker built in. Without accessories only $142.50. Standard Console of similar design in two-tone walnut, $113.50. On Pacific coast $150 and $119 respectively.

Location at top of page shows cabinet model. In rich two-tone walnut finish $69.50. In quartered French walnut $77.50. Pacific coast prices $83 and $82 respectively.

Here is the safest way to select a radio

So that you will not be inconvenienced, an Erla Circloid Five is installed for you. An expert briefly explains its revolutionary principle and shows you how to secure the best results. Then you and your friends are left alone to listen without interruption.

The Erla Circloid Five Receiver and Speaker as pictured above are equipped with phonograph connections

This is a unique way for any manufacturer to display a radio—by letting it demonstrate itself. Few receivers today could stand the test.

And it is the safest way for you to select a radio . . . under actual conditions in your own home. You know then just how it is going to perform in the place where you want to enjoy it.

Test today what we believe is by far the best radio made. Years have been spent in perfecting it. The new and revolutionary principle gives results that are astounding.

Take the coupon to your nearest dealer or send to us direct. Please make this test at once.

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☐ Please have my local Erla dealer lend me a set for an evening.

☐ Please send me your interesting new radio book, "Better Radio Reception."

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LOVE'S BITTER MYSTERY

(Continued from Page 9)

the morning. You're an awful sweet kid, Lakme. Been a pleasure to know you. Anything I can ever do for you, let me ——"

"Oh, thanks!. Thanks ever so," said Lakme, limply holding the paper he had pressed into her hand. "You're very kind. And I hope the show's a success."

He drifted into the immense darkness that seemed thicker all about her with people laughing a hundred yards away, and the spattered lights of the dining hall alluring. The ocean bumped on the sand a hundred times, and a mosquito fairly yelled around her head. This was the end of Pruger. Oh, poor fellow! How decent he had been! How frightfully decent! She thought in words, very slowly. Not a gentleman. No. But so much kinder than other people, and so patient about things. She began to cry freshly and her tears were curiously shaken on her shoulders. She seemed to cry in all directions

"Rainin'," a male said softly, close to her

"Have the goodness," Lakme told him, "t-to leave me alone!"

"Yeh," the man said amiably, the chin and wide red mouth of his bronze face appearing in the pulse of his cigarette's end, "'s fine night f' turtles."

"I beg your pardon?"

"It's a fine night for turtles," the dark person murmured. "C'mon in the g'rage, girl."

"I certainly shall not go into the garage," Lakme raved, crumpling the paper against her breast. "How dare you? I don't even know you!"

"Yeh, y'do. My name's C. Smith. Jimmy Helmuth int'duced us. Yeh," C. Smith said in his leisurely murmur, "c'mon, Jane."

"My name doesn't happen to be Jane. It's Lakme San——"

"Mine's worse," he assured her; "Casimir. Yeh! You're a baby an' they do it to y'—Casimir. Mamma was a Polack. 'S tough on a fella. When I'm twenty-one I can change it. Gonna be sump'n human. Casimir!"

"That is rather awful," Lakme assented, stuffing the paper in her frock's upper tightness. "Yes, I think that's rather vile! Mr Helmuth did introduce you to me, didn't he? You swim so remarkably and look as though you were made of brown rubber. Y-you don't happen to know where Jimmy—Mr. Helmuth is, do you?"

"Yeh," said Casimir Smith, "'s room. Stuffin' cotton up his nose, girl. You banged him hard—for a she. Y'gotta marry Jim," he went on affably. "'S nice fella. Know'm home. M'brother built's folks' new fact'ry. 'S good guy. Weighs hundred eighty. Boxes pret' fair. No good wrestlin'. Nice house. Swimmin' pool. G'rage. Two cars. Flowers. 'S mamma's dead. Yeh, an' his pop hears bad. 'S nice fam'ly. Y'gonna marry him?"

"Aren't you rather impertinent, Mr. Smith?"

"Yeh," said the dark boy, blowing smoke through his nose dimly. "Gonna take the guy? Loves y'. Sits up all night an' tells me. Yeh! Awful slush. 'S funny. Love"

"It's not funny! It's frightfully serious!"

"Yeh? 'S gonna be serious if you don't take Jimmy," Mr. Smith observed. "He'll bust."

Lakme shivered. Her gauzes were soaked and water hunted dry spots on her back. Even the dark youth behind his cigarette was warmer, with his wrapping of heavy silks.

"You're dressed as a South Sea Islander, aren't you?"

"Yeh. Gonna take Jimmy?"

"Please don't," said Lakme drearily, and sneezed. "It—it's a private matter. I can't discuss it with you."

"Y'old woman ——"

"Please don't speak of my mother in that tone!"

"Useda be in vaudeville," said Mr. Smith.

"She was not," cried Lakme. "How ever can you say such a thing? She was never in vaudeville! She was a Lacy from Devonsh——"

"I," Casimir Smith said, "useda be in vaudeville. Yeh! Two—three hundred—four hundred a week. The Divin' Kid. Ate apples und' water. Glass tank. Fancy swimmin'. County fairs, beaches, summer. Yeh, only pop managed me. Yeh. Blew all m'corn on dames an' hooch. Useda hafta mend m'own socks. Yeh! 'N' m'broth' lost's leg. France. Sergeant. Infantry. 'N' m'old man never gave him nothin'. Yeh! Lousy ape. Blood's thicker'n soup. Gotta stick to y'old woman?" The murmurous question slid upward into a jeer. Lakme cringed. After a wet moment Mr. Smith said, "Fat head!" and spat aside his cigarette. It did not hiss, dying in the wet grass. She was left in darkness with this stranger who'd been in vaudeville. He was horribly vulgar; he should be rebuked; he called her mother names. But a hot confusion was in Lakme's head, and she suffered from an image of a vast stage with a girl in blue singing desperately because a sorcerer forced her to sing, dying slenderly in a man's arms.

"I'm trying so hard to think of the name of an opera. Father used to bring me in to matinées at Covent Garden. He died when I was nine. There's this opera. A girl has to sing, in the last act—and dies of it."

"Yeh. Tales'v Hoffman," Casimir Smith said. He miraculously lighted a match and appeared in the flare, the brown polish of his shoulders interrupted by the straps of a red bath shirt that underlay his silken drapery. His black hair was matting down to a ragged point over great black eyes set above high bones in the flat bronze of his face. He fired a new cigarette and let rain put the match out, then asked, "Gonna stick to y'old woman, girl?"

Her mother swung far away from the girl, in this tormented darkness. It was strange, mysterious, but for weeks Annabel Pruger had been retiring. She was, somehow, less potently lovely and it didn't matter so much that she had violet eyes and that all the women cooed over her frocks. Love's bitter mystery. Love's bitter —— Oh, stop thinking!

"Gonna go on workin' f' y'old woman, Lak?"

"H-how dare you?"

"Fat head," said Casimir Smith, with amiable patience. "Y'all lame in y'brains. Go on working for your old woman"—his voice was suddenly distinct—"an' lose your looks. What's she care about you, girl? Not a thing! Y'bein' all loyal an' all that. Yeh, blood's thicker'n water. They tell y'that and then they blow y'pay on 'emselves. World's full of 'em, Jane. Here she comes. S'long."

Melodiously wistful, the voice of Annabel Pruger came through the rain from an advancing glow, crying "Lakme! Dearest!" and her daughter saw the beryl gown's tremendous skirt caged in light under a monstrous umbrella from the tea garden.

"Oh, d-don't go!"

"Yeh? Kinda scared of y'old woman?"

"No. Yes!" Lakme whined. "But please don't go, Mr. Casimir! I ——"

The lantern under the umbrella flung forward a dappled light on white shingles of the long shed beside them and the dark lad's wrapping showed its splotches of rain. Annabel Pruger said with satisfaction, thirty yards away, "There she is!" and a pirate, all red kerchiefs and burnt-cork mustaches, whooped, "Yo ho, and a bottla gin!" tossing the lantern to and fro as he marched with a male gypsy and a Russian dancer who lugged the umbrella.

"Dearest, what are you doing here?"

"Talking to Mr. Smith, mother."

Casimir Smith sat on his heels and linked heavy arms around his knees, studying Mrs. Pruger and her gallants. The fantastic woman surged grandly down the

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slope of grass, her hooped skirt drifting and her slim throat delicately lustrous in a burden of false gems.

"She's all wet," said the pirate in the tone of mental effort, inanely beaming upon Lakme; "'s wet on the river tonight."

"Do run very quickly, my darling, and get to bed! It's such a stupid dance that you're missing nothing. I never saw such a dull masquerade, although they're usually dull." She touched her child's shoulder with pink nails and drawled, "The only decent masquerade I ever saw was quite impromptu. It was at Fennel Court one night. The dear place was full of old things—trunks full of clothes. Lady Gateleigh let me wear some most hideous jewels that belonged to Queen Elizabeth's cook or someone frightfully important."

"Yes," Lakme thought, "chuck it at them! Fennel Court was in last Sunday's papers. An American's bought it. Chuck it at them! They never stayed in an earl's country house and they're impressed. Chuck it at them! They'll drop in at the flat next winter for cocktails and ask you to dine. Chuck it at them! I'm so tired of hearing you do that."

"Water," the lovely woman drawled to Casimir Smith, "seems to be your native element. You were a professional swimmer in vaudeville, Nels tells me."

"Yeh. H'red'ty," he murmured, flapping his hair back from his eyes. "Mamma was Helena, th' Human Seal. Yeh. I was th' Divin' Kid. Only m'old man hogged all the coin. Yeh, an' he lived off mamma 'ntil she died, 'n' then he lived offa me'n' m'brother."

"Then you can't really have cared about vaudeville," Mrs. Pruger gently said, in a flat pause.

"Didn't mind. Only pop useda get married a lot," the retired Diving Kid explained, balancing his cigarette on a wrist. "Blondes, 'N' they'd get tired workin' f' th' lousy old ape'n' quit him. Handsome mush. 'S in jail now. Beats up 's wife. Yeh!"

"What a distressing parent!"

"Yeh. Useda be. 'S fine now. He can't come an' 'noy m'broth' f' coin. 'S fine," the boy said, his eyes oddly yellow in the light. He flipped his cigarette into his mouth and rose without any effort, smiling. "S'long."

He bobbed his black head and flitted into the wide door of his garage. The lantern chased his gleaming legs past lined motors. Lakme saw the blue sheen of Helmuth's car and lost her hearing for a breath, then knew that the male gypsy was talking. ". . . Astonishing swimmer! And he knows everything about a car. He's quite a character."

"He's a beautiful brute enough," said Mrs. Pruger, "but what a cynic!"

"Why?"

"Ah. Being glad that his father's in jail! I can't quite stand that. It's rather ghastly. Dearest Lakme, how wet you are!" The scent of violets floated from the silver laces of her breast and she poised a hand on the girl's shoulder, smiling down: "Do run along!"

The male gypsy settled his spectacles on his nose, coughed and said: "I think I question your definition of cynicism. What we call cynicism is merely—as a general thing—the expression of a commonplace experience of life. The boy loathed his father. His father's in jail and he rather honestly admits that he's glad of it."

"But one shouldn't want one's father in jail," Mrs. Pruger sighed; "that's quite unbearable!"

The Russian dancer hitched his gilded suspenders closer to his beaded trunks and lisped, "Tho wath hith father." Then sneezed as rain cascaded suddenly from a side of the umbrella.

"But, at least," said Annabel Pruger, "one shouldn't tell strangers about it! When I'm in England again I'll be simply stunned when people in railway carriages don't tell me their private history five minutes after the first remark. You've no reticence, as a nation. One shouldn't wash one's dirty linen on the pavements!" She laughed in her long, delicious gurgle and then drawled, "This isn't quite the place for a chat on manners, is it? Ah, but blood's thicker than water!"

"Lots of water," said the pirate, emptily staring into the garage.

Lakme trotted up the grass, her hands locked on the paper in her breast. Yes, but she had to tell Jimmy about her mother! That was love. It made you want to lie frightfully about yourself, or to tell the truth altogether. She had to break down all manners and tell the truth, and there had been a relief in it too! Because he didn't like her mother and that had followed. He was fearfully honest! He admitted that he hated music, and didn't like cropped hair, even on her. And for six weeks he hadn't tried to make love at all, but talked scornfully of her golf and advised her to use dumb-bells because her wrists were too thin for her arms.

"Li'l' drink, Lakme?"

"No, thanks," she said, dodging past a group in the veranda, surrounding a silver flask.

"Well, for an actress," a woman raw with sunburn cawed, "you're certainly the——"

Lakme bounced over the doorsill and into a hallway painted orange. She scuttled up the stairs and kicked open the door of her room. She would be out of the inn tomorrow. If Jimmy wanted to, she would leave with him in the morning. Casimir Smith should drive them to Boston. How funny to be married in Boston! And to a man with ginger freckles all over his jaw and feet that were a foot long. She tore down the rags of her soaked gauzes and threw the corpse of the garment into a corner beside her mother's second largest trunk. That was that! And she would never wear one of the things again! And there would be no rehearsals for Melville Schimmel's new revue on the first of September, and no more whirling about on a chilly stage before fifteen hundred people who didn't care, and no more luncheons in smart restaurants where some voice from another table would be heard asking if that wasn't the girl who danced in the show the other night, Bill. Lakme involved herself in a huge bath towel and spun for ten steps along the narrow cell, remembering how Pranov had taught her to prance ecstatically on the shore at Carmel, out in California, six years ago. He must have saved quite a bit toward that villa outside Cannes that he wanted for his old age. By getting rid of her mother he had effected a fine stroke of economy. "Ah, *voleuse!*" he yelled at his wife in one of their last quarrels. And, really, mother was a thief—not that she meant to be, but it came to that, didn't it? You gave her forty dollars and she came back with some flimsy undergarment that you could buy for five in a department store, if you went hunting anywhere but on Fifth Avenue, or a childish cushion rimmed in gold lace. The voice of Pranov returned. "I giff you six ondred dollar and, *mon Dieu!* you spend her all on pillows!" He had been very nasty about money, truly, and not humorously patient, like Nels Pruger, and yet he had lasted three years from the wedding in Los Angeles to the vanishment in New York. And Nels was quitting after six months.

Lakme hauled on her mother's last year's dressing gown—ninety dollars when it was new, and a girl in the show last winter wore its sister which she found in Grand Street for fifteen. Folds of frayed pink tissue enveloped her browned legs as she curled on the end of her deplorable bed. There was the ugliest sound in married people's voices when they quarreled about money, as if the vulgar subject made their throats vulgar too.

If Jimmy didn't make her mother an allowance, what would become of Mrs. Pruger, born Annabel Lacy, widow of Cyril Henry George Sanford, M. A., and more recently, by order of court, of Ladislas Pranov, prospectively of Nels Pruger? She had been able for weeks to think of her mother in a curiously cold fashion, as if being in love

(Continued on Page 241)

Before you buy, ask *"Is it mothproof?"*

The articles numbered in the above illustration can all be made mothproof by the Larvex process. Ask at your favorite store what mothproof articles they sell. Those shown above are:

1—Bathrobe 2—Clothing 3—Blanket 4—Rug 5—Furniture Upholstery 6—Draperies

Manufacturers of woolen articles—from rugs to clothes and blankets—now make moth-damage impossible by mothproofing their products

MOTH-HOLES are a thing of the past. For at last manufacturers have succeeded in making woolen fabrics that moth-worms cannot harm.

And so, you can now buy all kinds of woolen articles—rugs, carpets, clothing, blankets, draperies, etc.—which are absolutely mothproof when you get them. Things which are safe anywhere—which need no packing away when moths appear.

This is a great service which many of America's leading textile manufacturers are offering you. A service made possible by a scientist's great discovery. A method of mothproofing the cloth itself with a new product called Larvex—an absolutely *sure* protection against moth-damage.

Larvex does not kill moths. Nor is it intended to. Moths themselves are harmless. They eat nothing. But they do lay the eggs which hatch into the cloth-eating larvae or moth-worms. And these tiny worms eat all year round. But they will not eat any woolen fabric protected with Larvex.

More and more manufacturers are using Larvex to make their woolen products mothproof for you. It is to your advantage to buy mothproof merchandise. Make it a habit, when buying any woolen article, to ask "Is it made mothproof by the Larvex process?" If it has a Larvex tag attached, you can be sure that it is. Then you can cease worrying about moth-damage in your home.

To Textile Manufacturers

If you are not already using Larvex, we should like to tell you all about it. Our engineers and chemists will be glad to offer suggestions as to the most economical application of Larvex and how the process fits into mill sequence. Write for complete information to The Larvex Corporation, 55 Rodney Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. In Canada: The Larvex Corporation of Canada, Toronto.

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Every moth you see in your home next spring comes from a moth-worm which is eating this fall and winter. These hungry pests thrive in modern heated homes. Yet you can't pack away the woolen things you are using. You can't stuff them full of smelly so-called preventives. But you, yourself, *can* spray them with Larvex—*can* protect them from all moth-damage. For home use, Larvex comes in pint bottles, together with an atomizer for spraying it. Larvex is odorless, stainless and non-injurious. At drug, department and furniture stores.

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Knit Goods Woolen Draperies
Furniture and Automobiles with mothproof upholstery

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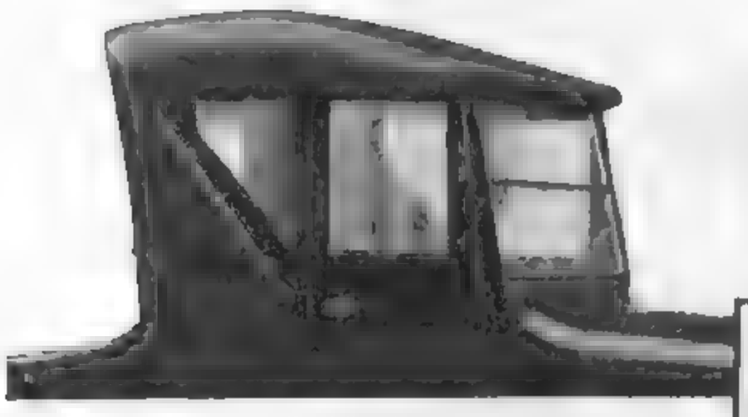
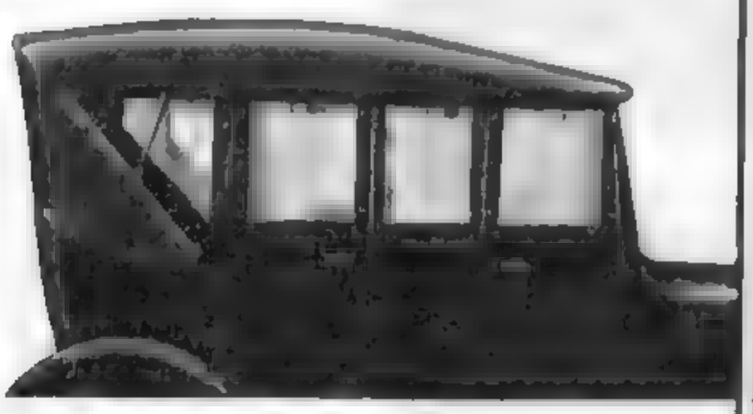
Chevrolet Touring Car



Ford Roadster



Ford Touring Car

Overland-4 Touring Car

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(Continued from Page 238)

with Jimmy made her mother less important, something of a stranger. It was a horribly new sensation. It might be love's bitter mystery. Yes, that was probably the bitter side of love. You fell out of love with other people because you were in love with a man whose freckles were the color of ginger. For weeks she'd been able to see her mother just as one saw anybody else, a figure parading a little stage in the mind—an irritating and silly person when she asked five dollars to settle a debt at bridge or talked of running over to England for the autumn. Mrs. Pruger swung far away from her daughter, and even her voice in the hallway was presently to be criticized as it ca led "Darling!"

Yes, it was too sweet, too drawing, and its music cloyed

"What is it, mother?"

"You're quite all right? You've not taken cold?"

"Oh, quite all right, dear," said Lakme, and then shivered as the door's latch clicked. She didn't want to see her mother or to smell that exhalation of violet from the trailing clothes. The door was opening, though, and she said anxiously, "Needn't bother, mother. Go on back and dance some more."

"Such an abysmally, primordially, horribly dull dance," Annabel Pruger drawled, with a lamp from outside sending dim orange light through thin wings of her new dressing gown—eighty dollars—and gilding the tight bands of her hair, drawn close so that the white wig might fit. "And it's after one, now."

"It wasn't more than half-past eleven when I came in!"

"Ah, but you've been dreaming," her mother said, and lounged into a chair; "and supper was very stupid, and most of the men are a bit above themselves. And you're sure you've not taken cold, beloved-est? With rehearsals only three weeks off, that's so important. We mustn't go back to town feeling fagged."

Lakme remarked, in silence, "Yes, but I'm not going back to town to rehearse. Thanks ever so, but I'm marrying Jimmy Helmuth in the morning." The remark bulged in her throat and stayed there. She said, "I feel all right."

"It's rather important that you should," the lovely woman drawled with a delicate force. One hand with an unlighted cigarette hung toward gray planks of the floor, and the other passed with slowly twitching fingers on the gilded hair. "Yes, rather important, darlingest. You're quite old enough, my Lakme, to see—to understand what's been going on all summer. Nels is off to Atlantic City in the morning. He's replacing some other man in a new show that opens next week. And I dare say he won't be back—dearest."

The girl thought how well she did that, and said, "I'm so sorry, mother dear." But fright froze her hands. Was it just because Jimmy had kissed her that this didn't matter? Her mother's violet eyes were disgorging tears, and that didn't seem terrible either, or that the long body in the chair sagged so wearily.

"Love's an illusion, dearest."

"I suppose so," said Lakme, hitching some of the old pink robe between her ankles. "It—it's too bad, isn't it?"

Her mother sighed, "And I must find something to do. Yes, I can't be too much of a burden on your shoulders, Lakme. I must try to think of something. I don't see why I can't do my share. Darlingest—let me see? Schimmel's giving you a hundred and fifty a week, isn't he? If I can find something to do for the autumn, and let you do what shopping has to be done—you're so very clever about finding nice things cheaply—and that's so remarkable in a child of your spiritual quality —— "

"I don't think I have much spiritual quality," said Lakme; "Jim—I've been told I'm intensely practical. Perhaps that's what's wrong with my dancing, mother. I don't enjoy it and I can't make other peo-p e enjoy it."

Her mother lifted the cigarette toward her unpainted mouth and slowly let it fall again toward the painted floor. Something passed over her face—a swift trembling that left the gracious lines undistracted when it was gone.

"Darling, it's not you who fail; it's your stupid audience. You'd be so much more appreciated in England—at home. Americans are so—so beefy about dancing, Lakme!"

"Ah," Lakme said in her brain, "but you're clever!" Aloud she said, "Think so, mother? But isn't the sort of thing I do rather—rather stale? There's been the Russians, and all these American dancers and that woman who wears red bath towels. I think it's all rather stale. I'm pretty and I fill in ten minutes of a revue. I don't think I amount to much more than that, dear."

"Oh, so much more," said her mother; "ever so much more, dearest! And you'd be more appreciated at home! Yes, if we could save and scrape together the money to get there, I'm sure you'd be liked in London!"

Her hands chilled again. Lakme heard the band beginning Good Night, Ladies, with a ribald syncopation of the old tune, and her mind filled with this memory of the girl desperately singing on the great stage in brown London because a sorcerer bade her sing. She said, "I doubt it. The fact is, mother, that I'm ——"

"I know you're tired of dancing," her mother said in a hurrying flutter of tenderness. "Ah, blood's thicker than water! Mothers always know! You've been so loyal and so splendid, dearest Lakme! And I'm nothing but a burden. I'm so horribly spendthrift! God knows where I'd be without you! I hate to have you dance again this autumn. I've been thinking. If I can get something to do—just the tiniest salary! We can save yours, and by January we could start home. And things are sure to go better over there! The war's opened so many new professions for women, and I do know what things—frocks and hats—should cost in London, and places we might live. Your Uncle George can find me something ——" The voice halted, resumed, "And we'll know real people. No more knocking about in hotels and ——"

"Mother," said Lakme, "I don't think that ——"

The sentence had no end because her throat blocked. She was being dragged from Jimmy toward the brown fogs of London. She would have to dance forever on chilly stages, whirling and turning in mechanics of light and insipid music.

"You've half forgotten England," Annabel Pruger said, towering in the lamp's dissipated glow. She laid a finger on the shade of cheap chintz and smiled. "But don't think me foolish. We must go back! You might meet the wrong sort of man here. They're mostly wrong. And I should quite die of that! There's not been a gentleman in this wretched hole all summer long. Yes, by January we could make enough to go home. Home," said the beautiful woman, her drawl throbbing, "and forget all this!"

Each of Lakme's hands seemed to hold a lump of ice. She was being dragged limply toward a steamer and some far desolation—another painted flat in London, more rehearsals and more shows.

"But I dance so badly, mother —— "

"These sluggish, Philistine audiences have discouraged you, darling! No, trust me! And if you don't want to dance at home, you shan't have to! I'm sure to find something, even if it's helping in a flower shop! And I know decent people at home. Ah, if I hadn't hated to own myself beaten I'd have taken you home long ago, dearest! But I've never quite dared, after using your father's little bit of money and—and having nothing to bring back! And—blood's thicker than water! I've simply lived on you. Do try to forgive me, dearest!"

She turned out the light. In a horrible darkness Lakme heard three sobs peal slowly and then cried out, "Don't, mother!"

"Dearest daughter!"

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Let's get off and WALK!

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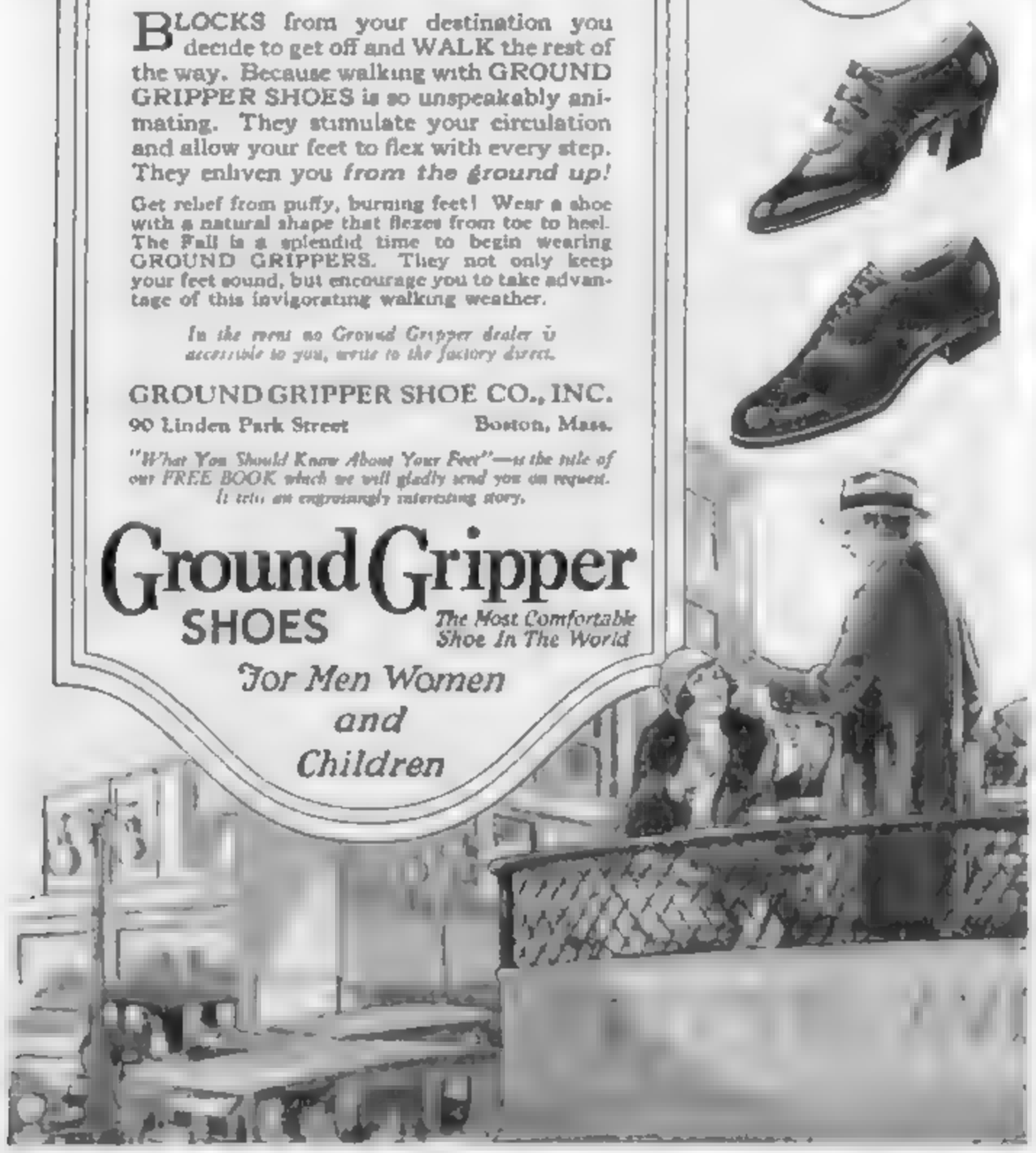


The kiss descended on Lakme's cheek and her face wetted in the smell of violets that seemed to crush her brain. She murmured, "Don't!" and was aware of her own sobbing. Something had beaten her down. She gulped, "I don't want you to work, mother! Y-you don't know how and—and it doesn't matter! I ——"

"But it does matter, dearest! Go to sleep and we'll talk it out in the morning. You're all that I have now and ——"

The voice died. The perfume drifted away. Lakme rolled in the bed and dug a pillow with her eyes. Yes, she was lost and she couldn't desert now. Blood was thicker than water! Mother couldn't be left alone. It had happened again. She had been knocked over by the fluttering rush of words and the sight of tears welling from the violet eyes, and the thought of mother in pain. This was worse than having her hair bleached, or taking to the stage. Mother had beaten Jimmy. He was no more than the mouse rustling paper in some corner of the room. Just for this little her mother was all that she could love, and she had to dance on, because mother wanted to go home. Blood was thicker than water; you had to stick to your own people. You couldn't desert.

In the blackness came a feeling of wind, and the mouse rustled his bit of paper loathsomely to keep her awake. They would go to London and she would dance, and her mother would waste money on flimsy frocks and cushions hemmed with golden lace. No, she wouldn't work. She was made to lie on great couches and talk charmingly to callers and be ever so sympathetic when one came home tired after rehearsals. This would go on, and Jimmy would forget to write, and —— She said to the rustling paper, "Ah, stop!" Only you couldn't desert! It was beastly to be disloyal to your own people, and mother was so helpless!

She must go to sleep. If you rubbed your temples slowly and counted slowly and breathed deeply, sleep would come. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight—how awful to have taken eight strokes for that short hole this afternoon! Jimmy had grunted at her. If men didn't flatter women so, everything would be easier in the world. Nine, ten, eleven, twelve—rehearsals the first of September and the new show opening on the twenty-fifth. Ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen—bad luck. Luck! Some people never had any. If her mother hadn't married Pranov she would never have learned to dance. The mouse made the paper rustle fearfully. Lakme said, "Oh—damn it! Stop!" and sobbed.

Then she lay stiffened with her hands on her throat. Something was in the room. There was some presence—not just a mouse. Not a mouse!

"Girl!"

"Oh, Casimir! You—you frightened me!"

"Yeh," said Casimir Smith, invisibly, in the softest murmur, and asked, "Y' bawlin' for, Jane? Heard y' ——"

"I wasn't crying."

"Yeh? Liar," the boy said; "y'old woman's been — "

"What are you doing here?"

"Y'gotta marry Jimmy," Casimir told her. "'S been walkin' up'n' down m'room all night. Yeh! Dumb in his head. Came over to stick a note und' y' door. Marry th'ape'r I'll drown y'. Heard y'eryin', girl. 'S matter? Y'old woman sayin' blood' thicker'n water, h'm? Yeh?"

"You heard her!"

"No. World's full of 'em, Jane. Lotta trash livin' on their kids. Yeh, and tryin' to keep 'em from gettin' loose. Quit her an' take Jimmy Helmuth, sister. Yeh? Always marry a good guy, girl, whenever y'can. Kinda scarce. Yeh. Get y'stuff on an' pack up. Getta car out an' run y' to ——"

"I've got to stay with mother. Oh, Casimir, I can't marry Jimmy! He—she counts on me. I'm all she has in the world!"

"Yeh? Got her nerve an' her looks, h'm?"

Lakme sat up and whispered, "Don't speak so!" at the empty blackness. Rain made a tumbling sound in gutters overhead. The boy must be standing with his scarlet mouth grinning in this ghastly cloud.

"Yeh, but you want Jimmy, sister, an' y'old woman don't like him. Knows she can't work him. Yeh, she's no fool! M'old man lived offa me 'ntil my brother came home f'm France," the pitiless, soft voice went on, "'n' then I saw through him. Yeh! They're fine 'ntil y'find somebody better! Blood's thicker'n water. Stick t'y'own folks, boy! Yeh!"

"Oh, go away!"

"Gonna take Jimmy?"

"No," said Lakme; "I can't! She—she relies on me! I can't ——"

He said, "Damn fool!" and after a moment the door clicked.

"Cas——"

Well, she had done it! That was the end of Jimmy. Lakme slipped out of bed and went to stare through the window at a clot of light in the far bulk of the garage. His messenger had gone back through the rain, and that was the end of it. End of it. The mouse shoved his paper on the floor.

If she lay and listened to that rattle and hiss of the paper she would go mad and jump out of the window or run down to the ocean and bury herself in it. Love had made a fool of her, and blood—did a thousand people tell that to children who danced for them? She must throw that paper out of the window or the mouse would play with it all night. She groped and missed the traveling sheet, and sobbed twice, turning her hands on the floor. She must light the globe and find the thing. It hung by a corner, when she found the catch of the light, to the muddled lump of her fallen dancing dress. It must be the paper Nels Pruger had given her to read. She had thrown it away with the violet rags. He had wanted her to read this. If it was your wife you could leave her. You couldn't leave your own people. Blood was thicker than water, wasn't it?

"Dear Mrs. Pruger," the typed lines said: "While it has never been our custom to advise our clients as to the use of their funds, we occasionally take the liberty of a suggestion." Not very good English, that. "As your account with us has reached the sum of $7,432.05 we feel that it may be timely to offer some hints on investment. A list of securities is inclosed in this letter ——"

Lakme stretched the sheet of paper on her bed's side and knelt, reading it again. "As your account with us has reached ——" Seven thousand four hundred thirty-two dollars. And five cents. "A list of securities is inclosed in this letter. You have been one of our clients for seven years. We assume that our services have been satisfactory in that period and offer you the use of our investment department." Who was writing? She looked at "Atchison, Kent and Atchison. Bankers and Brokers. New York—London—Melbourne." Her mother had been one of their clients for seven years. Seven years ago? Out in California where Pranov was giving dancing lessons. Her mother had been one of their clients for seven years. She had been putting money in a bank for seven years! Money.

Lakme said, "No!" to the fluttering curtains of the hot room. Oh, no! She was helpless about money. It just dripped on counters through her slim fingers. She didn't know the prices of anything. She was so clever, and yet she couldn't understand about money, and she wouldn't know where to put it! No, you couldn't love people and cheat them! No! Seven thousand dollars. A thousand dollars a year. It hadn't gone for frocks or bridge or cushions or in restaurants. It had gone into a bank! Pranov's money and Nels Pruger's and hers. No! You didn't love people and cheat them! She said, "No!" and gulped.

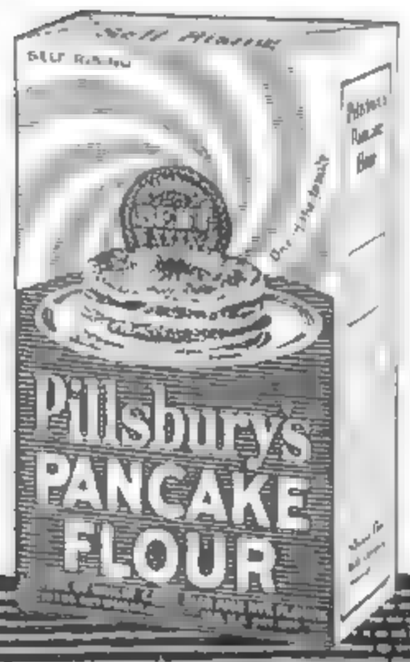
All her clothes were damp and the leather of her dressing bag was wet. Fog or rain had moistened them in the shallow closet.

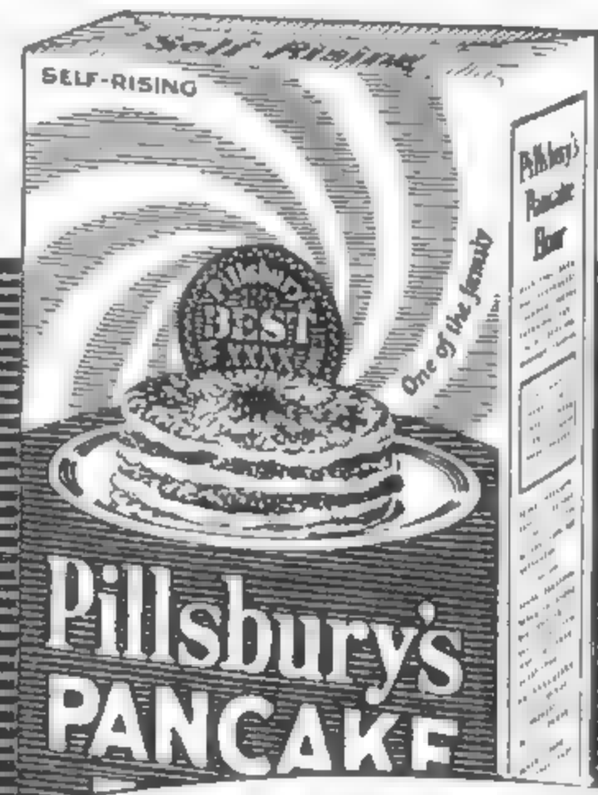
(Continued on Page 245)

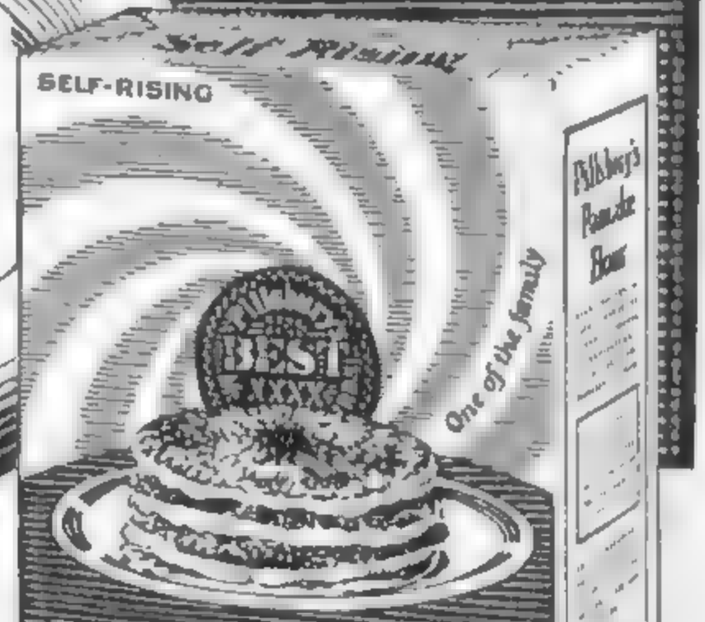
Pillsbury's Great Offer!

heavy aluminum pancake griddle

only $1.69







DON'T confuse this aluminum griddle with ordinary, cheap griddles. It's as different as Pillsbury's Pancake Flour is different from ordinary pancake flours! It's much larger—11½ inches across. Made of heavy, pure aluminum; weighs two pounds; has a *heat-proof wood handle* that cannot turn in your hand.

And what a bargain! At our special price, $1.69, you save nearly one-half! First buy one large or three small packages of Pillsbury's Pancake Flour which entitles you to buy a griddle for $1.69. If your grocer can't supply the griddle with the pancake flour, mail us $1.69 with his name and address, as well as your own, and griddle will be sent you postpaid.

If you like to see a smiling family at the breakfast table, serve Pillsbury's pancakes—often. It's a *double* pleasure to make them with this clean, shiny griddle. No grease, no smoke, no odor. Only the best of selected ingredients go into Pillsbury's Pancake Flour—that accounts for the unmatched flavor of these tempting, tender, golden-brown cakes.

And so *easy* to use. Just add water or milk and bake. Only six minutes from package to table! If your grocer does not sell Pillsbury's Pancake Flour, use the coupon.

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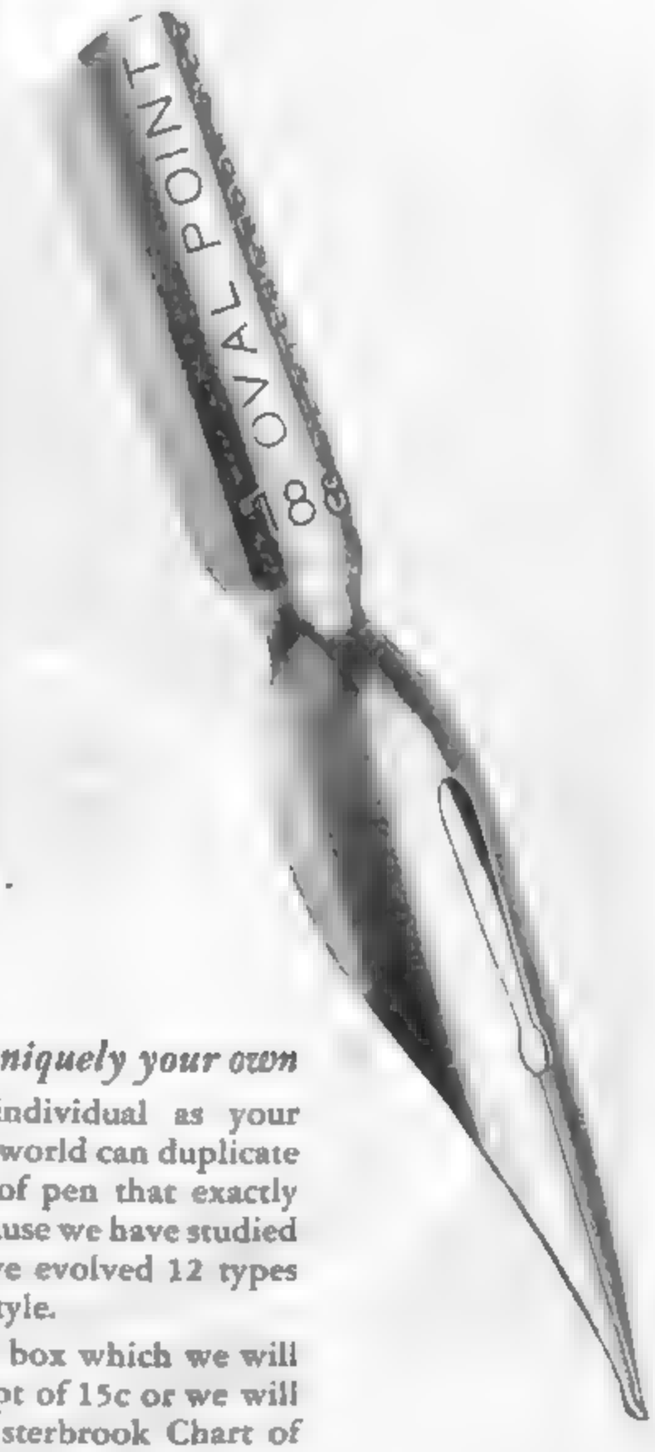

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Does the fact that anything is *small* blind us to its real importance?

American Business disregards the waste of many millions annually for no other reason than that it originates humbly at the point of an old pen!

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ESTERBROOK has spent 67 years in developing pen-making to an exact science. Every pen now goes through 14 different processes of manufacture —some of them based on measurements as precise as 1/1000th of an inch. They are made of the same manganese steel as is used in expensive watch springs. On *inspection alone*, Esterbrook spends more than $50,000 yearly!

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I enclose 15c, for which send box containing one each of the "12 Most Popular Pens in the World". ☐

Name _____

Address _____

(Continued from Page 242)

It was hard to find the right shoes. She seemed made of jumbled ropes, and her hands slipped as she jammed a hat on her bleached hair. The room whirled as if she had rehearsed too long, and some intrusive shadow spoke in a dry monotony.

"Don't make so much noise, sister."

"Nels! Did you read—yes, you gave it to me! Nels!"

The dancing man folded his trim gray dressing gown tight to his throat and drearily said, "Yeh. Know how you feel, sister. I picked it out of my mail box Sunday. Had us dancing in this dump for our board and ten dollars a week! Get out of here, sister. That fella's a nice boy. And, listen." He snapped his fingers twice, blinking. "It lasts a long time if you treat it right."

"What, Nels?"

"Love. My folks've been married thirty-three years."

"Oh, Nels, I'm sorry for you!"

"Yeh," said the dancing man. "Pretty sorry for myself. So long."

One little globe burned in the hallway. Lakme dragged a cloak behind her down the stairs, and ground her teeth as her bag bumped the rail. She didn't know—couldn't remember where Helmuth slept. It wasn't in this cottage. It was in one of the scattered little houses closer to the ocean. And if she couldn't find him she must run and telegraph back from somewhere for him to come and find her. She must get away! Casimir Smith could drive her to the railroad and let her get on a train. Rain banged on her hat and rattled on the stiff straw. There was no window lit in the garage and she was not even sure that she was headed for its length in the darkness. She sobbed and lurched against shingle that hurt her elbow.

"Casimir!"

When she had screamed three times the voice said crossly, "Yeh? Quit yellin', Jane!" and a flashlight broke on sodden grass and a pair of brown feet that moved below wet white trousers.

"I've got to get away! She ——"

"Yeh? Did y'hit her on her jaw?"

"No! She—she may wake up! Nels gave me a letter! She—she's been hiding money in a bank—seven thous—in a bank."

"Yeh? 'S usually in a sock," he murmured, rippling his toes in the grass, and then chuckled, "Gonna take Jimmy now?"

"Yes! But I must get away! Oh, please! I must get away! I've tried to be loyal and—and love her and—I must get away!"

"Yeh," he said, and took her arm. His murmur deepened into a growl, "Yeh! 'S all right, Jane! Y'all right. Won't matter pretty quick. 'S all right, girl. Get in here, sister. C'mon."

A bulb glowed in the height of the garage. Lakme saw the blue motor that was Jimmy's and scrambled desperately into its low seat. Casimir Smith buttoned his pajamas to the throat and ate his thumb for a moment, staring at her.

"Gonna faint on us, Jane?"

"No!"

"'S fine. Stay there an' I'll get y'he, sist'. Powder y'nose some."

He trotted through the great doors of the garage into the rain and Lakme cringed in the car. Her mother might see this light and come—and make her believe that it wasn't true. She seemed dangerously visible in the buff seat with the bulb swaying above the blue car's roof, and her mother might wake. Her breath hurt in her throat, and Casimir Smith had been gone for hours. Lakme gripped her hands together and whimpered, stiffly sitting on the buff seat with her hat dripping and a last sense telling her that her dress had been pulled on the wrong way to the front. She ached and her mouth dried in the effort of not screaming. If she shut her eyes and counted they might come sooner.

"One, two, three ——"

"She's fainted, Kid!"

"'S all right, Jimmy. Husky girl. Get over it. Drive fast. Do her good. Chuck y' bag in the back seat."

"I haven't fainted, Jimmy. Oh, do hurry! Hurry!"

"Yeh," said Casimir Smith. "G'on away f'm here! Yeh, an' next time y'get married don't keep me up all night tellin' me! Yeh! Y'all talk too much! It's how love acts. 'S worse'n licker."

"Oh, hurry, Jimmy!"

His face was puffed around the nose and his tie writhed under one ear. He kicked and jerked among the wheels and things that started the car and said, "Oh, damn the thing! You do trust me, Lakme?"

"Of course I do! Only hurry! You can't understand how I want to get away from here! Make him understand, Casimir! You've been through it!"

"Yeh. Hurry, fella!" said the boy, his eyes yellow under his brown forehead, plucking his drenched white jacket from his chest. "Yeh! Hurts her bad. Y'gonna be all right, Lak. 'S good guy. 'S fine girl, fella. Nev' gonna marry no dame 'ntil I find one's good to sump'n—her folk'r a cat. Y'can love a lotta dames. Gotta marry one y'can trust, h'm? Y'gotta good girl, fella. Yeh. S'long, Lak!"

The car plunged at the rain and night. Lakme dropped her head on the man's shoulder and said sulkily, "You were so slow in coming that ——"

"But you knew I'd come?"

"Of course! But you were slow, Jimmy!"

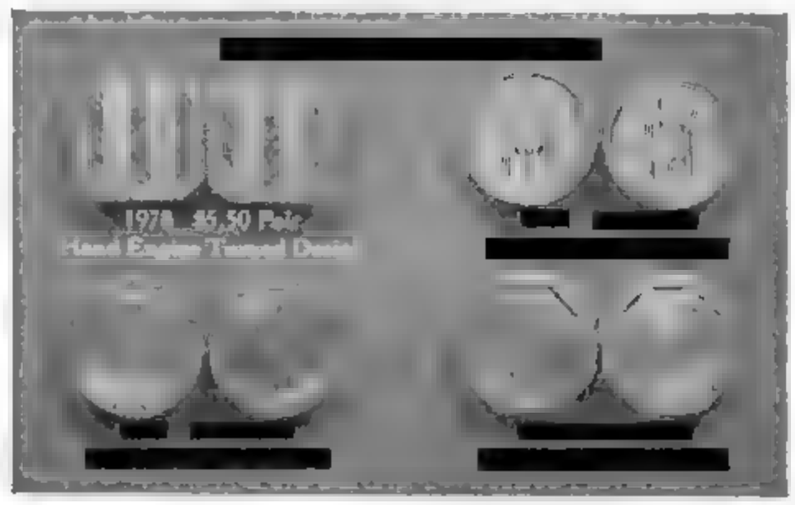
"Well, shut up," he said. "I have to drive."

His lips touched her nose.

"You darling," Lakme said, and sobbed. "You darling!"

"Don't Y' Care, Mamie. They're Just Jealous 'Cause Yer Ridin' in an Imported Car!"

CORRECT JEWELRY FOR GENTLEMEN



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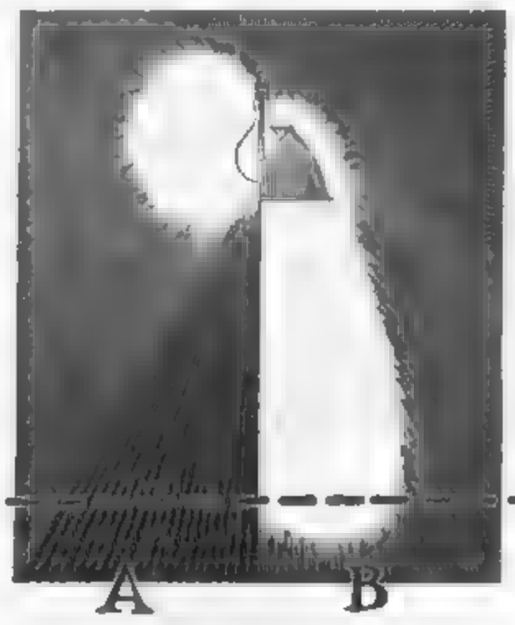

for instance, in the factory

A—without Holophane

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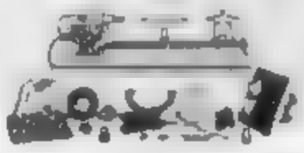
The SpeedWay Shop



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Sales and Service in all principal cities

NERVE

(Continued from Page 31)

"Anything up to five hundred," said Olney, more by way of making a noise than in earnest, for betting at the Appletree seldom ran high. But McWhinney surprised him.

"Take you at that," he said. "Just out of patriotism. . . . Bedford, I'm betting half a grand on you."

"Better hedge," said Ease.

Again Olney snorted.

"You're a sure loser," he said to Mac. "Just knowing he's got the responsibility of a bet of that size will sink him."

"Fore!" exclaimed Mr. Wilson, and the game was on.

It became something more than a game—an epic to be sung in locker rooms, a prodigious thing. It was a round of golf such as spectators may dream about but seldom see.

After the fourth hole it became drama—breath-gripping drama—and it tightened hole by hole until the tenseness of it had the little gallery sweating at the palm and swallowing dryly. Whatever may be said of Mr. Wilson, he could play golf. He played it grimly, disagreeably; but he was a shot maker and no man might impugn the steadiness of his nerve. But Ease Bedford, playing almost debonairly, held him stroke for stroke.

It seemed he refused to take the thing seriously. In his manner was nothing of the grimness of his adversary, but rather the behavior which a gentleman should exhibit in trying circumstances. Olney waited for him to break, but he did not break.

The first four holes were played by both men in par figures. Each took a five on the fifth. No advantage there—a series of halved holes. They halved the sixth and the seventh and the eighth, they halved the ninth; and the gallery of three was on the point of hysteria—and still no break in Bedford's suspected nerve. They halved the tenth and the eleventh and the twelfth.

Now no two men can play even a friendly game in halves for twelve holes and not feel the strain of it. Such a game is unique. Wilson became grim and ever grimmer; Bedford only grew graver and seemed a trifle older. McWhinney watched his lips and saw that they set together a trifle more tightly than in the beginning. But otherwise his face was placid and his bearing genial.

"Sweet cat!" exclaimed Wills. "If somebody doesn't win a hole pretty soon my b'iler's goin' to bust."

"It can't last," Olney said. "Bedford'll go off like a firecracker in a minute."

"No sign of it yet," said McWhinney. "Want to hedge, Olney?"

"Too late to commence hedging at my time of life."

"All right, put another notch of strain on Bedford's nerve. I'll double the bet with you."

"Make it a thousand?"

"Them very words."

"Done!"

McWhinney lifted his voice and called over to Bedford.

"Hang to him, boy," he said, "I've got a thousand on you now."

"Shouldn't have done it," said Bedford.

"Mac," said Olney in a whisper, "you're off your trolley. Do you want to scare him to death? He's under strain enough with twelve halved holes without adding a financial whangus to it. Now watch him wilt!"

"I'm watching," said Mac.

Wilson teed his ball, but before he drove he turned to speak to his opponent.

"Here's where I take you," he said.

"It's time," said Ease politely.

They halved the thirteenth hole. Then they halved the fourteenth and fifteenth.

"Mac, have you got smelling salts?" asked Wills. "My heart's going whangety-whang!"

"Think what their hearts must be going!" said Weevil. "My aunt's cat, but this is too much of a good thing! If you boys will excuse me, I think I'll walk over to the fence and scream."

"Your weak sister's holding out pretty well," Mac said to Olney.

"He'll crash. His kind can go just so far."

"Only has to go three holes farther."

"Worried about your thousand?"

"I'll admit a flutter. A thousand is a lot of money."

After this the players proceeded to halve the sixteenth. It was not great golf, not par golf, for neither man was in the Open Champion's class, but it was good, sound, steady play. They had done the first nine in thirty-nines. . . . They halved the seventeenth and eighteenth.

Ease extended his hand to Wilson.

"Fine match," he said. "Pleasant way to finish—all even."

"Finish!" Wilson's look was a sneer. "Who said finish? There's money up, isn't there? We play extra holes till somebody wins."

"I'd prefer to stop all even," said Bedford. "I don't like the idea of carrying so much of somebody else's money. And, after all, this is a game, you know."

"You're not going to be a quitter!"

Ease glanced at the man and smiled slightly.

"No," he said, "if it comes to that, I'll not be a quitter."

So they marched to the first tee again. Wilson got a fine screaming drive down the middle. Bedford's ball came to rest not a yard in front. Wilson's second, a full iron, carried the green and ran twenty feet past the hole. It had the look of a sure four, because the man was at his best on the putting green. It was up to Bedford. He was carrying the burden now, for his opponent was safely there. Here was a test of nerve—the nineteenth hole, all level, and a fine shot to equal.

"Now comes the crack," said Olney.

It came, but not as the president expected it. Bedford elected to play the iron. He measured the distance, settled the direction and took his stance. He swung. There was a queer noise, not the clean sound of iron sweeping turf and ball—and two objects flew through the air, one hurtling over and over and dropping to the fairway at a distance of some hundred feet. It was the head of Bedford's iron. The shaft had broken clean where wood joined steel, for under his lie was hidden a stone. The gallery uttered a sound that was first cousin to a groan—and watched the ball. It made the distance, but not the direction. Off to the right it sped, and to everybody it seemed to come to rest in the deep sand trap just under the bunker there. The match seemed over, with Wilson on the green and Bedford in the sand. Wilson chuckled. Bedford wore a look of gravity as they walked to the green.

"It's not in the trap! It's not in the trap!" Wills shouted excitedly.

"Might better be," said Wilson, and this seemed true, for Bedford's ball had come to rest a scant six inches from the edge of the trap. Between him and the green was ten feet of sand, with a high sodded bunker beyond; and there was no place for him to stand to make the shot—a goat shot, as it is sometimes called. To play toward the green, Bedford must stand on the bank of the trap, his ball on a level with his waist, and then no telling where it would go.

"Rotten luck," Mac said to Wills.

"Putrid. Have to waste a shot here."

"This," said Olney, "is where nerve would come in handy."

"Nerve! Nerve!" McWhinney's voice was shrill and edged. "What's the matter with his nerve, eh? I say, what's the matter with his nerve?"

Ease stood studying his lie. From it he turned to Mac.

"Too bad, old man," he said. "Wish you hadn't bet on me. But we have to play 'em as they lie."

(Continued on Page 249)

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No. 3 of a series of full page advertisements.

These pumps are built in 5 and 10 gallon sizes, hand and motor driven.

MILWAUKEE
of Compulsory Accuracy

(Continued from Page 246)

"No complaints," said Mac; "you've shot 'em noble. Lay it dead, boy."

Ease cast the first glance of the day at Olney.

"I think," he said, "I shall do just that little thing."

Olney gasped.

Ease walked to the green to observe the lie of the bunker and the roll of the terrain. He took his time about it. Then he returned to his ball, climbed into the pit and clutched with rubber soles for a stance. He was unhurried, deliberate. It seemed as if nobody could draw a breath.

Bedford asked his caddie quietly for his mashie niblick, balanced himself with a knee against the bank and soled his club behind the ball. His hands were at the middle of the shaft. Somehow it seemed to him that more than halving a hole depended upon this shot, something more than winning a game or losing a money bet. He knew Olney had called him yellow—this father of the girl he loved. He knew his nerve was under suspicion, and well he knew how much cool, steady nerve was demanded of him now if he would make of this difficult shot anything but an absurdity. He thought of Ruth, and was surprised to discover he wished she were here to see it. That really astonished him. He wanted her. He wanted her to be a witness to this, for to the very depths of his being he felt that he would be able to show her something.

They had impugned his nerve; had said he would flop in an emergency. Well, his nerve had held for eighteen holes of the most grueling golf he ever had heard of, and it held steady now when victory for his discourteous opponent seemed certain.

A sort of second sight told him that much depended upon this shot; that it was one of the high points in his life, as important in his history as any event which was likely to confront him. He loosened his shoulder muscles, measured again the distance across the pit to the spot where he determined his ball should drop. . . . If only Ruth could see it! . . . Strange, but he was sublimely confident; miraculously serene. His knees did not quiver or his hand tremble. Preternaturally cool he was, his mind at ease, everything sharply clear and distinct as he never remembered seeing things before. . . . And so much depended upon one blow of his arms.

Well, he must hold himself steady. The danger was in lifting his head, in topping the ball. He must look at that spot and continue to look at it long after the ball had been lifted by his club.

No nerve, eh? Well, Mr. Olney should have a chance to see whether he had nerve. He welcomed the opportunity to prove himself—a thing he had not considered before. He had never cared what folks thought about his nerve. Indeed, until Olney questioned it, he had never had reason for his nerve to enter his calculations. He lifted his head and spoke to President Olney.

"Better come over to this side so you can see how I make this one," he said, and his voice was cold, with a timbre in it and an icy ring like sword blades meeting. "Stand right there," he said, "and look it over."

Then he was sorry, for it sounded like bragging, and was scarcely the courteous way to speak to an older man. But he couldn't help it. He knew no amount of applied will pressure could have stopped him, for something possessed him, something had taken charge of him in this emergency and he was subservient to it. He did not know that some men are thus: that they rise, in moments of peril or of stress, high above themselves, above anything which would be possible to them in normal moments.

The whole thing—reflection, speech, all—had consumed less than a minute, but it seemed hours to the gallery, and to Mr. Wilson, doubtless. Ease settled his eye on the ball, drew back his shortened club slowly, slowly, and made his stroke. It was exact, perfect. Rhythm was there, and timing and precision. The ball lifted lightly in a high arc, cleared the trap, cleared the bunker and disappeared from view on the green.

Bedford's eyes had not followed its flight. Their business was to remain on that spot, on the ball until it was struck, on the spot it had occupied until he should count ten. He counted slowly and lifted his head. Not so much as a glance did he cast in the direction of the green, for he knew the ball had flown truly. He sighed once, deeply, and tossed his club to his caddie.

"Putter," he said.

He walked past Olney and Weevil and Wills and McWhinney, but did not seem to notice them. He had no glance for Wilson until he stood by his ball, which was six feet from the pin.

"Your putt," he said briefly.

Wilson bent over his putt, made ready for the stroke, but straightened up again and walked away from his ball. He set his putter against his knee and opened and shut his hands. Again he confronted the little white sphere, but he was tense, set. Backward he drew the blade, and then suddenly, almost viciously, stabbed. It was the stroke of a man whose nerve or nerves have gone back on him—the stroke of a beaten man. The ball leaped forward, passed the cup, continued onward for a dozen feet—and the contestants lay alike, and Wilson was away. He putted again, and was three feet short.

One to win; two to halve. A cautious man would play for the half. His effort would be to lay his ball dead. A man who doubted himself would play a trifle short. But Bedford did not doubt himself. He glanced down the line of the putt, walked to his ball, and with no hesitation struck it crisply, firmly, and watched it as it rolled true, listened as it struck the back of the cup with a little click of determination and dropped for a winning four!

Wilson was walking toward him with outstretched hand—a different Wilson, a smiling, courteous Wilson.

"Mr. Bedford," he said, "that's one of the finest things I ever saw on a golf course. I'm proud to have played with you. You are a sportsman, sir, and in twenty years of

PHOTO BY A. D. LINDSAY

Torrey Pines, Near Los Angeles, California

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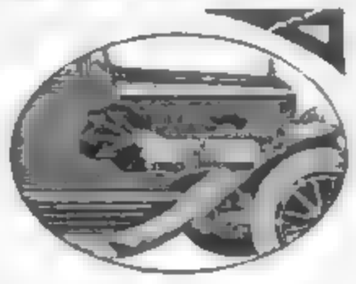

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golf all over the world, I never have seen a more splendid exhibition of nerve." He turned to McWhinney. "Mac," he said, "who told you this boy had a yellow streak? He's the sort I'd be willing to tie to for any route and any distance."

"Er—Olney seemed to have his doubts about him. It was for his benefit that I arranged it."

"Arranged what?" snapped Olney. "What you talking about?"

"This—er—laboratory test, Ruth called it. Um—suppose I introduce Mr. Banton, who, as you know, is probably the second best amateur golfer in the world—just came over to help us out."

"But I don't understand," said Ease Bedford.

"Olney's all right, but he's pig-headed," said McWhinney. "And Ruth was willing. She said you'd stand any test. So I whittled one out. Mr. Banton was to halve you until you cracked, see? He was to halve and halve and halve until the break of the game came, as it was bound to come, as it came here at this green. . . . A test of your nerve. And I piled it on with bets for you to carry. That's the yarn. Maybe I owe you an apology, but ——"

"No, by heck!" said Mr. Olney, blowing his nose boisterously. "I'm the looloo that apologizes. . . . Young man, shake. I'm a rotten guesser. You got it and to spare—and if you want a deed to my front porch my lawyer'll execute it tomorrow. But don't wait for it. Come tonight."

"You mean ——"

"I mean," said President Olney, "that if you try to back out of the job of being my son-in-law I'll mandamus you. You're my meat. I pick you. You're the lad to carry on when I'm out of the running. You're elected without a black ball."

"Um—hadn't you better consult Ruth, sir?"

"Young man, Ruth's father may make a mistake once in a while, but not her. My ears are still warm with her views. I saw her drive into the club half an hour ago. Scatter and find her."

Ease Bedford smiled. His face was very pleasant to see, and before he turned to make all possible speed toward the location of his sweetheart he extended his hand to his late adversary.

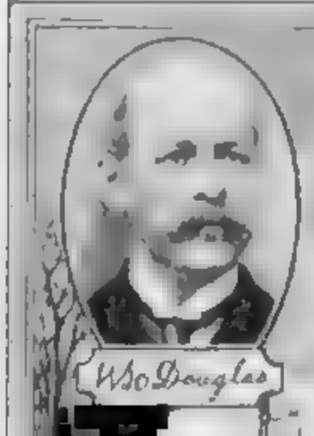
"It was sporting of you to mess that putt," he said.

"Mess it!" exclaimed Mr. Banton. "Boy, I was frazzled. I never tried harder for a putt in my life."

"That," said Bedford, "relieves my mind. . . . Of course all bets are off. . . . And Ruth'll want to meet you."

With that he walked away hastily. The little group gazed after him silently. It was Olney who spoke.

"Thoroughbred," he said. "Run till he drops. . . . Oh, grandma, what a relief!"



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Entirely new panel oxford in Tan Calf or Black

$7.[redacted]

Others [redacted]

UP-TO-THE-MINUTE smartness of last, pattern and leather characterize this new Panel Oxford for Fall and Winter wear.

There is a "snap" and "go" to this model which will appeal instantly to Young Men who want the "last word" in stylish footwear. Attention has been paid to every little detail of make and finish which would tend to give that smart, custom appearance. An unusual value at a popular price.

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Dainty, attractive styles with that in-built quality which assures permanent shapeliness and long wear. Surprisingly moderate prices, too.

W. L. Douglas Shoes

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Four Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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Four Wheel Brakes

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History terms this change the industrial revolution. The machine age had dawned. Never again could the old methods of the spinning wheel compete.

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Fine consistency • Smooth texture • Wonderful flavor • • Pumpkin Pies made with Pet Milk have these characteristics because of the quality of Pet Milk—its distinctive richness and flavor.

In chocolate cream and custard pies—in all pies where milk is used—you will get always the same splendid results from Pet Milk.

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The cream that rises to the top of ordinary milk is kept in Pet Milk—uniformly distributed through every drop. It is made more than twice as rich as ordinary milk by taking out part of the natural water. Sterilized in sealed containers, Pet Milk is always fresh, sweet and clean.

Do not confuse Pet Milk with condensed milk preserved with sugar. In Pet Milk nothing is added to the pure milk.

Pet Milk Pumpkin Pie

- 1½ cups steamed pumpkin
- 1 egg
- ¾ cup sugar
- 1 tablespoon flour
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon cinnamon
- ¼ teaspoon nutmeg
- ¼ teaspoon ginger
- 2 tablespoons molasses
- ⅝ cup Pet Milk diluted with ⅝ cup water

Beat egg thoroughly; add sugar mixed with flour, salt and spices. Then add pumpkin, molasses and diluted milk. Stir until well blended. Line a deep pie pan with pastry. Pour in mixture and bake in moderate oven.

We'll send free new recipe book that will make all your cooking better.

Canned Foods weeks November 9th to 21st

PET MILK COMPANY
(Originators of Evaporated Milk)
836 Arcade Building
SAINT LOUIS

The Old—*when women baked their own bread. Tied to their kitchens a day in each week over the slow and laborious task of baking.*

And the New—*the baker of today is adding one more day in each week to the precious freedom and leisure every woman needs for her family and friends.*

"I used to bake my own bread until I made this startling discovery"

The story of an unbeliever and what she found behind a loaf of baker's bread

"I USED to bake all my own bread," exclaimed Mrs. B . . . . . , "but I'm through. Hereafter we eat nothing but baker's bread in *my* home!"

We had spent the morning going through a big bakery from top to bottom. Then we had visited the *Gold Medal* service laboratory for bakers.

"What impressed you most?" I asked. She leaned forward eagerly.

Eventually

Why Not Now?

"Most of all, I think, the ingredients they use. Why—bakers mix their doughs with exactly the same ingredients I use myself.

"Also, the mixing and baking. Neither I nor any other woman could be so accurate in mixing our doughs and controlling our oven heat.

"I had no idea bakers took such care and pains with their bread.

"And I was fairly astonished," she continued, "at the *Gold Medal* bakeshop. To think that the millers make trial bakes from samples of *each* batch of their flour!

"No wonder they are able to guarantee uniform flour! I can see now how bakers can bake the same perfect loaf of bread each day.

"And the *Gold Medal* service to bakers—it's simply wonderful to find such close co-operation on so vital a food.

"I wish every woman could see what I have today.

"Very few would keep on wasting a day every week doing their own baking. And they would see that their children ate a good round supply of baker's bread at every meal, too."

* * *

More than 15,000 bakers use *Gold Medal Flour*. Because it *acts uniformly*. In all their baking.

At least 50% of baking success depends upon the way a flour *acts* in the oven. But the average brand may not always act the same. Because—although the same chemically—most brands of flour often differ in baking results.

The one way a miller can tell how his flour will act *is to bake with it himself*. That is why we bake loaves from samples of each run of *Gold Medal*. In our own Commercial Bakeshop. And each must produce the same delicious and nourishing bread.

Thus, bakers who use *Gold Medal Flour* are sure of serving you the *same* high quality loaf each day. You cannot eat too much of such good, wholesome bread.

A special word to bakers

If you are not receiving the Gold Medal Bakers' Service, write for details. This service is free. Many hundreds of bakers use it regularly. They are delighted with it. It is worth looking into. Write now.

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